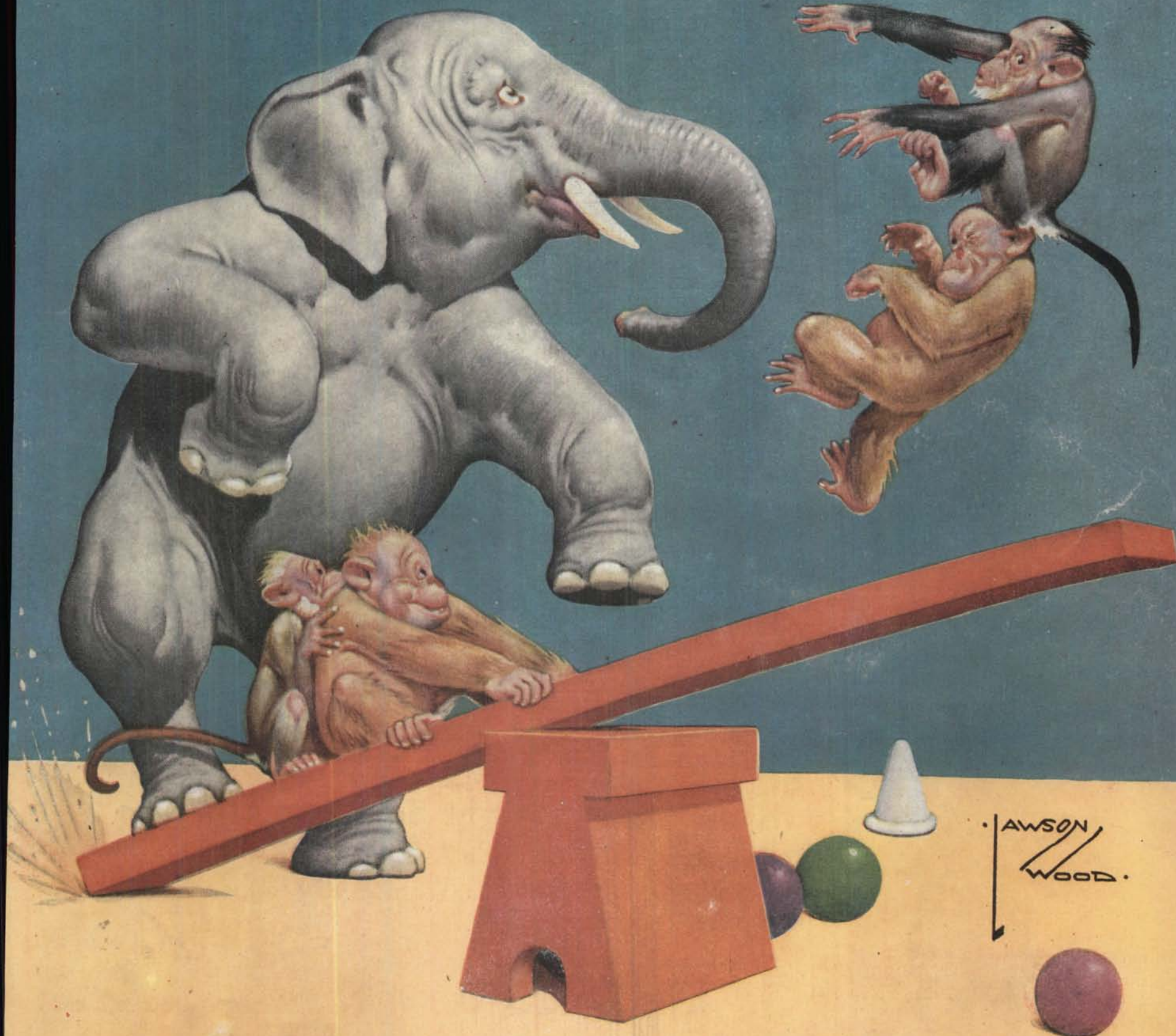


Collier's

JANUARY 25, 1947

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WILL RUSSIA RULE THE AIR?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
BY W. B. COURTNEY

Airtight again!

ULTRA VACUUM PACKED

Coffee

Duraglas ULTRA-VAC

NOW!

Fresher Coffee...

You've never bought coffee packed under a *higher vacuum*!

... thanks to the new Airtight Snap-on Cap

HE: Woman, take a kiss! Best coffee you ever made in your life.

SHE: Know why? The jar it came in is the best coffee-keeper I ever had in my life.

HE: Some high-powered new vacuum pack?

SHE: Right! It's an *ultra* vacuum pack. And it *keeps* coffee fresher—even after the jar is opened!

HE: Must reseal—is that it?

SHE: How'd you guess? It has a flexible cap that you just pry off with any sturdy kitchen tablespoon. And to reseal the jar, you just press down. That blessed cap will reseal—even if it's *bent*!

HE: Gosh. Airtight?

SHE: Airtight—always! Doesn't cost any more than any other vacuum container, either.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

Duraglas ULTRA-VAC JAR
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WITH THE NEW AIRTIGHT SNAP-ON CAP



TO UNSEAL: Pry cap up firmly in several places with bowl-tip of a sturdy kitchen tablespoon.

TO RESEAL: Press cap down firmly with palm of hand. Cap is flexible. REseals, even if bent!

"It's more fun being a Mother than a Model"

But Phoebe Dunn isn't forgetting the dental "beauty secret" that helped make her a "Powers Girl"

THERE'S only one reason why a girl might want to give up a glamorous modeling career—and lovely Phoebe Dunn has *two* of them. Suzanne and Judy. Age 6 and 4. And take their proud father's word for it—they'll be the Glamour Gals of 1960!

Because blonde, slim (105 pound) Mrs. Dunn has taught them the "open secret" that is practically a model's stock-in-trade—the importance of a radiant smile. At their Darien, Conn. farm, this "model" mother sees to it that the Duns practice the dental routine that she preaches: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Phoebe is in good company. Thousands of schools and dentists today teach the same dental truth—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



Figure One. It will be some time, naturally, before Suzanne can do Figure Eights. But it's not too early to train for a sparkling smile. "When you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," her "model" mother has taught her. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums . . . helped Phoebe get her sound teeth and Powers Girl smile.



Too many cooks? "Eat at your own risk" would seem to be a wise footnote to the menu Suzanne and Judy are whipping up. Actually, the same note of caution applies to many of the foods we eat today. Soft and creamy, they allow gums to become flabby, tender. Which calls for Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums become firmer, teeth brighter.

Firmer gums, brighter teeth



with Ipana and massage

Product of Bristol-Myers



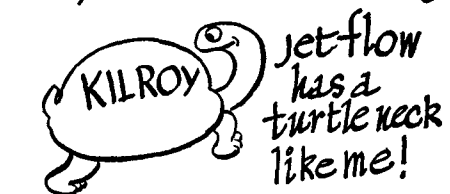
Sister Act, led by Suzanne (after all, *she's* in first grade!). After brushing teeth vigorously with Ipana, they help guard against tender gums with gentle massage. Sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



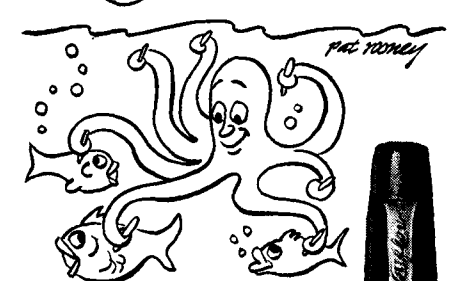
Should parents go to school to learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage? Taught in thousands of classrooms, 7 in 10 dentists also recommend gum massage, national survey shows. (And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for *their own use*!) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.



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COLLIER'S

January 25, 1947

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

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Thanks to a girl who played the violin divinely.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HOUSING

DEAR SIR: I thought Lester Velie's piece on Detroit housing (Nov. 23d) magnificent and courageous. It is wonderful case material for my class in Social Disorganization. NORMAN D. HUMPHREY, Wayne University, Detroit, Mich.

... In the past twelve months we have condemned as unfit for human habitation improvisations that housed more than 2,000 individuals. A "hotel," clumsily built of boards from old phonograph packing cases, had eight cubicle "rooms" but no water or toilets, and was occupied by more than a dozen permanent guests.

Another hotel had converted a room into a combined dormitory for thirteen residents of both sexes. For relief we are now depending upon (1) a recently passed city ordinance which denies permits to projects not holding CPA approval, and (2) the hope that builders will soon concentrate upon multiple units rather than single dwellings.

GEORGE M. UHL, M.D., Health Officer, City of Los Angeles

... You added cubits to the stature of Collier's by your authoritative and courageous article on the housing situation in Detroit.

DAYTON C. CLOSSER, Detroit, Mich.

... Your articles sure beat the fiction for interest. I refer to Cissy is No Prissy (Nov. 30th) and her 90 rooms of living space and the Detroit housing article, about ten or more people crowded in one room.

W. L. DOYLE, Los Angeles, Cal.

... Last summer I spent a week at Lake Arrowhead. I never saw in my life so much lumber, sand, cement, wire, etc., as was being hauled up there to make a modern Switzerland. We could not get one sack of cement to do a little work in our yard. What are they building? Not veterans' homes, but the biggest amusement concession in the West.

MRS. R. L. MALTBIE, Monrovia, Cal.

... It is said that a picture speaks 10,000 words, so please look at the enclosed photographs.

1. From the Los Angeles Times of Dec. 11th: A child's life lost because the family was living in a converted chicken house—a veteran's child at that.

2. From the Pasadena Independent of Dec. 11th: Floats being built for Pasadena's Rose Parade entirely out of lumber for the framework.

MAURICE L. NORMAN, South Pasadena, Cal.

(Continued on page 74)

Vol. 119, No. 4. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Deunerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norworthy, Treasurer. Price

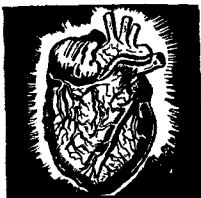
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funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada, Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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Your Heart

is a wonderfully dependable organ.



It beats about 100,000 times a day, yet rarely fails before old age



unless it has been abused, or weakened by disease. The commonest abuses

which put extra strain on the heart are *overweight* and *excessive exertion*,



especially after age 40.

Fear of heart ailments is often groundless, but may cause as much trouble as actual heart disease. So, if you are worried about your heart — *see a doctor!*



Remember, even with a weakened heart you can usually lead *a happy, useful life!*

Medical science is on the march against heart disease

Heart ailments account for almost one third of all deaths in this country. They are caused chiefly by rheumatic fever, high blood pressure, kidney diseases, syphilis, and hardening of the arteries — especially those supplying the heart itself. Early discovery and prompt treatment of these diseases are most important in reducing the danger of serious heart damage.

Medical science is giving increased attention to studies of the heart. Notable advances have already been scored. New drugs and new techniques are opening up more avenues of investigation. Many organizations encourage this great

work. For example, the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies in the U. S. and Canada, makes grants for special studies in heart disease.

What should you do for your heart?

Have a thorough physical examination every year. Take great care during convalescence from any infection. If you *should* develop heart disease, follow your physician's advice about proper rest, exercise, and diet, as well as about special drugs and medicines. To learn more about the heart, and the diseases that affect it, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 17-C, "Your Heart."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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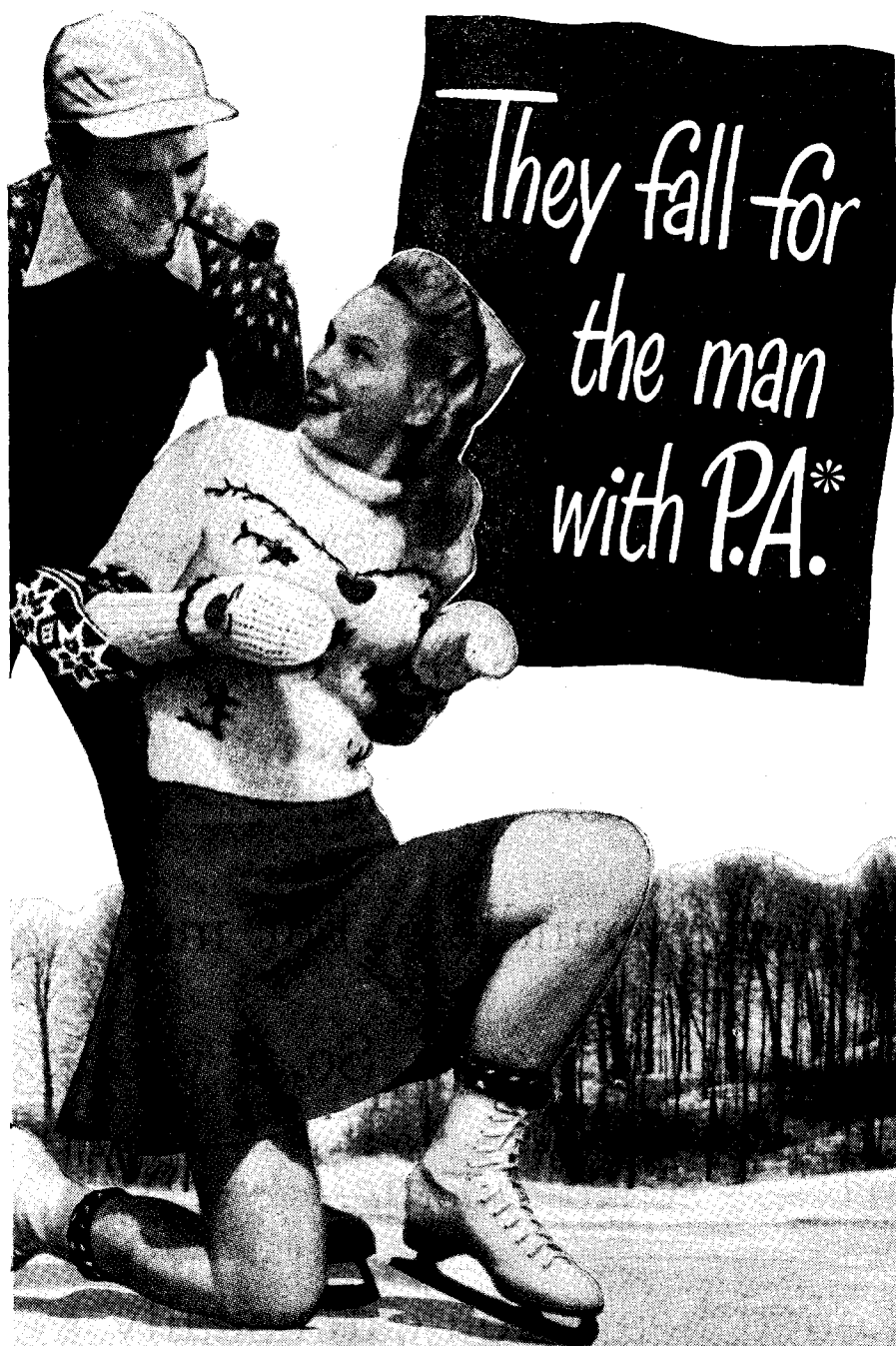
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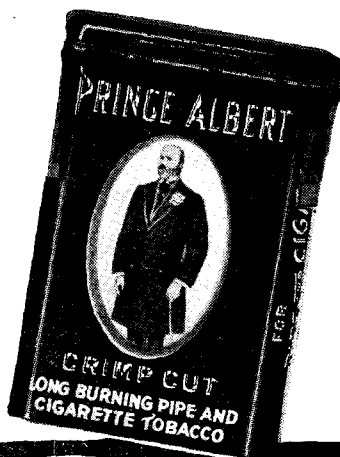
PA* means Pipe Appeal

There's something about the handsome masculine look of a pipe that has an irresistible appeal. Women go for it—as men go for the mild, rich taste of Prince Albert Tobacco.

PA. means Prince Albert

● The initials P.A. stand for America's favorite smoking tobacco—crimp cut Prince Albert. You'll like P.A. for its rich taste... its mellow mildness. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. It's easy on the tongue! For real smoking joy and comfort—try P.A. today!

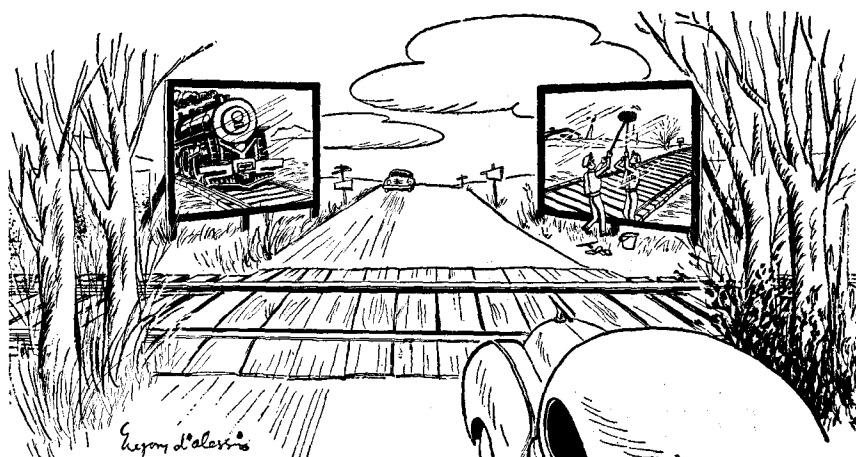
PRINCE ALBERT IS AN
EYE-OPENER FOR COMFORT
AND JOY IN A PIPE!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

BY FRELING FOSTER

A highway safety device, consisting of two large mirrors mounted on a steel framework, enables a motorist to see over a hill, around a curve or blind intersection and up and down a railroad track. According to present plans, several thousand will be installed from coast to coast within a year.

The most popular stage character in American history has been Toby, the young comic hero of the majority of the plays presented by scores of small-time repertory companies since his creation in 1910. Owing to his success, Toby's make-up and costume have never varied, still consisting of freckles, red wig, blacked-out teeth, checkered shirt, baggy trousers and old felt hat; and virtually all of the hundreds of plays written around him have been based on the single theme—country boy outsmarts city slicker.

Radar equipment used in marine navigation has an effective range of from 15 to 30 miles, depending on its elevation, as the high-frequency waves under normal atmospheric conditions pass into space after reaching the horizon. But hot humid layers of air close to the earth refract or bend these waves downward, enabling them to detect ships and shore stations far below the horizon. For instance, during one recent hot season, a radar set near Bombay attained ranges up to 1,500 miles, or 75 times as far as its normal range of 20 miles.

The frog is one of the few animals that is not aware of changes taking place in its body unless they occur with a certain degree of suddenness. Hence, through a very gradual increase or decrease in the temperature of the air, this amphibian may be roasted or frozen to death without showing any sign of discomfort.

Mrs. Pemberton, a miniature painted by Hans Holbein in the 16th century, is probably the most highly prized portrait of its kind in the world. Purchased from a New Yorker for \$30,000 in 1935, this small painting, only two inches wide, has since been a feature of the famous miniature collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

Students in 5,000 high schools in 24 states are now given courses in motor-vehicle operation and traffic laws.—By Raymond Berg, Ossining, N. Y.

America's last patroon, or lord of a vast tract of land occupied by tenant farmers, was Stephen Van Rensselaer of New York State (1765-1839). Until his death, he exercised feudal rights over his 400-square-mile manor, which included holding a court of law, appointing the clergy and compelling his tenants to purchase their commodities at his store. His income from rents, profits and court fines amounted to about \$1,000,000 a year.

A unique psychology among the women of Brazil came to light in that country's 1940 census. As the count of female mulattoes far exceeded that of male mulattoes, census officials found that a large number of women, including pure-blooded whites and Negroes, had falsely claimed to be half Negro. They wanted to belong to this racial group because the samba songs of Brazil had for years glorified the physical charms and amorous nature of mulatto women.

The degrees of homicide provided for in our state criminal laws range from only two—murder and manslaughter—in Illinois and a few other jurisdictions to seven in Wisconsin, which has three degrees of murder and four degrees of manslaughter.

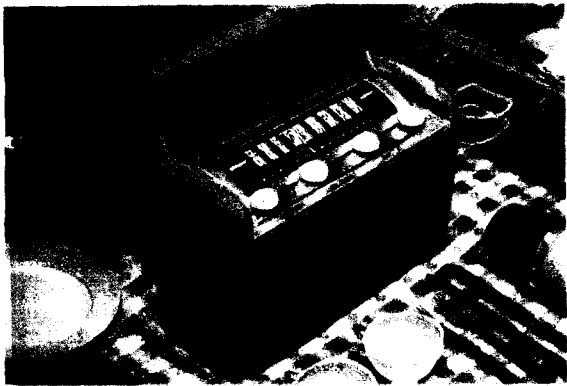
Vast areas of the Antarctic Continent, several of which overlap one another, are claimed by eight nations—the United States, England, Norway, Chile, Argentina, France, Australia and New Zealand. For further exploration or to affirm their claims, the first five in the above list are now sending expeditions to this south polar region.

Since 1908, the Gideons have distributed 2,500,000 copies of the Bible, of which more than 200,000 were placed not in hotel rooms, but on airliners and railroad cars, and in Y.W.C.A.s, Y.M.C.A.s, public-school classrooms and libraries of hospitals and penal institutions.

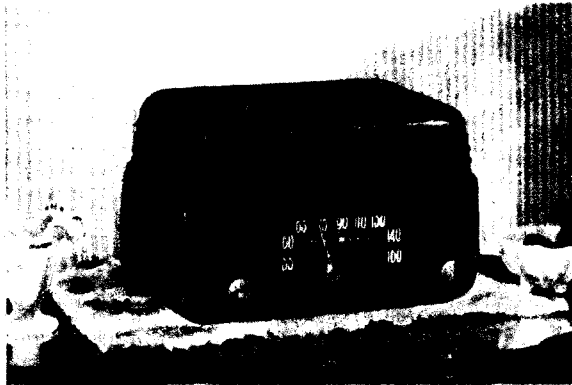
A botanist who has studied clovers for 60 years estimates that for every 1,000 four-leaf clovers that grow, there are 50 five-leaf, three six-leaf and ten seven-leaf clovers.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

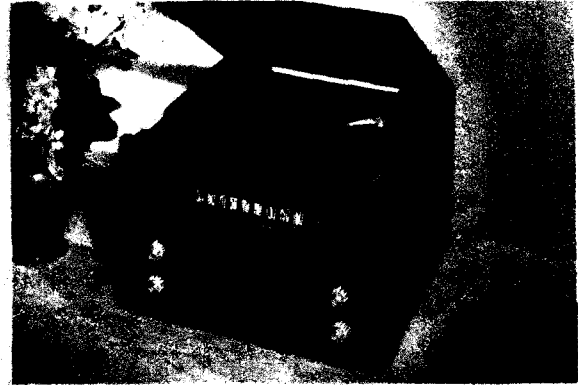
Collier's for January 25, 1947



Self-charging portable—No more battery worries. Re-news its power over and over again. Brings in more stations and has finer tone than many consoles. Light weight, cast aluminum case. See Model 250.



Surprising tone-performance-value — All these are yours in Model 200. Razor sharp tuning. Easy to read airplane type dial. This radio's rosewood brown plastic cabinet typifies the best in modern design.



General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—Revel in Model 303's glorious natural color tone! Discover new beauty in your favorite records when played by the amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FM

It's wonderful...

**You'll hear the full glory of natural color tone
in this great new radio-phonograph**

Lovely **VIRGINIA MAYO**, currently featured in the Samuel Goldwyn production, **"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES."**

Exciting as a first night on Broadway—thrilling as a Hollywood premiere—is your first hearing of this entirely different, magnificently finer kind of radio.

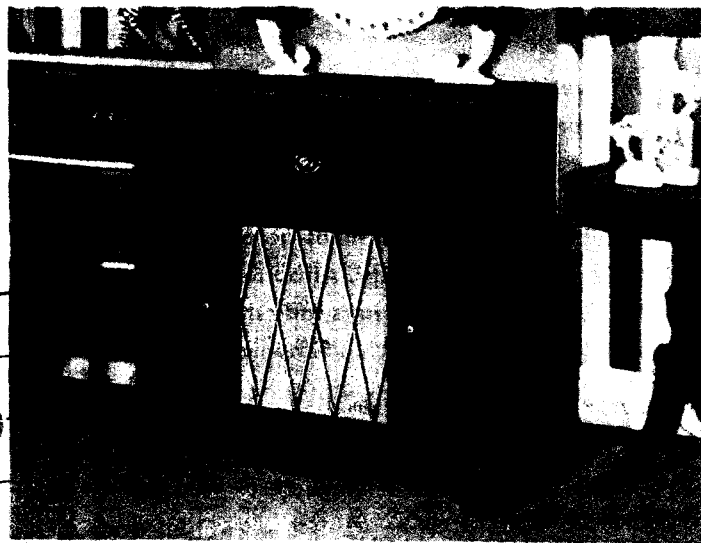
At last electronic science triumphs over radio's old foes: static, fading and station interference. Through the magic of FM (genuine Armstrong FM), you revel in the glory of natural color tone heard against a background of velvety silence.

In recordings, too, these triumphant new instruments reveal beauty never heard before, as the exclusive new G-E Electronic Reproducer faithfully recreates the delicate shadings—brings you all the music on your records. There's a new thrill waiting at your General Electric dealer's. Ask him for a demonstration—today.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS



Here's the radio-phonograph music lovers have waited for—With wonderful FM (genuine Armstrong FM) and finer reception of standard and shortwave broadcasts. Precision tuning with the G-E Guillotine Tuner. 12" Dynapower Speaker. 9 tubes plus rectifier. Sensational G-E Electronic Reproducer. 18th Century inspired mahogany cabinet. Stores 120 records. Ask for Model 417.

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YOUR CAR DULL? Then clean it first with the amazing Simoniz Kleener. Liquid Simoniz Kleener is for finishes in average condition . . . the paste for those extremely dull. They make any car sparkle like new again and prepare the finish for Simoniz.

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Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5c to \$1, auto accessory and department stores everywhere.

"SIMONIZ" . . . T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. & Foreign Countries



THE WEEK'S WORK

TOO busy cooking up a corpse for her next mystery to talk, Helen Reilly (The Phonograph Murder, p. 14) sent her daughter Ursula Reilly around to blab on Ma. "While other little girls were prattling of their dollies," Ursula said, "my three sisters and I were arguing ferociously about the relative merits of strychnine, strangulation or scythe. We were looked on as curiosities in school, for while other mothers were out decently playing bridge, ours was home plotting a crime."

This home, Ursula reveals, is near Washington Square in New York, and nine cats share it, despite its lethal atmosphere. A native New Yorker, Mrs. Reilly will travel anywhere instant; is a baseball nut devoted to all three big-league New York teams, cheers the nothing ball at the ball park while her latest crime goes undetected at home; and rather than have a green thumb with her window boxes, seems to be death on their contents. She reads Trollope, Maugham and Jane Austen for other diversion. "And very, very occasionally, when her nerves are equal to it," peaches Ursula, "a detective story—by somebody else."

PAUL ANNIXTER will have you know that The Hunting Horn, p. 73, is no inspiration of the dawn, or one of those stories that just write themselves. "I've heard many writers speak of the latter," confesses Mr. A., "but in all the 425 stories I've written and sold, I've never run into one that would write itself with only a little judicious typing on my part. Good hard work goes into all of them."

Mr. Annixter's recipe for becoming a writer follows: "Take up a government timber claim miles from nowhere. By the time you get to talking to yourself in short, pithy paragraphs, you'll be writing—if there's any of it in you." His first story dealt with the animals, elements and solitude he found on his claim—which never amounted to anything, except for the literary gold mine it opened for Mr. Annixter.

The dog in The Hunting Horn is almost identical with one he owned when he was about as old as the boy in the story. The character of Dewey Bingham was taken from old Charlie Krahn, Minnesota guide, hunter, drinker and poacher and easily Mr. Annixter's Most Unforgettable Character. Krahn never would acknowledge any gulf between the human and animal world. "As for the despondent-looking bimbo in the picture enclosed," concludes Mr. A., "it's allegedly me—not a nerve- tonic ad. My young brother-in-law Tom Comfort did the original. He's a ruthless realist, but kinder to me than the years."

WRITER'S Progress: Robert Zacks, debuting with the short It's A Symptom, p. 57, left New York's City College equipped with an accountant's degree and a millionaire ambition. He promptly got a job at five bucks a week checking invoices. After a year, he said the hell with it, got a job with the government for \$25



Paul Annixter

per, checking invoices. When Uncle Sam called in 1941, he became a warrant officer accountant who checked invoices. These were for millions and billions in Army contracts—and after a while Mr. Zacks began to think \$5 for a steak merely normal.

When sprung from Uncle Sam's ferocious fraternity, it was therefore but natural that Mr. Zacks would become a writer.

He had sold a couple during the conflict, and he had heard there was millions in writing.

At first Mr. Zacks found that first million elusive—a little like battering one's head against a stone wall to demolish it. Just as his brains were in a goulash condition, Collier's came through with an acceptance. Mr. Zacks asks you to believe our letter came the day after the landlady had started evictionizing him.

Since that precious moment, he has begun a novel for a fellowship contest; started a play for his wife Henna to star in; sweated out an original for M-G-M. If the latter is accepted, he's sure he's on his second million.

This week's cover: Lawson Wood's zoological screwballs—those utterly appealing monkeys and elephants—have been capering over Collier's covers since 1925. If the situations depicted were sometimes reminiscent of human antics, we put it down to Mr. Wood's ability to mirror any human facial expression on any bird or beast, or to just plain monkey business. This week's Simian Seesaw is typical of the four covers a year Mr. Wood has averaged.

From 1940 to 1944, Mr. Wood's output may have decreased slightly, possibly because his studio atop Sussex Downs lay directly in the land of Hitler's little air-borne gifts to England, and constant interruption was the order of the day.

More recently Mr. Wood's excuse for not being more prolific is that he's been experimenting with animating Grandpop, one of his giddiest gibbons. Grandpop will not be a drawing but a very lifelike puppet, capable of the most fluid movement including pedicule scratching.

Mr. Wood, who dairy-farms, fishes and rides for the deuce of it, likes to

surround himself with dozens of domestic animals, especially horses and dogs. When he's not monkeying around with a canvas, he's off to the London Zoo, where we assume the cry in the monkey house is, "Here comes that daffy dauber again. Humans do the funniest things, don't they?"

THE artist, Loran F. Wilford, who illustrated Paul Annixter's

animaliana, gives us these facts:

Born in Kansas, a while back, he wandered by auto to New York, took several wrong turns down one-way streets, managed to paint his way through rattlesnakes and natives of the Blue Ridge scrublands, and the sandias in New Mexico, winding up with a family on the outskirts of Stamford, Connecticut. Here he paints nutmegs, garden snakes and anything that passes by, likes it pretty well—but longs to be on his way again. **TED SHANE**



Robert Zacks

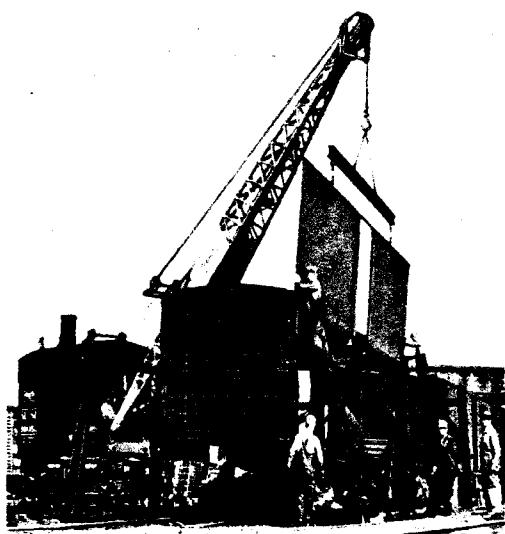
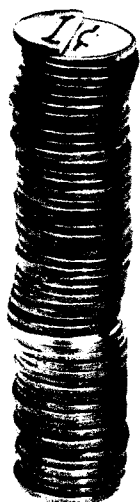
WHO gets HOW MUCH of the RAILROAD DOLLAR?

(A REPORT TO THE PEOPLE FOR 1946)

You, and all Americans, look to the railroads not only to *take* you places, but also to *bring* you things—food, clothing, fuel, and just about everything else you use in your home and in your business. For rendering this dependable service to 140 million people, and for hauling the heaviest peacetime traffic on record, the railroads received about 8 billion dollars in 1946. Let's see *who* got *how much* of each dollar paid the railroads.

FOR EMPLOYEES... 51.5¢

More than half of every dollar went to railroad employees in wages and salaries.



33¢ FOR MATERIALS

Much of this 33¢ the railroads spent for materials, fuel and other supplies was, in turn, spent by the *railroad suppliers* to pay *their* employees. So, directly or indirectly, by far the largest part of the railroad dollar goes to pay wages.



6.2¢ FOR TAXES

This part of the railroad dollar went to Federal, state, and local governments to be used—the same as your own taxes—to help maintain schools, courts, roads, police and fire protection, and for various other public services and institutions. None of this tax money is spent on railroad tracks or terminals.



FOR INSURANCE POLICY-HOLDERS, INVESTORS IN BONDS, AND FOR RENTS...

6.6¢

Most of this 6.6¢ was paid to those people who lend money to the railroads—including those millions of thrifty Americans who invest indirectly in the railroads through their insurance policies and savings accounts. The average rate of interest which railroads pay on their bonds and other obligations is less than 4 per cent.



2.7¢ FOR IMPROVEMENTS AND OWNERS



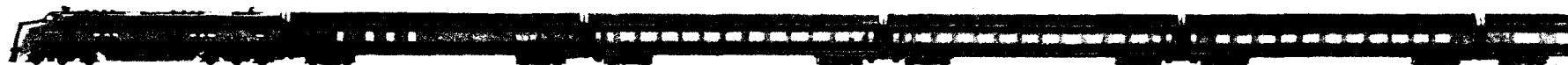
And so after they had paid for wages, materials, taxes, and necessary charges upon their obligations, the railroads had only 2.7¢ left out of each dollar they took in in 1946. Out of this 2.7¢ they must pay for the improvements necessary to keep railroad property abreast of public needs, before anything is available for dividends to their owners.



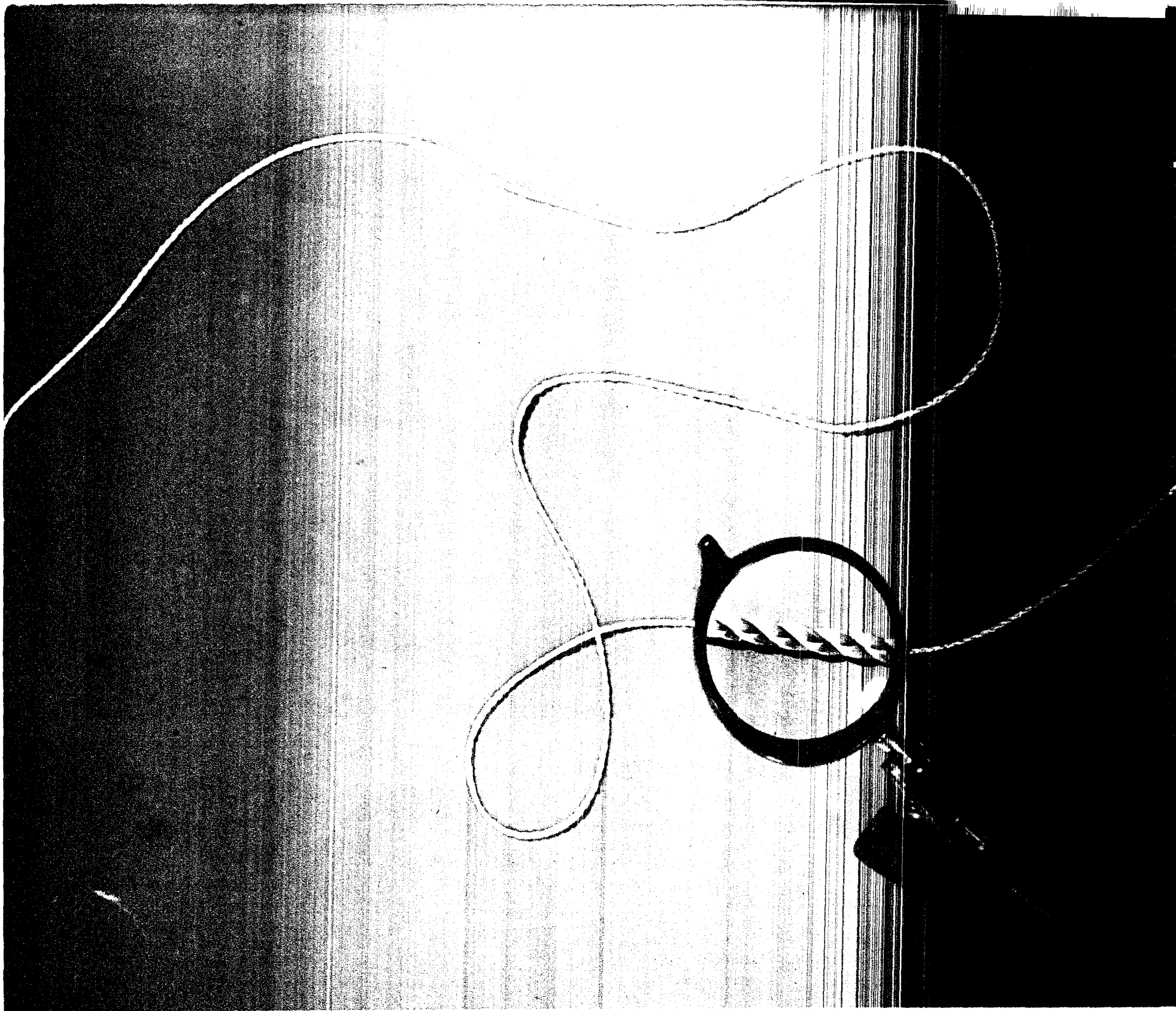
ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA



It's the wonderful new twist to tire mileage!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

You are looking at a picture that began almost 20 years ago—when Goodyear first experimented with rayon cord for tires.

That was the initial step. Over 15 years ago, Goodyear built the first rayon cord tire—perfected it—and when war came was ready. Goodyear truck tires—made of rayon cord—helped speed supplies in the battle for Europe.

Today, from these strands of rayon cord are being built thousands of Goodyear passenger tires that set new records for mileage, safety, and economy!

Rayon cord tires are another in a long line of Goodyear “firsts”—the Straight-Side Tire, the Multiple-ply Cord Tire, the All-Weather Tread, the LifeGuard Safety Tube and many others. These, over the years, have made your tires last longer.

Goodyear goes right on working to benefit you—not just tomorrow, but ten years from now. It is this never-ending search for something better that helps explain why it's true today—as it has been for 32 straight years—“More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.”

A pioneer in rubber, and the world's greatest tire company, Goodyear also has broad experience in many other fields—metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics—constantly developing new products that will serve you better.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Little quivers began pacing up and down Jocko's spine and he thought: I've seen many champions, but never one to surpass this

JOCKO LOVES MUSIC

Jocko had a mind for only one girl. Enter a female character called Murph, who was—how do you say it?—strictly long-hair

THE trouble was, Jocko MacGregor's mind was not on the music but on a girl. One girl, explicitly, for Jocko was that kind of man. A one-girl man. His gaze settled dolefully on the unoffending olive in the shallow depth of the Martini before him, and he thought:

After four years I ought to know her. I shouldn't get in a stew about things like this. But darn it! I miss her when she's not around. I'm no good for anything without her.

He finished off the drink. A bell tinkled somewhere in the vast recesses of the DeWitt Park Avenue mansion and a voice cut through the clamor, "Mr. Podorgy will play now."

The crowd began leaving the trick, hand-tailored bar tucked along the paneled wall, drifting in toward the big room.

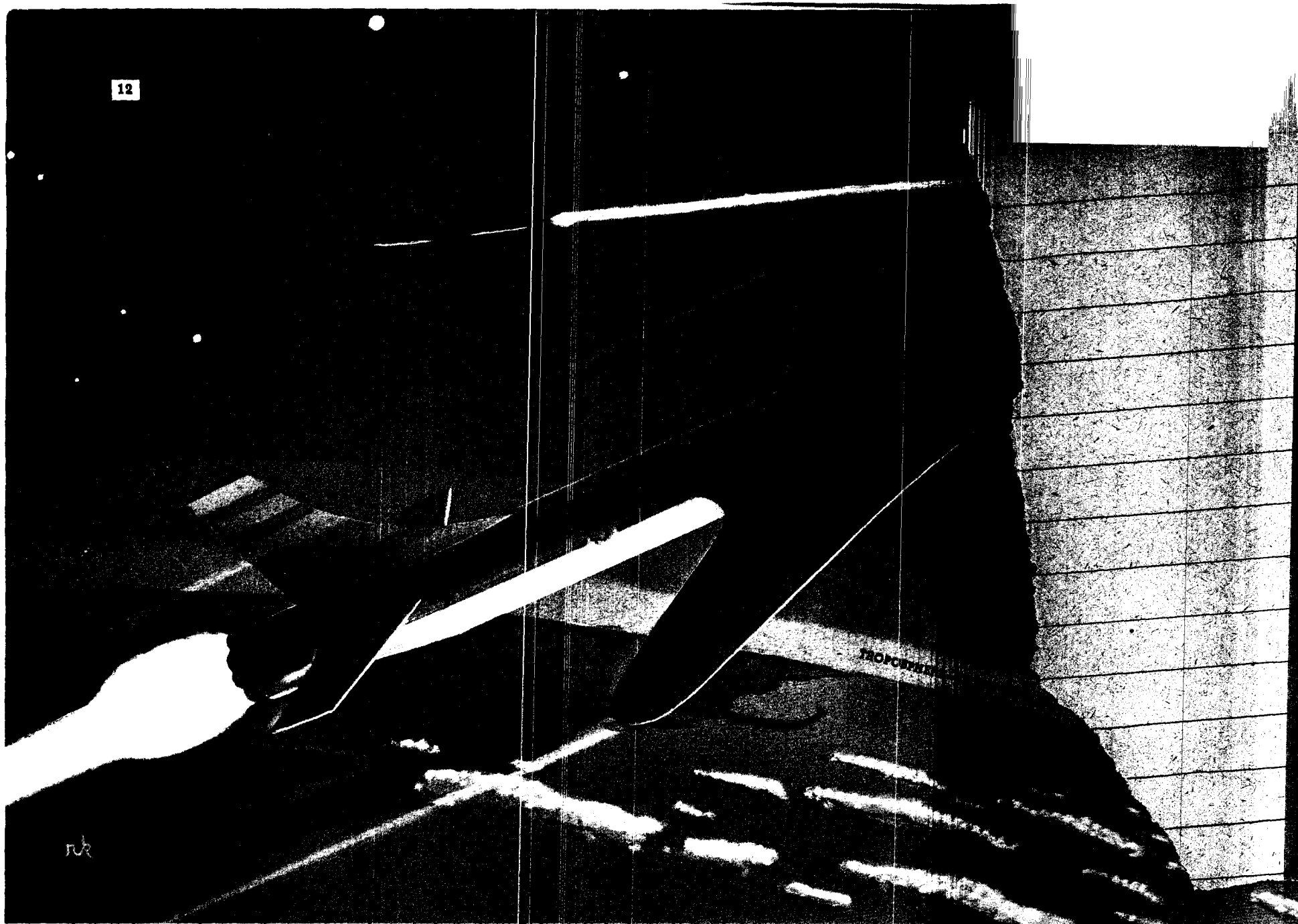
The barman said, "You will be late getting inside, Signor."

Jocko looked up. "Signor is not going inside."

The man made a grim face. "Igora Murfinosky plays next, after Mr. Podorgy." The way he said it made it plain this Murfinosky was a Jack Dempsey of the long-hairs. "The bar is closed, Signor, until the music is finished." With that he slipped from behind the mahogany and stalked off in the direction of the big room.

Now why, Jocko griped silently, did an editor have to send a guy out on a (Continued on page 66)

BY WALTER ROEBER SCHMIDT • ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



THE AIR?

BY W. B. COURTNEY

ONE hundred and seventy-two years ago come April 18th, on a night when danger threatened, a patriot hung two lanterns in the tower of the Old North Church in Boston.

Every American child early learns the story. The lanterns were a pre-arranged signal for which Paul Revere watched from the opposite shore—"Ready to ride and spread the alarm . . . One, if by land, and two, if by sea."

Their faint gleams across the dark Charles River, summoning the country folk to assemble, united against a common peril, have never gone out. The light they made in that New England spring midnight has lived as a spiritually illuminated call for Americans, old and new, of whatever race or faith, to unite.

The time has come to hang a third lantern aloft.

For the Old North Church, substitute the Capitol in Washington. For

the patriot of 1775, substitute the 80th Congress of the United States. And to the two lanterns, add the third for . . . "if by air!"

We've got to get together again.

In the air, a grave hazard is clouding over the United States today.

The danger is not, primarily, one of war.

There is a justification for a hope—if not yet for a firm belief—that war may have gone for good. But the possibility of war, and its unsure fortunes, must still be reckoned an unpredictable part of the future of any nation.

The danger, for the time being, lurks in peace. All thinking men know that peace must bear inherent risks and problems no less complex than those of war. The United States can lessen those risks. Little needs to be done; just a resolute uniting—akin to Concord and Lexington. The means are in our hands. We invented and developed them.

Unfortunately, they are not in our hands alone. During the war we shared our means with friends who, becoming our rivals in peace, have turned them against us. In an economic and political sense their widespread custody now stiffens the talk of foreign statesmen and the confidence of foreign militarists. The greatest stalling in diplomatic history is now taking place. It has this reason behind it:

Our third lantern is to signal not the imminent approach of a foe by stealth in the night, but the first lap of a Race. It is a great world Race, paced by historic precedents. It is no less an actual race because it has not yet reached full public knowledge and debate. It is supremely necessary, then, for Americans to recognize the Race.

This Race is for command of another ocean, upon the shore of which mankind now chafes; the Ocean of the Air—the ocean with the coast line that stands on edge. Its conquest

requires vision, but is no longer visionary. The beach has been consolidated. Brain, courage and soul brought Man to it. Now he is preparing to shove off.

The stake is prodigious.

Victory in the Race will gain for the winner moral, economic and political world leadership.

The Race can be won without another war. The United States *had* the best chance of winning it. But the United States is no longer running in first place. Only three nations have the requisite might, size and resources to compete at all—Great Britain, Russia and the United States.

Their respective standings in the Race will be examined in detail later in these articles, but the positions may be summarized briefly as follows:

Russia is in the lead on all points of foresight, research and future war potentials, as well as in the advanced ideas in which German science formerly led.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP

Who dominates the Ocean of the Air will control the world tomorrow. The race is on. It's conceivable that we could lose it—other nations are already leaving us behind. Here are startling facts—a survey of supreme importance to the future of every American

denly full-grown by the infusion of atomic power. Not air power in its partial military sense, but in its complete sense of *airfaring*; in the sense of the relationship that Sea Power bore to the importance of seafaring nations.

Before the dawn of history, man guided his boats along coastal outlines; or, at the most venturesome, to visible islands. He was afraid to leave the familiar sight of land. About 2000 B.C., from the land of Canaan on the eastern Mediterranean, the Phoenicians took the most imaginative and daring step of ancient times, and pushed out straight across the markless waters.

Advent of Internationalism

A new power was born—Sea Power. A new character was made available for nations—seafaring. A new relationship between ocean-separated countries was created—the first genuine internationalism.

The seafaring Phoenicians ruled Mediterranean commerce, and even traded as far away as the East Indies and the Baltic. Greece, Rome, Turkey, and the Italian city states were helped by sea power in their flourishing years; and the seafaring Hanseatic League spread prosperity through

north Europe. By the 16th century the race for leadership in the design then fully spread out by the seafaring Age of Discovery, was intense. England finally won command of the Ocean of Water that had fixed the pattern; and held it against Holland, Denmark, France and Germany.

England's dominion for 300 years over "palm and pine" in world affairs, her famous Balance of Power policy, were rooted in command of the ocean.

The parallels are inescapably plain.

The winner of Air Ocean command will be the Britannia of future years; but immensely more potent on this shrunken globe. The lesser airfaring nations will subsist by her grace.

Is the United States content to be the Spain of the next centuries?

There is a difference between the race for command of the Water Ocean and that for the one of air. The latter will not drag interminably, with successive leaders of the pack. First, because the means by which command will be won are too formidable. These means make One World more than an ideal. They make it a certainty. Second, because the new pattern and power frame new concepts and yardsticks. In airfaring, the interconnections of nations are no longer servile to clocks, lines and

miles. They have intimacy and immediacy. Important trends and issues now bear fruit in days and weeks instead of decades and centuries.

New references are on the tongues of the men who are shaping Air Power. To them, the Ocean of Water is one of "Distance." The Ocean of Air is one of "Time."

Meanwhile, Time is facing us right now, with a plenitude of challenges and dangers.

The airfaring planners speak of continents instead of nations. Their eyes do not fall along hitherto standard trade routes and lines of communication because the shortest way, in commerce or war, between the northern halves of both hemispheres is over the North Pole—and in those halves live the only important business rivals or potential enemies of the United States.

By this "over the top" route, the industrial heart of America is exposed to bombers and pilotless guided air weapons now in the armaments of all major nations.

Obviously, just as the ultramodern world associations will not permit isolating of economic, political and moral responsibilities, the Air Ocean ends our luxury security of geographic isolation—and drains validity from the saying, which made good sense in the past, that "the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are America's best defense!" No future enemy will approach us across those waters, except to land mopping-up and looting forces if polar-front air attack has decided the war in his favor.

It is significant that Russia has virtually no navy at all while Great Britain, though still the foremost maritime trade power, has drafted a modest and un-English postwar navy.

An Ocean That's Inescapable

The Air Ocean is the only ocean that comes into the back yard of every home on earth; its waves lap up every acre of every nation, island, city, body of water, village and farm. Man so far has been flying only along its bottom, precisely as pre-Phoenician sailors hugged the seacoasts. Now, in the deep air, he seeks all the commercial, military and political advantages that will accrue there to airfaring nations, as they did to seafaring nations by transit of deep water.

Deep air has its mysteries, fears and problems for airfarers, exactly as deep water had for seafarers. In fact, all the mysteries of *neither* ocean have yet been solved. But we know enough already about the Air Ocean to make it unsafe for us not to hurry with Yankee ardor into the Race.

The Air Ocean is the atmosphere. This is a huge sieve composed of invisible gases, which protects all life and vegetation on earth from the perils of outer space—vacuity, meteors, temperature extremes, radiation. The Air Ocean is in three main sections. The troposphere, 8 to 10 miles deep, is the section in which we live and in which most human flight has taken place. The stratosphere, the next section going up is about 40 miles thick and has been entered by men in plane and balloon. The ionosphere, last and

(Continued on page 59)

Research in supersonic air speeds may, in ten or twenty years, make it possible for planes to operate outside the earth's atmosphere at speeds that make time stand still

The United States holds the lead in development: in air traffic, aircraft construction, trained flying and operating personnel, production experience and industrial know-how.

England leads in organized national research, in electronics and particularly radar, and in new engine development. She also leads in the commercial drive to sell planes to foreign countries.

The recent war did not cause the three-way Race, although the last bomb dropped on the Axis was its starting gun. What the war did was lend urgency to fantastic advances of science which, becoming available, for use or misuse by governments made such a Race inevitable. For shadows, rising out of long past centuries, had written an old lesson in new skies. It is that a basic new world pattern begins to unfold in men's affairs with each advent of a truly revolutionary basic new power.

The new power is Air Power—sud-

Collier's for January 25, 1947



THE PHONOGRAPH MURDER

BY HELEN REILLY

The murder was perfect—no clues, no suspicion. George had thought of everything

GEORGE BONFIELD made up his mind on the night that the maid, Hannah Swenson, came to the door of the bedroom and told him that the thermostatic control on the electric clock on the stove was out of order.

Bonfield and his wife were alone in the first-floor bedroom of the house in West Thirteenth Street which they owned and in which they had lived for the thirty years since their marriage. At fifty-six George Bonfield was a slight, wiry man with a gentle face and thinning hair. Louise Bonfield had put on flesh with the years but she had a shapely head, a fine profile, and rich blue-black hair that she wore fastened in a knot at the nape of her neck. Louise was getting ready for bed. She had been threatened with an attack of gallstones and was still under the doctor's care. She always went to bed at around nine on the nights when George was going to the office to work.

Louise was sitting on the edge of the bed, taking off her shoes, and George was brushing his hair in front of the bureau. As Louise slipped off her stockings and folded them neatly, she said, "Dr. Seebold's a perfectly wonderful man, George. He says that if I'm careful I'm good for another twenty years."

Twenty years. The words did something to George Bonfield. He stared into the mirror and went on mechanically brushing his hair. Time was done up in bundles. There were fifty-two weeks in a year, seven days in a week, twenty-four hours in a day. And there would be twenty more years of it.

Louise said, "George, no matter how busy you are tomorrow, I want you to see the insurance people. In three months your endowment will mature, and we've got to begin to make definite plans about investing the money. I've got some very definite ideas."

George said, "Yes," obediently. Louise always did have definite ideas. She had had ideas about their daughter's first love affair, she had had ideas about not buying the farm in Dutchess County but putting his aunt's bequest into steel, she had had ideas about the serviceable dark wallpaper for the dining room.

Louise's voice flowed smoothly, inexorably. "Steel, perhaps, or aircraft, or maybe—" She went on, devouring his \$30,000 endowment to the last crumb. "And, George, there's another thing I want to speak to you about."

She slipped a nightgown over her head. "That Randall account. Don't

let it run another week. Either Randall pays or you take the matter to a lawyer. Does he think paper and time and layouts grow on trees? You've been culpably weak with him!"

She got into bed. The springs creaked. She settled herself on her pillows. "My magazine, there on the chair, hand it to me, George. I'm reading a lovely story." She sighed comfortably, and yawned.

"Yes, dear." George Bonfield gave her the magazine. As he did so his hand came in contact with hers. Her skin was soft and a little moist. He shivered, and fought down a sudden sickening soul-shaking wave of nausea. He turned away, saying to himself with an odd quiver of surprise, "Why—why, I hate her."

THERE was a knock. The door opened and the maid, Hannah, stuck her head into the room. Hannah was a big, rawboned Swedish girl with a dish face and round blue eyes—not bright, and rather excitable, but willing and kind. Hannah said, "The electric clock on the stove. It won't work."

Louise spoke severely. "You probably didn't set it properly, Hannah. Or you've been fooling with it. It worked all right this morning."

George said dully, "I'll have a look at it, Hannah."

Louise said, from her pillows, "Don't take too long, George; you've got a good night's work to do. Now, Hannah, remember, when you bring me my orange juice at eleven don't wake me, and be careful to see that the front door is bolted before you go to bed. Mr. Bonfield will ring when he gets home, and you can let him in."

"Yes, ma'am," the maid said.

George followed her out of the room. The front door was an old point of issue between himself and Louise. Servants objected, and rightly, to being dragged down from the top of the house in the middle of the night to let him in. The bolt and chain weren't necessary. There was a perfectly good lock on the door. Bolts and bars. . . . He shivered again. Suddenly they surrounded him.

He went downstairs and examined the electric clock. It was then, as he stood beside the stove in the kitchen, that the idea came to him. He fingered the clock. It was an interesting device. He began swinging the dials. Hannah said, "Will we have to call the stove people, Mr. Bonfield?"

George Bonfield said slowly—and his voice seemed to come from a long distance away—"No, Hannah. I can fix it tomorrow. I'm—rather good with my hands."

He stared down at them for a long moment, got his hat, and left the house.

His office was on the second floor of a building on West Forty-second Street. It consisted of a waiting room, another room where Joe Tyler and the two stenographers worked, and George's own room beyond. His advertising agency was small and unpretentious, but it did a good pedestrian business that brought in a steady profit.

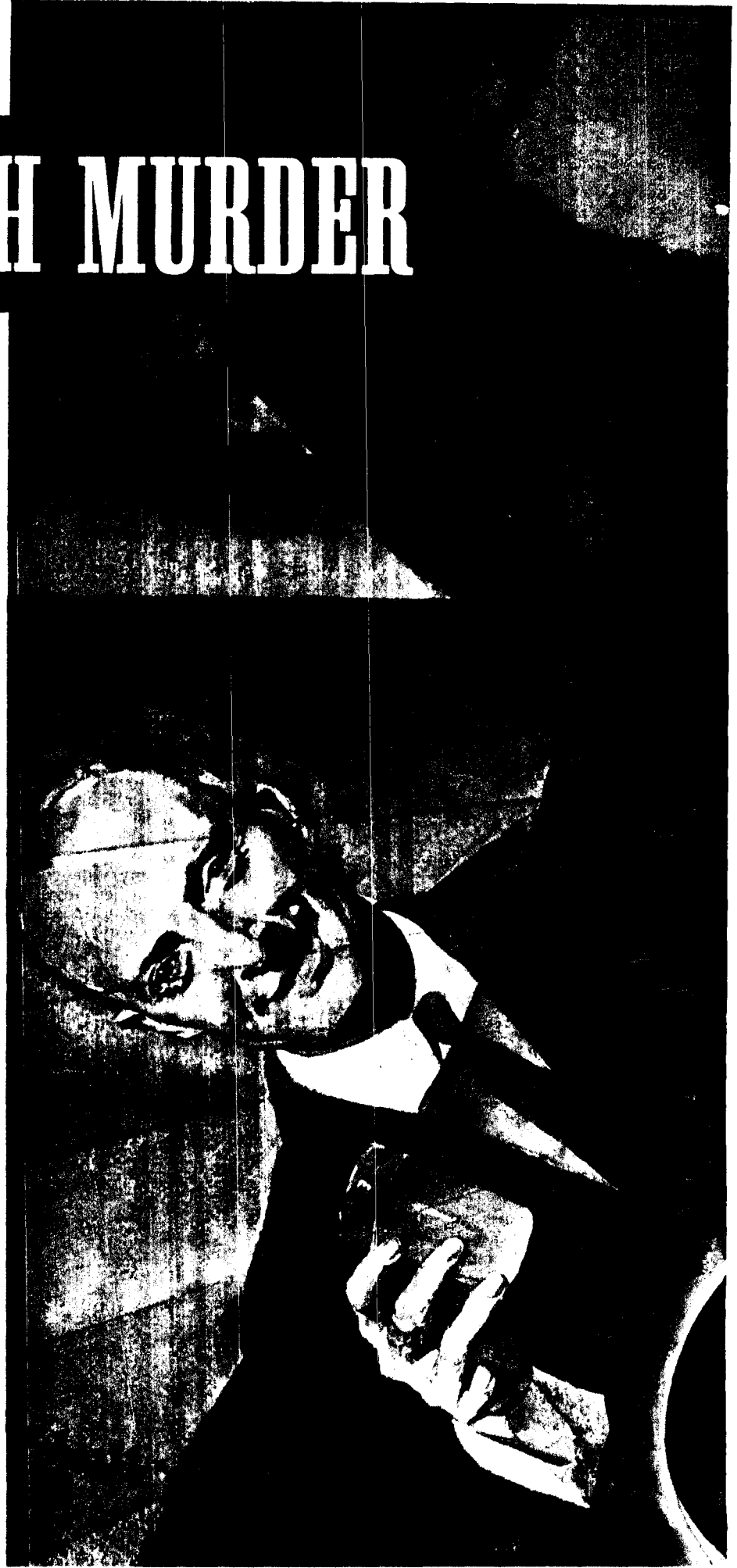
As usual on the nights they worked, Joe Tyler was waiting for him. Tyler was a big, eager giant with an enor-

mous admiration for his boss. George said hello to Joe, gave him the copy for the radiator folders, went into his office, closed the door, and settled down in the chair behind his desk. He made no attempt to get at the remainder of the outline. George had much more important things to think about.

There was no danger of his being interrupted: Joe wouldn't dream of opening the door while his boss was engaged in creative endeavor. George smiled bitterly. He was about to embark on a creation of another kind.

That was on October the ninth. At

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the beginning of the following week, George Bonfield bought the clock. It wasn't an electric clock. It was a simple, cheap alarm clock with a bell on the top.

He had an appointment that day with a client in Newark. The client's office was on Broad Street. There were plenty of drugstores on Broad Street, but he didn't buy the clock in any of them. He bought it in Jersey City. Bonfield put the clock in the bottom drawer of the desk in his office. He locked the drawer.

His next purchase, which required more care as it could be traced more

easily, was a small portable phonograph. He had to wait to acquire this. Yet he couldn't wait too long. The endowment, the \$30,000 to which he had looked forward for so long, was due in less than a month; and it was going to take time to get things exactly right.

FIVE days after he bought the alarm clock, his opportunity came. An old client of his in New England telegraphed from Boston asking George to come up for a promotion conference. Louise grumbled mildly, and redoubled her instructions to Hannah

about locking the house at night and keeping small boys away from the front steps in the daytime.

George was away two days. It was on the morning of the second day that he stopped on his way to the station at a store he had already located and bought the small phonograph in the neat, unobtrusive blue case. He deposited the phonograph, carefully wrapped in brown paper, in the check-room in Grand Central on his way to the office from the train. Joe Tyler mustn't see it.

Red Lytell sent George tickets for the football game at the stadium on

Saturday afternoon. Under the plea of work to be finished, Bonfield gave the tickets to a grateful Joe and, the faithful assistant safely disposed of, retrieved the phonograph from Grand Central. On the way back to the office, he stopped at a crowded five-and-ten and bought four balls of cord of various strengths and thicknesses.

The office was deserted. Once he got a fright when a cleaning woman tried to gain entrance by the door leading from his room directly into the hall, but he remained quiet. As the door was locked from the inside,

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



A NICE CLEAN STORY

BY RUTH CARSON

The worst of the soap shortage is over, but soapmakers still have their fingers crossed. Here's the aromatic low-down

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREENE

A SOAP factory looks like a combination cook shop, printing plant and winter landscape. You peer into three-story caldrons holding 300,000 pounds of precious foamy brew which, after the heat's off, will subside, crack and shine like yesterday's snow with the sun on it. You ride the elevator to squint through a peephole in the top of a six-story tower filled with a snowstorm of the soap powder that will end up in the nation's dishpans. You watch conveyor belts make a snowfall, filling great bins with soap flakes that tempt you like a fluffy, fresh snowbank. You see long bars of soap squeezed out of machines, cut to size, molded and printed, wrapped and ready to ship like this week's magazine.

It took a national meat crisis, with its attendant acute fats shortage, to make us realize how we appreciate soap, and to wail in anguish when it didn't come to our house any more. When meat came back on the table, anybody who knew that soap is made from fat said we'd have plenty of suds for dousing the meat platter, and even the tablecloth. Anybody, that is, but soap manufacturers, who are known as *soapers* in the trade. Soapers are still wary.

This, they want you to appreciate, is a shortage that has been a long time in the making. It is due to a world-wide shortage of fats and oils. Just look at a few painful facts. In an average prewar year, the principal oil- and fat-producing countries of the world exported 6,511,000 short tons. The 1946 estimate was 2,990,000 short tons. It may take three years for world production to catch up, says the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Before the war, our net import balance was 1,500,000,000 pounds of fats and oils a year. In 1945 and 1946 we exported 200,000,000 to 250,000,000 pounds more than we imported. Europe's need of fats for food was the reason.

Here's another supply headache: The American housewife, who, during the war, salvaged 18,000,000 pounds of kitchen fats every month, has let down on her efforts. Had it not been for this fat, says the Department of Agriculture, civilians would have had 13 per cent less soap. The figure for last August was 9,000,000 pounds salvaged before the meat shortage knocked it down to nothing.

There is also, to mention only one other item, the little problem of coconut oil. In normal times, about a third of the fat that goes into our soaps is vegetable oils, valuable for sudsing qualities. Coconut oil is one of the most important of the vegetable oils. Chief U.S. source: the Philippines. And the war wrecked the coconut economy of the Philippines.

In spite of these obstacles, the Philippines are now succeeding in shipping to us as much copra, or dried coconut meat, as they did before the war, to be crushed in mills here. Yet our copra-crushing mills were closing down in October. Why? Shipping strike. Copra-laden ships were standing offshore, while America howled for soap. And sailing off, what's worse, to unload in other countries, even though we had bargained for the whole copra output of the Philippines.

Well, you get the idea. Soapers have suffered, maybe even more than you. They're faced, to add to their pain, with the biggest potential market of their lives. A 9,000,000 increase in population since 1940. Eleven million ex-G.I.s, a lot of them with bigger and better ideas of cleanliness acquired in the service, adding to the demand for soap, beautiful soap.

But the worst is over now. The worst, the darkest days soapers have to look back on came around Halloween time of '46, when the kids were still able to smear up car windows, using candle stubs as a soap substitute, and soapers themselves were running out of soap. Ceiling prices had come off fats and oils but not off soap. Result, no one was buying even the fats and oils available. "In normal times," one large producer of soap told us in those dark October days, "we have three months' supply of fats and oils on hand, or definitely on the way. Today we are operating on a 24-hour basis."

Two weeks later, ceiling prices came off soap, too, and production began again. We asked soap producers how long it would take, thereafter, to bring

soap and soap powders in reasonable supply back on grocers' shelves. Guesses ranged from two months to more than a year, world fats and oils allocations are that complex and subject to change. Any soap plenty you may be witnessing now, many of them say, is created in part by the use of hoarded supplies.

When prices went up suppliers remembered their caches, and housewives said no thanks, we have some, too.

All during the acute shortage mail poured in, three or four hundred letters a day. "I have a delicate, nervous complexion," wrote one lady, "and your soap has always been soothing to it. Could you please send me six cakes?" But the worst, the most excruciating were the letters asking, please, how to make soap. Soapers writhe at popular articles in the press, at directions on the lye can for that matter, telling how.

Soapmaking has come a long, long way from those simple methods. It is no longer the craft of Grandma's day, though it operates on the same principle, i. e., fat, plus an alkali, equals soap. But hers is the kind of soap that kept most households clean until well into the last century. Only gradually, and chiefly in the twentieth century, have we developed the soap powders, granules, chips, flakes, the soap that's good for clothes and safe for baby, too, the mopping soaps, the wall cleaners, all the specialized soaps that we took for granted only yesterday. And it's only in the past twenty-some years, soapers say, that they have realized fully that they are chemists, too, able in (Continued on page 83)



Soap powder sold in bulk to office buildings is rough on hands and on any but the toughest surfaces, as you learned during the soap shortage if you bought those anonymous brown paper bags of the stuff

The bathing beauty opposite is lolling in a synthetic suds, which holds its bubble longer than soap
Collier's for January 25, 1947

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

BY GERI TROTTA

New York's Bowery is the home of the down-and-outer, the derelict and the bum. But on it is a shabby row of stores that gross millions each year. They're one of America's important diamond markets

IF YOU think of diamonds, lots of diamonds, diamonds in the wholesale handfuls, you probably conjure up a picture of an elegant, soft-spoken establishment like Tiffany's with thick carpets on the floor and imposing bronze doors on the elevators.

You don't usually think of a spectacularly shabby row of stores on the Bowery, about the meanest, poorest, dirtiest street in New York. Yet it is one of the important diamond markets of America.

These stores, seven in all, are known collectively as the jewelers' exchange, although each building has its own separate name. They run from No. 66 to No. 86 on the same side of the street under the shadow of the dilapidated old Third Avenue L. Across the street is the East River, the Manhattan Bridge and a reckless effort in masonry that might be the Arc de Triomphe of Paris and is actually the triumphal arch of Manhattan. The breeze from the river blows dirt, dust and bits of newspapers along the unkempt sidewalks, mingling the aroma of doughnuts and weenies with good, full-flavored five-cents-a-cup coffee.

All seven stores or "exchanges" have display windows filled with diamond jewelry worth hundreds of thousands of dollars but the plate

glass is so sadly in need of a window washing and the general effect from the outside is so dingy that it suggests poverty not wealth.

The inside is not much of an improvement, either. There is the same general high key of hysteria, the same furious pitch of activity and a comparable compound of not easily isolated smells that you would find in the small-mammal house at the zoo. You find yourself in an enormous arena-like room divided into separate little booths, side by side, the way they might be in a charity bazaar—a down-at-the-heels one, at that. Each booth has its merchandise displayed in a showcase counter lined up right next to another showcase counter, thus forming several long aisles that connect 'way to the back of the store.

Every one of those small booths is occupied by an independent dealer or "firm" shrilly carrying on his trade. There is an average of between twenty and sixty dealers and at least twice as many customers plus kibitzers and those who are just looking, thanks. The air is almost opaque with powerful cigar smoke.

From nine to six, the dealers—on the whole a genial, good-humored tribe with their hats on and jackets off—stand around buying and selling everything from \$100,000 diamond necklaces to 50-cent rhinestone charms.



Much of the trading is done on the street, in front of the various exchanges. Most transactions are on a strictly cash basis, and a rigid code is adhered to

They tend their booths, they talk, they play cards standing up, they argue, they spit, they crowd the aisles, they shout, they insult one another—and they do business.

Their system of transaction is colloquial and unique. Technique is everything, and it's art for art's sake.

How to Dicker for a Watch

A typical exchange begins like this: "I wanna see watches." It would be poor taste to say "May I" or "I should like," entirely unprofessional and a mistake made only by the crudest kind of amateur.

"What kind watches?" says the dealer, leaning with his hands palms down on the showcase.

"What kind you got?"

"How much you wanna pay?" One question is invariably answered by another question.

"Never mind how much I wanna pay. You gonna lemme see?"

Eying the "ice" in a window of the jewelers' exchange on the Bowery. In tawdry surroundings, it is one of America's big diamond centers

The dealer is now convinced the customer is in earnest. He drags out a battered velvet tray with a few cheap watches on it. The customer paws around in the tray. He makes a grimace to show disgust.

"Junk," he says. "What kind watches you call this?"

"Okay," says the dealer, biting off the end of his cigar. He removes the tray and substitutes another. "Here, gold. Fine makes." He pushes his hat farther back on his head and wipes a greasy brow.

"You got diamond watches?" says the customer. That is what he wanted to see in the first place but it would be gauche to ask straight off.

"Why not?" says the dealer. He opens his little safe, pulls out the diamond watches and the deal is under way.

"This one. Does it keep time good?"

"Why not? A watch, it shouldn't keep time? Guaranteed." He opens the back of the watch. "Seventeen jewels. Solid gold."

"Fourteen carat?"

"Eighteen carat, at least, and maybe it's twenty-two carat. Give a look at those stones. Five nice diamonds."

Collier's for January 25, 1947





Business as usual at the Manhattan Diamond Center. The people of the neighborhood co-operate with the cops, and there hasn't been a stick-up in years



George Harris, of the Manhattan Diamond Center, examines a twenty-thousand-dollar ruby bracelet. Mr. Harris owns the tallest building in the exchange



Rose L. Renay smiles at a customer. A great saleswoman—usually very severe—she has been so successful that she now owns a branch booth in Miami

He takes out his jeweler's glass and examines the watch, making appreciative clucks as he does. "A beautiful piece. For twice the price I couldn't duplicate it."

The buyer indicates he wants to use the jeweler's glass, too. The dealer hands it to him. The buyer looks at the watch.

"That second diamond is bum. Yellow like an egg."

A first-rate diamond is blue white. This is a gantlet no dealer can ignore. "Yellow," he says. He should live so long. A bargain I'm giving him and already he says it's yellow." The dealer, incensed, appeals with gestures to an imaginary arbiter.

"How much you want?" This is asked coolly, with magnificent detachment.

"Three hundred dollars and take it." He pushes the watch toward the customer.

"You crazy or something?" The customer says, and pushes it back toward him.

"You think it's too much? Listen. Do me a favor. You find a watch like this, this quality, this workmanship for \$300 and I'll buy it from you. A couple dollars profit I'm making, no

more. You want I should give it away for nothing? Better I keep it for myself."

"Two hundred twenty-five dollars!" the customer bids.

"Such an offer I'm not hearing. A heart you have or not? A piece like this I could sell to a Madison Avenue dealer for \$250. On Fifth Avenue, would cost \$550. You shouldn't pass it up." He examines it again. "Give me \$275 and goodbye."

"Yah. Sure. Two weeks ago you told me \$250."

"Awright. Two weeks ago you liked the price," the dealer retorts. "Why didn't you buy it?"

"Two hundred forty. Absolutely my last offer."

"I can't do it. For my own brother, I couldn't do it."

"Okay." The customer begins to walk away. There is a tense moment.

"Two hundred seventy dollars?" says the dealer hopefully.

The customer shakes his head no and takes a few steps. Then he turns back. Completing this classic maneuver, which is just a device to give the bargaining weight, some buyers prefer to make a sharp hook-turn; others favor the about-face step accompa-

nied by an explosive statement of the absolute top price they will pay.

"Two hundred sixty dollars!" says the customer with a note of flat finality. He begins to take out his wallet, which is the clincher.

The dealer hesitates. "For you, because you saw it two weeks ago and I don't want you should be disappointed, so awright. Here goes. Two hundred sixty dollars." He slips the watch into a little paper envelope. "Take it and enjoy it." He hands it over cheerfully to the customer in return for the handful of cash.

Don't Believe the Price Tags

Most transactions are done on a strictly cash basis, and there is a rigid etiquette to bargaining. The deal just concluded was all good form. There's no rule about a fluctuating price. The conviction is strong that if you have no idea of what is equitable, you have no right to buy. There's scarcely a price tag in sight. If, by some fluke, you do find one, don't take it seriously. You may be certain the dealer doesn't.

The only unpardonable offense in a dealer is to misrepresent. If he does,

he won't be doing business at the same stand for long. The only conduct unbecoming a customer is to beat the price down and then decide he doesn't want to buy after all.

Though this is an accurate picture of the sales pattern of many booths, in all fairness it must be said that it doesn't apply to those nearest the entrance of the stores, where the trade is almost exclusively in high-quality diamonds.

The approach of these vendors is, like their merchandise, more modern and more compact.

The front-booth boys are the elite. They bargain, to be sure, but they cut the preamble to a minimum as befits their station, and when they haggle it's in the hundreds of dollars. They do not wear hats, tend to keep on their jackets, show predilection to electric-blue and Miami-green suits, well padded at the shoulders, and usually own or lease the entire building in which they are conducting their million-dollar business.

For the jeweler's exchange, make no mistake, is big business. It does an annual gross in the heavy millions. There is nothing comparable to it in any

(Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE



Conclusion

The Story:

JOSH HANLEY is the son of one of Hollywood's biggest producers, ALEX HANLEY. Josh has been working in his father's studio as a film cutter and technician. He wants to be an actor, but Alex forbids it. Josh finally rebels because of the stand DAISY HATHAWAY, Alex' secretary, takes in demanding a raise. Josh sees his father as a tyrant and feels strong sympathy for his mother, an actress known as MARIE WICKHAM, who left Alex when Josh was a baby to go to England, where she later died.

Knowing Hollywood politics, Josh thinks Alex will blacklist him in every studio. Daisy suggests he see ASA MARSHALL, Alex' bitter rival. Josh decides to approach Marshall, but tells Alex, who is furious.

Josh convinces Marshall that he is on the level, and gets an optional contract. He makes a screen test, using the script of *The Midas Touch*, a play by KINGMAN, a schoolmate of Josh's. Marshall tells Josh he is going to buy the play for Josh's first vehicle.

Josh dates Daisy. She strengthens him in his resolve to fight against Alex for his own career. Josh begins to feel that Daisy is the girl for him.

Marshall's studio starts shooting the picture, directed by PESTKAUER. When Josh sees the first rushes he realizes that Pestkauer has turned a dramatic, emotional story into a farce. Josh is enraged. He knows that *The Midas Touch* has to be handled seriously—or he has lost his fight. He and Kingman storm into Marshall's office. . . .

I had a sinking feeling as I went up to the boss carpenter. "I didn't order this set knocked down," I said. "I've a picture to make." "Not any more you ain't," he said. "I got orders"

WE STORMED through Marshall's reception room, past his outraged secretary and into the old man's office. That is, I stormed. Kingman sort of slunk in behind me. "What's the meaning of this?" Marshall demanded. I tried to tell him about the rushes and he cut me short.

"Get out of here," he snarled, "and mind your own business—which is supposed to be acting." He didn't even bother to look at Kingman.

"This picture is my business."

Marshall leaned back in his chair and narrowed his eyes at me.

"Your business, is it? I'm putting half a million dollars in this film," he said softly. "What are *you* contributing besides that silly face of yours?"

"My whole damned future," I yelled. "It has to be good or I'm sunk, and you know it. A half million dollars won't take the place of intelligence. The *Midas Touch* is a serious script, but that stupid Pestkauer thinks it's a joke. I could direct the picture better than he can."

Marshall leaned forward and stared at me.

"You honestly think you can?" he asked softly.

I was so mad I couldn't stop to think. "With my head in a bucket of cement," I said.

"Never mind the cement," Marshall said, grinning. "I'll take Pestkauer off. You'll direct the picture, sonny."

There was a faint moan behind me. I stared at Kingman. I guess both our mouths were open.

"Now wait a minute," I said nervously. "All I wanted was a good director like Blaine, who has some intelligence and some sensitivity."

Marshall had a gleam in his eyes as though he were intensely amused.

(Continued on page 36)

THE BRICK WALL

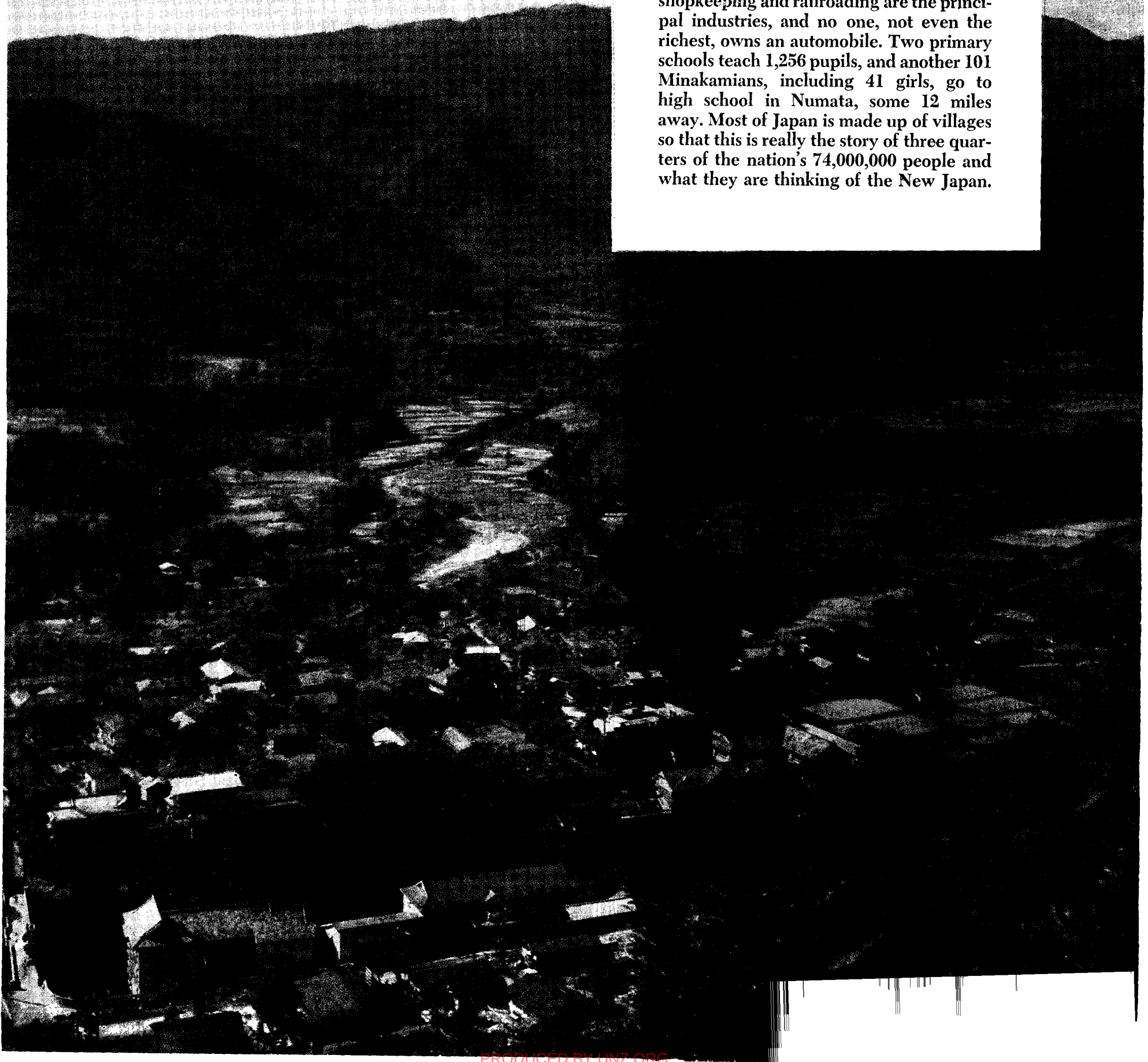
BY LOUIS KAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

DEMOCRACY— SO SORRY

BY WELDON JAMES

THIS is the story of Minakami, a typical village of Japan. The villagers, even now, are only indirectly touched by the Allied occupation and the strange new philosophies it has introduced. This village of Upland Waters sprawls along both banks of the Tone River in the interior of Honshu. The war has not changed it physically, nor the aftermath of war. No American has ever lived there and their visits are rare. Minakami is like an American township; its population of 8,217 is scattered in 18 subvillages over an area of 19 by 14 miles. Farming, lumbering, hotelkeeping, shopkeeping and railroading are the principal industries, and no one, not even the richest, owns an automobile. Two primary schools teach 1,256 pupils, and another 101 Minakamians, including 41 girls, go to high school in Numata, some 12 miles away. Most of Japan is made up of villages so that this is really the story of three quarters of the nation's 74,000,000 people and what they are thinking of the New Japan.





Kaichi Fuegi: "I know nothing about Communism; it is something the Russians have. I do not know about democracy; it is something the Americans have"



Democratic government forbids police to beat prisoners, Chief of Police Tokozo Mori complains. "Without being beaten few people will tell the truth"



Weaving grass shoes, Grandpa Nabutaro Suzu comments on democracy: "I do whatever government orders—and my son like n

RADIOED FROM MINAKAMI

MR. KAICHI FUEGI bestirred himself at 5:30 in the morning, as he had been wont to do for most of his 48 years, rolled off his *futon* and prepared himself for breakfast. This his wife and his two elder daughters had waiting; he ate the soybean soup with pleasure, and the tea, as usual, was good. But the boiled sweet potatoes, he thought wryly, were too much like the tons of boiled sweet potatoes he had been eating for years. Still, food was food, and Mr. Fuegi was pleased with a full stomach. In the New Japan, this was an accomplishment.

"All is good," he said to his wife, Toki. "Today I work again."

Toki nodded. She, too, was proud of her husband's latest job. There were 29 carpenters in all of Minakami,

but it was her Kaichi whom the school board had selected for the honor of building the fine new Ping-pong table for the primary school. It was a civic contribution, in a way. The work would take a full week and the fine wood for it would cost him 450 yen (\$30), but he was charging the board only 700 yen (\$46.66) for a table that even in Minakami should bring at least 1,200 yen (\$80). Not that the profit of 250 yen (\$16.66) would not be very welcome indeed. It was not every week he Fuegis could make that much.

Fuegi went through his straw-matted living room to the unfloored workshop adjoining, and went to work with his 16-year-old son, Shoji.

At noon, when elder daughter Tatsu returned from her clerical duties at

the village bank (she brought home a good eight yen a week), the two men of the family went in to lunch. Today it was boiled wheat kernels, instead of rice; a few slices of cucumber, and eggplant with soybean sauce. It would, as usual, be the same for dinner. Fuegi sighed for the memory of fish; it was a full 30 days now since the local ration had included fish, and he felt certain that many a moon would pass before he ate so well again.

In the afternoon Fuegi, stripped to the waist and sawing industriously, was surprised by visitors. An American and a strange Japanese stood at his open door, and the Japanese explained that the American would like to talk with him. Smiling but puzzled, the wiry little man shouted orders to his womenfolk to fetch cushions and prepare tea. He was honored, he said. He had never talked with an American before.

The American asked questions that anyone ought to know the answers to, except maybe an American, and Fuegi, scratching his head a bit, did his best to answer them.

The food situation was indeed very bad, he said, but not hopeless. Somehow everyone managed to get by. A good carpenter like himself could sometimes make as much as 750 yen (\$50) or more a month—more, if he didn't have to take off nearly 10 days every month to look for extra food. But what was this compared to what the black market expected of him?

In addition to 700 pounds of potatoes every four weeks, the government allowed his family of six only 40 sho (a sho is ten cupfuls) of rice or wheat—but to feed his family even half decently he needed at least another 25 sho. The ration price of 4 yen 50 sen per sho was well and good, but the black-market price ranged from 40 to 60 yen, or up to \$4 instead of 28 cents. If he had to pay top prices, his extra food each month would cost him \$100, or perhaps twice what he made.

"Much too much money," he said, grimacing. "But we get by."

Indeed, he went on, he was perhaps a little better off now than during the war. Money was worth little, but at least he was making a little bit more, and he no longer had to serve as an air-raid warden (the planes had never bombed Minakami, but they had flown over it often). And he had eaten badly then, too.

The Americans? Very kind people, he said. But none had ever lived in Minakami, and their visits were rare.

"I have read in the newspapers how they are sending food to Japan." He smiled. "None of it has yet come to Minakami, but I know if it goes to Tokyo and Osaka and such places, that means more wheat and rice for our village, too. General MacArthur is a very kind general. His men cause us no trouble."

The Communists?

"I do not like the Communists," Fuegi said soberly. "But then I know nothing about Communism, except that it is something the Russians have, just as I do not know about democracy, except that it is something the Americans have. I hear there are Communists in the big cities, but I have never known one."

"You must pardon me for not knowing much," he said, smiling again. "I had only six years' schooling, and I have been a carpenter for 30 years. In some ways carpentering is worse than the food situation, because I can get neither good nails nor good wood. I am supposed to have a ration of a pound of nails each month, but I have got none in months. The Carpenters Union handles this ration, as well as my clothing ration—they're in with the government some way—but for three years I have drawn no clothes from them. I complain about not getting anything for my dues of five yen a month, but it does no good."

The Emperor?

Fuegi ceased smiling, and was silent

An ex-soldier, Yasutaro Kimura cannot teach, but he instructs his daughter. "Too many people think democracy is selfishness," he says, "or to make more money, or to be too free. I do not know what democracy is; I am sure it can be none of these"



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN F. DOMINIS

for a full minute. "I have nothing but pity for the Emperor's new position," he said then, and he refused to elaborate.

On politics he warmed a little. Last spring, with most of his friends, he had voted the Progressive ticket, because the Progressives had promised they would work for as few changes as possible, and that suited him fine.

"Whatever happens," he said, smiling again, "I know one thing: I will continue to be a carpenter. I think we do not go hungry."

Fuegi's obsession with food, though shared by most Japanese, was not the problem uppermost in the mind of one of his neighbors, Mr. Güichi Isoda. Mr. Isoda, a small, graying gentleman of some dignity, thought that his business problems were well-nigh insoluble. And yet they too revolved around food.

Manager and part owner of the Nippon Cabinetmaking Company, a grandiose name for the three interconnected wooden sheds housing a few electrically powered saws and lathes, Mr. Isoda had seven employees making towel racks, cart wheels, toy trucks, washboards, desks and cabinets. But mainly washboards, he said gloomily. People spent their money mostly on food nowadays. For expensive things like desks or cabinets they would wait.

"It was different during the war," Mr. Isoda recalled, brandishing his tiny, bamboo-stemmed brass pipe. "Then I made nothing but small

wooden kegs for the army's chemical warfare branch. We made good money then."

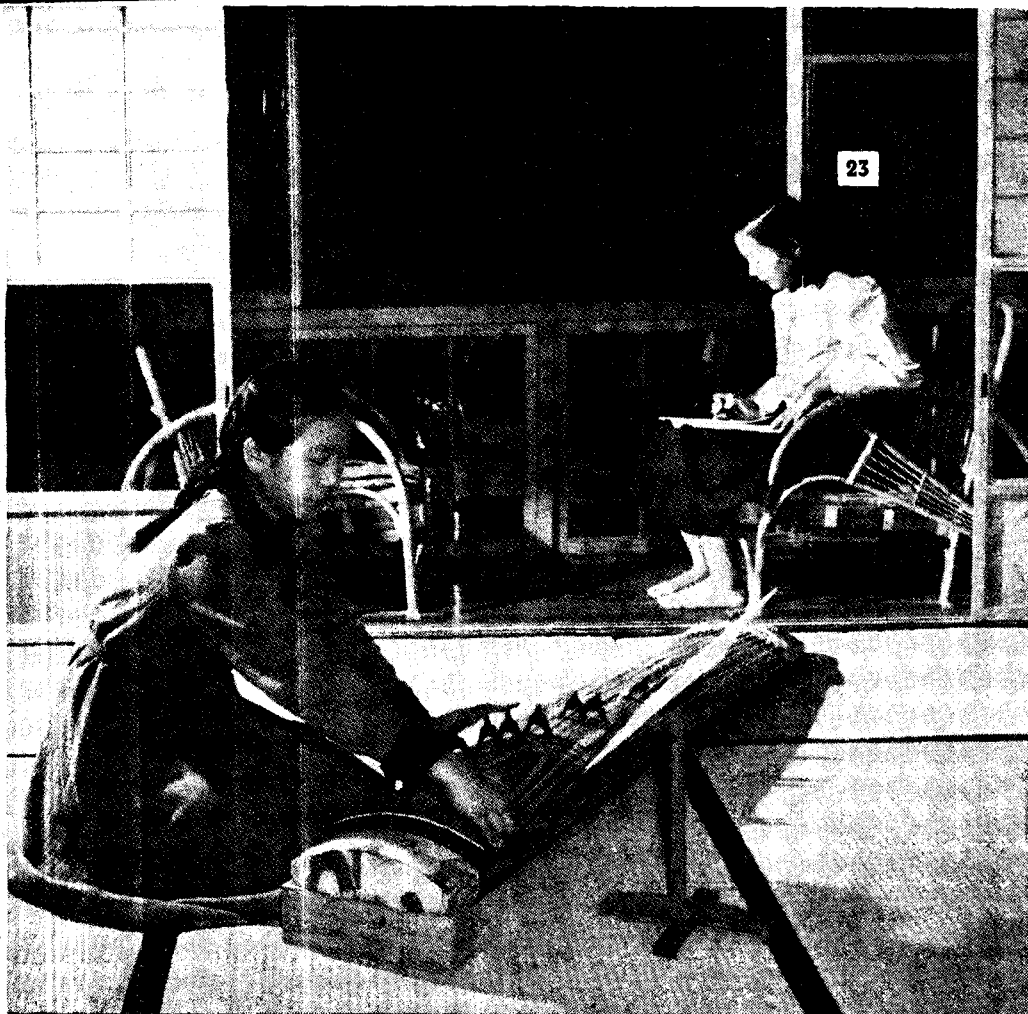
From the company, he explained, he drew a monthly salary of 300 yen (\$20), plus a managerial bonus of 200 yen. His son, Mamoru, drew 200 yen a month as a laborer in the shop. Mr. Isoda had money in the bank, and he needed to draw on this each month to meet a food bill that usually ran to 900 yen or so (about \$60), because in addition to having to buy black-market rice his family of three also had a taste for fish and eggs, and eggs now cost nearly six yen (40 cents) apiece.

But under the government-imposed blocking of bank accounts, he could draw no more than 300 yen (\$20) a month from his bank, an allowance of 100 yen for each member of the family, so it was certainly a lucky thing he had to pay only 15 yen (\$1) a month for his house, thanks to the rent-control program.

As far as the company was concerned, Mr. Isoda said, they were just holding their own. But the warehouse was full of unsold washboards and desks, and when times got better they would be ready for the demand.

The Minakami company was lucky in having no labor problem. Mr. Isoda had read that more than 4,000,000 Japanese now belonged to labor unions of a strange new type introduced by the Americans—controlled neither by the government nor by the

(Continued on page 63)



Teruko Yamagishi plays the koto while Sachiko Makino studies. They read that democracy is "happiness of the majority" but they wonder what that means. Teruko says: "We no longer bow to the Emperor at school, but we worship him in our hearts"



Mayor Kazumi Abe: "We have done nothing about democracy yet, except in one way. I thought it might be a helpful thing to get parents to reason with their children. So I have organized the Minakami Mothers Club." Here he addresses the Club

Why people grow old is a problem that is beginning to interest some of our best scientists. What they're learning may add up, in a few years, to a healthier, happier old age for all

BY HANNAH LEES



George Bernard Shaw has attained the age of 90 on a diet that seems to fit fairly well with modern theories on the relation of food to longevity

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE LONGER

WE'VE learned a lot in the last half century about why our bodies break down and how to avoid or repair the damage. We have saved so many lives that life insurance experts tell us we are fast becoming a country of old people, and they can prove it. There is, in fact, a general impression afoot that we are in the process of edging up on longevity in a big way, so the cold, hard statistical facts come as something of a shock. Here they are.

While children born today have an average life expectancy of fifteen to twenty more years than they would have had in 1900, the average person today lives to be only 64½ years old. People who have survived to forty today can expect to live scarcely three years longer than they would have in 1900. Our sixty-year-olds have only a probable six months or year more than their grandparents, while those who have made it to eighty only have a couple of months more than they

would have had in Queen Victoria's time. A lot more people live to forty or fifty than used to but very few more live to be a hundred. There seem to be very few centenarians among people who are apt to know pretty accurately how old they really are. Centenarians whose ages can positively be checked can quite easily be counted by dozens if not by half-dozens.

What it comes down to is that while we've been making tremendous progress against the diseases of youth, especially the infectious diseases, we've made relatively little against the diseases of middle life and old age. We save people from being cut off in their youth by scarlet fever or diphtheria or pneumonia or even tuberculosis, only to have them succumb as the years roll along to cancer or heart diseases or cerebral hemorrhage.

Progress in Cures of Aged

It's a paradoxical situation because there is no question that in terms of individuals our old people have a much brighter prospect than ever before. There is scarcely a doctor who in the last ten years hasn't saved the lives of hundreds of old people who, a generation ago, would have been considered hopeless.

The medical and surgical care of old people, in fact, is turning into a specialty called geriatrics. Some medical schools are even beginning to have chairs of geriatrics. Only recently two new medical journals have come out devoted exclusively to the scientific problems of aging—gerontology, and the care of aged people—geriatrics. And the most hopeful thing for those of us who are going to be old in the next generation is that the interest is growing rapidly.

It's all a matter of whether you look at it as a physician or a statistician. It takes a lot of individual progress to raise the life expectancy of the population even one day. The proportion of people in the country over sixty-five has risen from four per cent in 1900 to seven per cent in 1940, but this has only increased the life expectancy of sixty-year-olds by six months or a year.

Individuals, of course, have always flouted statistics. We all know young people who seem old and old people who seem incredibly young. You or I may be among the handful who are going to live to be a hundred. And if we do, we'll be sure to have a theory as to how we did it, but we won't really know unless medicine has found out, by that time, a great deal more than it now knows about aging.

Why do we grow old? Taking the population as a whole, the aging process seems to follow some remarkably steady and inexorable laws. Dr. Henry Simms at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons has applied complicated mathematical formulas to our vital statistics and come up with some surprising facts.

From the age of ten on, it seems, our susceptibility to disease increases as steadily as the ticking of a clock. More eleven-year-olds, for instance, die of pneumonia than ten-year-olds, and more twelve-year-olds than eleven-year-olds, and so on with remarkable regularity. Don't let this worry you; it's a fairly abstract fact and there is always that individual variation. But it is a fact that interests gerontologists.

Ten seems to be the golden age of health, just between the dangers of childhood and the dangers growing out of the aging process. Fewer humans die at the age of ten than at

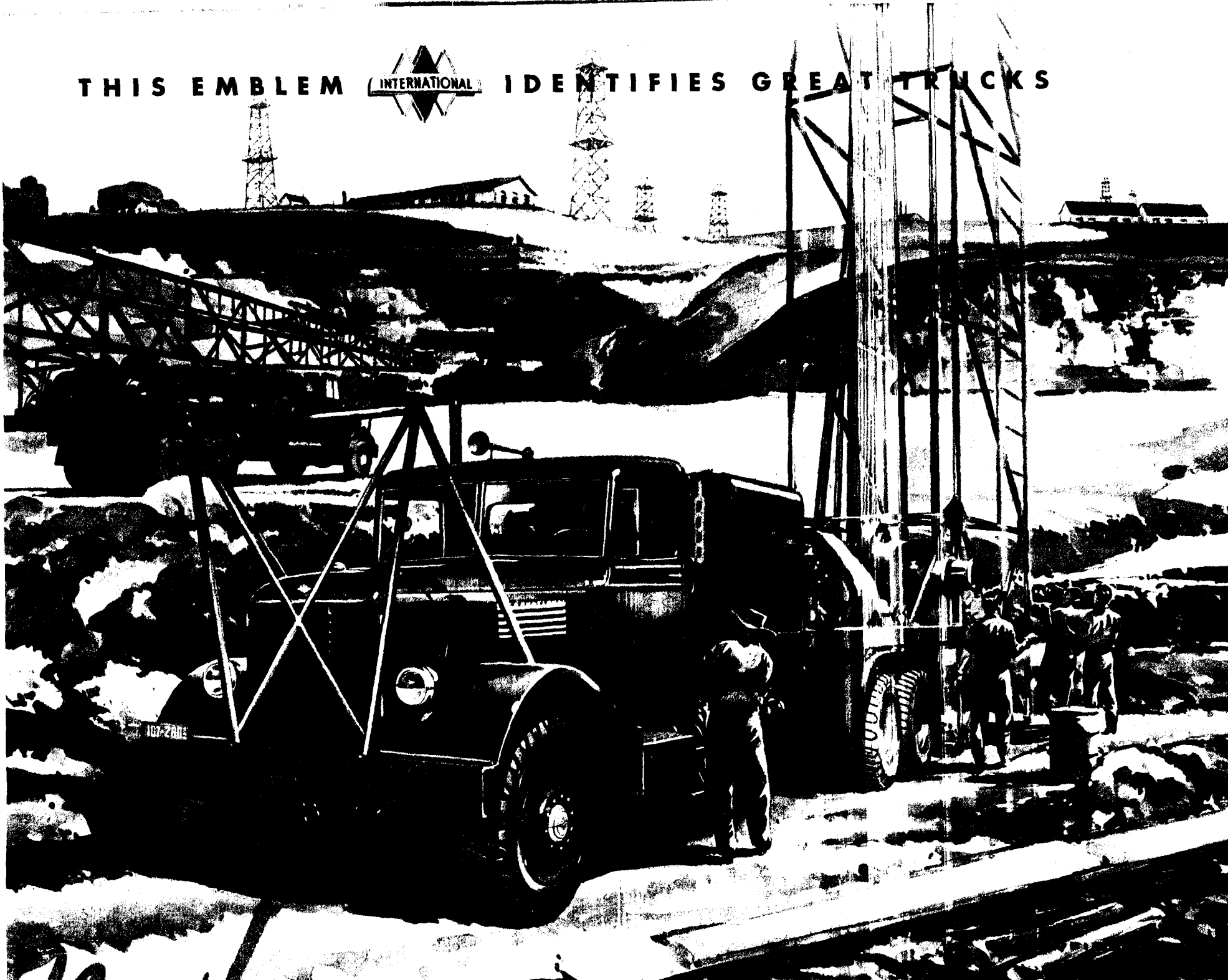
(Continued on page 53)



"Alcohol," said the famed Dr. Osler, "is the milk of old age." It's another way of saying that moderation, in everything, is a key factor

ILLUSTRATED BY MISCHA RICHTER

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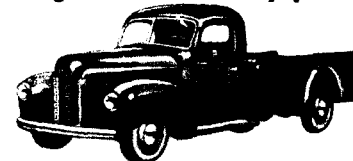
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INTERNATIONAL Trucks

THE PHONOGRAPH MURDER

Continued from page 15

the woman presently went away. Removing the bell from the alarm clock and placing the phonograph on the desk, Bonfield experimented with all four varieties of cord until five o'clock. There was a queer little thread of exultation running through him as he put the alarm clock, phonograph, and cord into the bottom drawer. He locked the drawer and went home.

Louise was more trying than usual that night. She had sent back the shirts he had chosen for himself and had bought him others of her own choosing. Over pickles and cold beef, she said, "Don't pick and choose, my dear. Eat the fat; fat's good for you. Those other shirts were far too bright, George, and the material was too thin. What did the insurance people say?"

When he told her that everything was in order as far as the endowment was concerned, she spent the rest of the evening calculating percentages until she went to bed at nine. She required a good deal of sleep. It was George who tiptoed into the bedroom at eleven that night with the glass of orange juice she sipped whenever she happened to wake up during the night. It was Hannah's day off. Louise insisted that orange juice gave her a wonderful throat, warded off coughs and colds. He tiptoed out of the room and examined the windows and the front door before he went to bed himself.

Twice that week, when Joe was away from the office and the stenographers had left, George put the experiment into operation again, deciding finally on a thin white string that had the proper tensile strength. It was a delicate operation: Too much slack wouldn't do, and too little might break the string. That mustn't happen.

He had two purchases still to make. One, the glass cutter, was insignificant. He bought it at a hardware store in Brooklyn. The other purchase, on which success depended, was more difficult. He must never by any chance be connected with it. The Rosy Cheek Tomato people supplied him with the opportunity to procure it. Late in the month, he went to Philadelphia to see about some trade paper displays. That attended to, he sought a shop that handled radios and phonographs. There was the usual row of booths where you could try records out. You could also have your own voice recorded.

George had a record made of his voice. He left the shop with the small disc in his brief case.

NOTHING remained but the spade-work and the question of getting rid of the various implements safely. That took a good deal of figuring. The time would be short and the implements mustn't be tied to him in any way. But they were innocent in themselves and, deposited separately, ought to arouse no suspicion in a city as big as New York.

His endowment was due in two weeks, in one. The time for action was approaching. He had calculated minutes and distances to a hair, traveling to and fro on the Eighth instead of the Seventh Avenue subway. He had studied the various streets at night, weighing the hazards he might have to encounter.

The time for action came. Everything was in readiness. The annuity was due on Saturday. He had a choice of Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. His client, Frank Morrison, vice-president of Darling Soaps, would have suited equally well on any one of the three. George chose Thursday on account of the weather. The forecast for Thursday was "cloudy and colder tonight, rain tomorrow." At two in the afternoon the sun was still shining. George Bonfield con-

trolled his nervousness. At four the sun went behind the clouds. At six, when he went home on the Seventh Avenue subway, it was raining and he was in despair. Actual rain would be even more fatal than a clear, starlit night. To his relief, the rain stopped at around seven.

Louise talked steadily during dinner. Her voice slashed at his ears. He made himself look at her, made himself answer, keeping his voice normal and indifferent. She showed no surprise when he told her he had to go back to the office. He explained that Morrison of Darling Soaps wanted the material for a new campaign by morning, and that he might be late.

Louise said, "Don't make a noise coming home, and if it's wet out be sure and take off your rubbers before Hannah lets you in."

"Yes, dear." George Bonfield didn't look at his wife. He turned away, picked up his hat, and walked out into the hall.

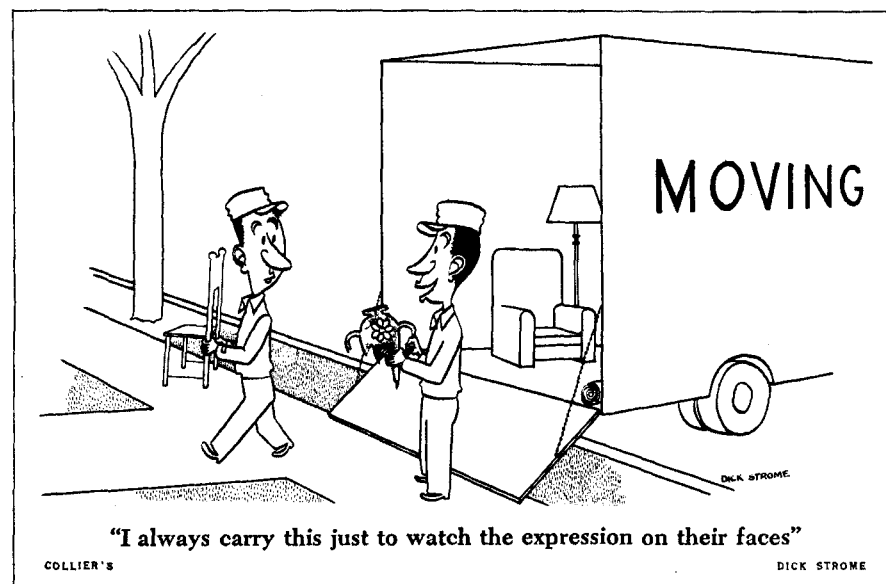
BACK at the office on the second floor of the building in West Forty-second Street, Joe was waiting for him. Bonfield laid out the evening's work. "You'll have to keep at these folders, Joe. Morrison is in a hurry. We've got

ing footsteps. Ten feet separated him from the front door. If he was seen now, everything would be ruined. He held his breath. The footsteps receded.

Out in the cold night air, he wiped the sweat from his forehead and pulled the second hat with which he had provided himself lower over his eyes. It was a green hat which some customer had left in his office months before. His own hat and topcoat were in the outer office. He made his way swiftly to the Eighth Avenue subway, head down, collar turned up around his throat. Pedestrians were scarce. But it wasn't raining. He kept glancing up at the sky anxiously.

He got off the downtown express at Fourteenth Street. The house in which he lived was on the south side of Thirteenth, but there was an alley from Twelfth leading into the bowels of the block. He entered the alley noiselessly.

He paused near the clothes dryer and surveyed the house. It was dark except for a light high up on the roof, the skylight over Hannah's room. He went up the path to the back door. The wind swayed the ailanthus and sent leaves fluttering down. He must be careful afterward about those leaves.



to get them finished tonight. I'll get busy with the front material. It's tricky stuff, so don't disturb me and don't let me be disturbed."

Joe said cheerfully, "I'll keep at it, Mr. Bonfield," and Bonfield went into his office and closed the door. He locked it, as he sometimes did when he wanted to remain uninterrupted. He had to run the risk of a question from Joe about the copy, but he had gone over the folders carefully and there should be no questions. He had spent three solid hours the previous night completing the entire Darling Soap campaign to the last dot and dash. He locked the door leading into the hall. That was at 9:20.

The period of waiting was the hardest. He didn't dare walk around because he was supposed to be engrossed in the papers on his desk. Once he heard Joe approach the water cooler, but Joe didn't come near the inner office.

At 9:55 Bonfield opened the bottom drawer of the desk and took out the alarm clock, minus bell, the phonograph in the blue case, and the record. He adjusted the string and set the clock. At 10:02 he left the inner office silently, by way of the door opening directly on the corridor. He locked this door behind him with his key and glanced quickly up and down the hall. He went down the fire stairs and emerged cautiously into the lower hall. The watchman ought to be in the basement. George Bonfield's heart stood still at the sound of approach-

The glass cutter was in his pocket. So was the tape. He put his gloves on and attached the tape to a pane in the rear door. He cut the pane carefully and, with the aid of the tape, lifted it clear without noise. He put in his gloved hand and turned the key. He opened the door, stepped into the kitchen and listened. There wasn't a sound. He crept into the narrow front hall and went to the front door. He took the chain off and unlocked the door. Holding himself tightly, every nerve taut, he tiptoed toward Louise's bedroom.

IT WAS 10:24 P.M. when George Bonfield entered his house by the rear door. It was 10:35 and one half when he left the house by the same route. He was back in his office at 10:53 P.M.

He took off the green hat and shook it. There were no leaf fragments clinging to it. There were no leaf fragments on his shoes. He hung the hat in the closet and looked with dull wonder at his face in the mirror. He massaged his eyeballs, and listened. Yes, Joe was at work; the typewriter was clicking along evenly. He rustled a paper on his own desk. A horrible inertia possessed him.

He took the alarm clock, the record, and the phonograph from the desk, and again left his office. The lavatory was at the back of the building in the middle of a long hall. All the other offices were dark. He moved as rapidly as he could. He smashed the record into small pieces

and disposed of them through a window in the middle of the corridor; he got rid of the alarm clock through the window at the northern end, waiting until the jangling of a passing truck concealed the noise of its fall. This done, he proceeded to the other end of the hall. Opening the window there, he leaned out. Holding the phonograph well away from the wall, he gave it a swing and let it fall into the deep crevice between the buildings.

For a moment, as the neat blue case disappeared from sight, he wondered whether his disposition of the three things had been wise. He shrugged his doubts away and returned to his office. Assembling the scattered sheets of the Darling Soap campaign already prepared, he settled down to wait.

It was 11:12 P.M. when the call went into the precinct. The call was made by Mr. Gamble who lived next door to the Bonfields. Promptly at eleven Mr. Gamble was roused by piercing screams issuing from the red-brick house next to his own. He rushed out, a coat thrown hastily over his pajamas, and found Hannah Swenson, the maid, shrieking at the top of her lungs, at the Bonfield front door. He pushed her aside and ran along the hall. One glance was enough for Gamble. The police arrived within a few minutes.

They found Louise Bonfield lying on the floor of the bedroom. She had been struck over the head with a heavy brass candlestick from the mantel. She had also been choked. There were purplish areas on her plump throat. The room was in disorder. The desk drawers had been pulled out and their contents scattered. A beaded purse, empty, had been thrown down on a chair.

The police discovered the pane of glass that had been removed from the back door. A brass clock had fallen from the mantel. The glass had smashed, and the hands had stopped at 10:35.

THE maid, Hannah Swenson, was interrogated. At best none too bright, she was a wreck, but the police managed to gather, from a story interrupted by moans and shudders and fresh outbursts of weeping, an approximation of what had happened. Hannah Swenson had discovered her mistress' body at 11:00 P.M. when she entered the room with the glass of orange juice that she prepared for Mrs. Bonfield every night. The maid, coming down the back stairs to get the orange juice ready, must have been heard by the killer after he had done his dreadful work and while he was rifling the desk. His escape through the door at the back of the house was cut off by Hannah. He had fled through the front door.

The medical examiner arrived, took one look at the wildly laughing Hannah, and ordered her to St. Vincent's for the night, where she could receive proper care. The West Side precinct sent detectives around to notify the husband, and the investigation continued.

In his inner office on the second floor of the building on Forty-second Street, George Bonfield heard the tramp of approaching feet as two big men came down the corridor. There was a murmur of voices in the other room, and Joe Tyler's shocked cry. The door opened.

George Bonfield was not an actor. It was one of the things that had worried him. He found he had no occasion to worry. The blood left his heart, and his legs gave way under him at the first sight of the law. But the detectives were considerate, and he recovered himself.

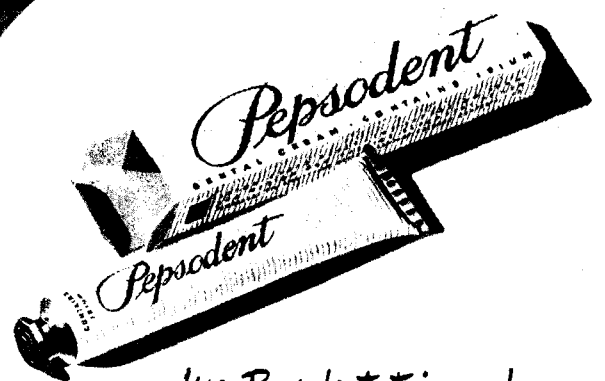
Bonfield returned with the detectives to the house on Thirteenth Street. Hannah Swenson was already gone.

He steelled himself when he was asked to make a formal identification of his

Collier's for January 25, 1947

Its cleaner, brighter *Taste* means cleaner, brighter teeth!

New Pepsodent, the only tooth paste containing
Irium, removes the film that makes your teeth look dull —
uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!



Use Pepsodent twice a day —
see your dentist twice a year

wife. The bedroom was full of big men, some in uniform, some not. Flash bulbs went off, and there was a lot of noise. Everyone was very nice to Bonfield. "If you'll step this way, sir?" Two attendants from the morgue were standing at either end of a long wicker basket. George walked slowly toward it. He looked down at Louise. Her eyes were closed. Hair veiled the bruises on her temple, and folds of linen obscured her injured throat.

He said in a whisper, "Yes, that's my wife." He stepped back, and the basket was borne away.

A tall, slender man in loose gray tweeds, with cavernous brown eyes deeply set in the sockets of a fine head, entered the room accompanied by a stenographer. The newcomer was Inspector Christopher McKee of the Manhattan Homicide Squad. The inspector listened to the precinct men, and read the maid's testimony. He spoke only once to George Bonfield. "You were at your office all evening, Mr. Bonfield?"

George Bonfield said, "Yes," and an icy shiver went through him. He waited. The tall man nodded and turned away.

It wasn't until the next morning at nine that Bonfield was questioned in detail. He knew it had to come. Joe Tyler was with him at the time. Joe had come to see if he could be of assistance.

Inspector McKee was there, together with two or three detectives. They asked Bonfield to step into the bedroom with them. Bonfield forced himself to show emotion—but not too much. It was the lieutenant from the local precinct who took charge. He explained the situation.

"The way we figure it, Mr. Bonfield, is that your wife was killed by a burglar who entered this room without realizing it was a bedroom. His intention was evidently to rob. Your wife surprised him. He snatched the candlestick from the mantel, knocking down the clock as he did so. He was searching the desk when the maid surprised him. His retreat by the way he had entered the house was cut off. He made his escape by the front door. Now, about this desk—"

George Bonfield cleared his throat. He said that his wife kept money in the beaded purse. She had no jewelry, and her stock certificates and other valuables were in a safe-deposit box at the bank.

"Now, you yourself, Mr. Bonfield? You'll understand that this is just routine. We will also have to question the maid further when she's well enough. It's simply to get a complete picture of the case. Will you tell us exactly what you did last night?"

IT HAD come, as he knew it must come—a circle of men, eyes fastened on him intently. George Bonfield crossed one knee over the other and began to talk. It was hard to keep his voice level and unhurried. The deadly fatigue which weighed him down was a help. Every time he had tried to fall asleep he had kept on seeing Louise's face.

"My wife and I had dinner at around half past seven and, as usual on the nights I work, I left the house at around half past eight. I had a lot of work to do." He described the campaign for the Darling Soap people. "After I left, I presume Louise did what she generally did: went to bed early."

"Were you alone in your office?"

"My assistant, Joe Tyler, was in the next room."

The detective brought Joe Tyler in. Joe corroborated Bonfield's testimony. He said that Mr. Bonfield entered his office at around 8:45 and that he was there until the police arrived. Joe was in the next room every single minute of the time, and he couldn't be mistaken.

The lieutenant said unexpectedly, "There's a door opening directly into the corridor from your office, isn't there, Mr. Bonfield?"

Bonfield knew all about that door,

knew what they were thinking about it, and had prepared himself. He said quietly, "Yes, there's a door there. You mean you think I—?"

Joe Tyler sprang to his defense. Joe said excitedly, "Mrs. Bonfield was killed at 10:35, wasn't she, Lieutenant? That's what it said in the paper—on account of the clock." The lieutenant nodded. "Then I can prove that Mr. Bonfield was in his office," Joe said. "I heard him moving around before that and after that, but at 10:35 he called Frank Morrison to tell him that the material would be ready in the morning. I heard him."

Bonfield was careful to keep his attitude and posture listless while the lieutenant put Joe through his paces as to memory, exactitude, and further details. Joe said, "Sure, I remember the time. I remember it because we still had a lot of work to do. I knew Mr. Bonfield was worried about it, too, and I figured when I heard him say to Mr. Morrison, 'It's 10:35 now; another two hours and we'll have it licked. I'll have everything ready for you by morning,' that we still had a hell of a lot to do."

Obviously Bonfield couldn't have murdered his wife in the house on Thirteenth

Manhattan Homicide Squad at four o'clock on the following afternoon.

There were half a dozen men in the room. Inspector McKee was seated behind a desk. Bonfield's statement had been taken down in shorthand, and typewritten copies of it were lying in front of the inspector. McKee said pleasantly, "Sorry to bring you here, Mr. Bonfield, but there are certain formalities. We'll want you to sign these statements in a moment or two. I'm expecting a report on Mr. Morrison. As soon as we receive it, we won't need to bother you further."

The door opened, and a detective came in. He said, "It's okay, Inspector. I just talked to Morrison of Darling Soaps. He said that Mr. Bonfield called him at 10:35. Mr. Bonfield said that he was within two hours of finishing the job, and that he'd have the stuff complete by morning."

A little rustle went through the room. George settled himself in his chair. He felt larger. A new strength flowed through his blood. The world expanded. It was a wide, wide world. There was nothing he had neglected, nothing he hadn't foreseen. He had been very careful.

"Mr. Bonfield, if you'll just sign your name to these?" The inspector pushed

idiot! Of course, the door was unlocked when she got downstairs at a little before eleven. He had unlocked it with his own hands when he first entered the house at 10:24. Every moment of that interval was burned into his brain. The stupid, blundering fool! Had she lost her mind? There was a red gauze in front of his eyes. Time and place disappeared, and there was only the necessity of getting Hannah to tell the truth. He was on his feet. He heard his own voice shouting. "The door was unlocked when you got downstairs. I know because I—"

He stopped. Everything stopped. He was impaled on a bright steel hook in a vacuum of silence. The inspector was looking at him. So were the other men in the room. The inspector spoke softly. "You know the door was unlocked because— Go on, Mr. Bonfield."

Bonfield licked dry lips. He couldn't go on, because there was no place to go. He had been so careful. It was such a little slip—and so utterly damning. Louise had beaten him in the end. He wasn't really surprised. But it was no use struggling any longer. He was exhausted. Blood pounded in his temples. He said dully, "Yes, I killed her." He buried his face in his shaking hands.

LATER that afternoon McKee had a conference with the district attorney. There was little to explain. George Bonfield had signed a confession.

"This," McKee said, "is what Bonfield did on the night of the killing: He went to his office on Forty-second Street and into his own inner room. His clerk, Joe Tyler, was in the outside room. When the time came, Bonfield arranged his contraption. It consisted of an alarm clock, a phonograph, and a record of his own voice. He set the alarm for 10:35. He attached one end of a string to the clapper and the other end to the lever of the phonograph. Then he left the office, went down to Thirteenth Street, and killed his wife. He killed her, not at 10:35—the smashed clock was a blind—but at around 10:25. That done, he staged a fake robbery, and then called the soap man, Morrison, over the telephone in his wife's room at about 10:34. Meanwhile, in his empty office, the clapper tripped the phonograph lever, the record revolved, and Joe Tyler listened to the identical telephone call, word for word, that Bonfield was then making from the house on Thirteenth Street. It was a perfect alibi."

"I'll say," the district attorney agreed. "Tell me, McKee, did you suspect Bonfield before he broke?"

The inspector shrugged. "The absence of fingerprints on the telephone in the Bonfield woman's bedroom looked queer. Someone had wiped it carefully for no apparent reason." He shrugged again. "I don't believe we would ever have got him, except for Mrs. Bonfield—and the wind."

The district attorney frowned. "Mrs. Bonfield?"

"Mrs. Bonfield trained Hannah well. The maid was terrified of her. Lying in bed and listening to the wind, Hannah began worrying about the front door—whether or not she had locked it. Finally she couldn't stand it any longer. At not quite 10:30 she crept down to the lower hall, found the door unlocked, locked it, put the chain on, and went back upstairs. She remained there until 10:55, when it was time to get the orange juice ready. While she was in the lower hall locking the door, she didn't hear Bonfield and he didn't hear her. The house is pretty stout, and the wind was high. I guess that ties it up." The inspector reached moodily for his hat. "It's all yours, Counselor—and you're welcome to it. If I were on the jury, I'd bring in a strong recommendation for mercy. Maybe you can do something about it. Poor devil!" He walked out of the room.

THE END

Collier's for January 25, 1947

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



Street a minute or two after he made a telephone call from his office on West Forty-second Street. The conclusion was written on the faces surrounding him.

After a few purely routine questions about the house, the doors and windows, and the back yard, the police thanked him and took their departure.

An enormous weight fell from George Bonfield's shoulders. They didn't suspect him—couldn't suspect him on the evidence. They were very thorough. They had examined the maid's room, examined the office. They had gone through Bonfield's desk, and found everything in order. They had looked into the closet and seen the spare green hat. He had explained that it was a hat some customer had left there months before. They hadn't examined the crevices between the buildings, and the phonograph and the alarm clock had remained undiscovered. Bonfield's nerves steadied. He was safe. For the first time in weeks, he permitted himself to relax.

He knew there would be more red tape to be gone through, so he wasn't surprised or worried when he was summoned to the office of the head of the

statements toward him. Bonfield had the pen in his hand when the door opened again. It was only Hannah—big, stupid Hannah. He didn't really need her. All she could do was hammer home the points that had already been established. He listened idly while the inspector took her, step by step, over the ground he himself knew so well. Hannah described the preparation of the orange juice at the usual time, her awful discovery when she entered the bedroom. "And then what did you do?" the inspector asked.

"I screamed. I threw open the window, and then I ran to the front door and unlocked it and ran out."

The inspector looked at her. He said patiently, "But, Hannah, you couldn't have unlocked the front door at eleven o'clock. It was *already* unlocked. The murderer took the chain off and unlocked the door when he fled after killing Mrs. Bonfield at 10:35."

"I don't care," Hannah persisted stolidly. "I did unlock the door after I ran out of the bedroom. It was locked up tight when I found her."

Bonfield swallowed noisily. The crazy

"Men are still a great big puzzle to me!"

SIGNED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"What in thunderation is so puzzling?" hedged Elmer, the bull, guiltily. "Just ask the old master anything you want to know, woman. I have *all* the answers."

"I don't doubt it," said Elsie. "What puzzles me is how anyone, even you, would want to eat a meal of cake alone. It's baffling, that's what it is!"

"It is *NOT*!" contradicted Elmer. "It's the doggondest best cake you ever baked. This frosting's sure on the beam. I'll bet you make it with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk! It's so velvety-smooth."



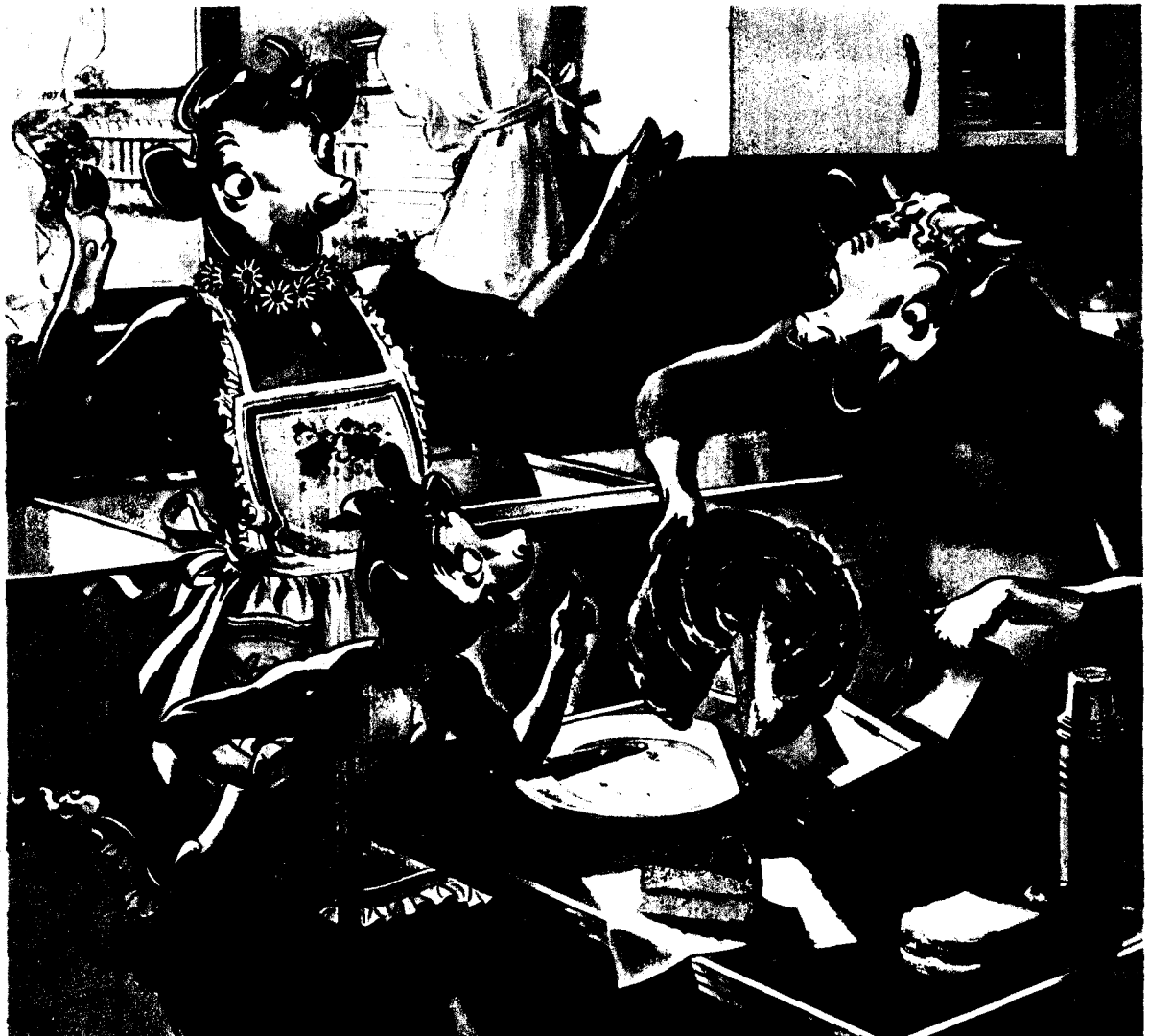
"Don't try that blarney on me," laughed Elsie. "Everybody knows Eagle Brand frostings are gloriously smooth and creamy. *BUT* cake alone doesn't make a balanced meal."



"I don't want to balance my meals," complained Elmer. "I want to eat 'em!"

"Naturally, darling," smiled Elsie. "Who *wouldn't* want to eat all those grand desserts Eagle Brand makes—and without a grain of extra sugar! But you can't keep strong and healthy if you don't eat a variety of foods. For instance, foods like Borden's—"

"I knew it!" roared Elmer. "You'd ruin my fun just to get buzzing on Borden's!"



"Not at all, dear," answered Elsie. "I mention Borden's only because they bring folks so *many* wonderful foods. Milk, for example. Children should have a quart of the precious stuff every day, and grownups a pint. And Borden's Homogenized Milk is milk in its most delicious form. So—"



"So I'll take cake," rudely finished Elmer. "Cake with plenty of that Eagle Brand frosting."

"A very fine food—in its place," smiled Elsie. "And awfully good with rich Borden's Homogenized Milk. There's cream in every sip, a full day's supply of Vitamin D in every quart."

"Roll out the milk bottle, Beulah!" roared Elmer. "Your mother's campaigning for Borden's again!"

"Again?" laughed Elsie. "Why I'll *always* go on telling folks about the wholesome nourishment in Borden's delicious foods. You see, I'm proud of Borden's big family of fine foods!"



"Boy, is *that* news!" guffawed Elmer. "If I don't beat it out of here, you'll be telling me how good every doggoned product is!"

"But, of course," giggled Elsie, "each and every one *is* good—if it's Borden's, it's *GOT* to be good!"

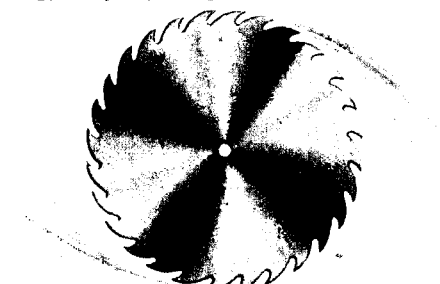


-if it's Borden's,
it's got to be good!

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Make it feel smooth as ICE CREAM!



Chew...



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1. Medication soothes.
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Dainty, almond-shaped pieces
of delicious Nut Crunch, generously coated
with smooth, dark chocolate.

A new, irresistible candy everyone enjoys.
You'll love HARVARD NUT CRUNCH...
Harvard Chocolate-Covered Almonds and
Harvard Dragées Mixture, too.

HARVARD CONFECTIONS, Boston, Mass.

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DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

Continued from page 19

other city in the country. Informal, lusty and loud, it takes on all comers, buyers or sellers, no matter how big or small.

A merchant who has just sold another merchant \$50,000 worth of diamonds can, nonetheless, always find time to buy \$50 worth of semiprecious stones from a sailor who picked them up on his last run, or to show a clerk and his girl a \$75 engagement ring.

In the section of seven buildings comprising the jewelers' exchange, there are only three important ones. Of these three, 72 Bowery, a building called the New York Jewelers Exchange, is the oldest and the prototype for the others. It was erected thirty-five years ago by the late Peter P. Coppel, who conceived the idea of a communal setup for the jewelry business. It's not far afield in principle from what child psychologists refer to as parallel co-operation. You all play in the same sand pile, but you pay strict attention to your own mud pies and pail, now and then taking a look at what the other fellow is doing.

Coppel began with six tenants. Mr. Irving Friedman, a nattily attired, prosperous-type gentleman who leases the whole building from the Coppel estate, has sixty. They pay him sublet rents ranging from \$30 to \$250 a month, depending on the size and location of their booths and on the nature of their business.

Friedman, tending his own booth at the entrance of the exchange, believes in giving a man a break. If a tenant offers a service such as watch repairing he realizes the profits aren't tremendous and quotes a lenient rental fee. This is not pure altruism. He began on the exchange in his teens and knows how desirable it is to have several repairers on hand for the convenience of the other tenants.

Though there are no leases at 72 Bowery, the turnover is comparatively slight—two of the original Coppel tenants are still there. Rental fee includes the use of a vault, locked for the night around six o'clock and opened the next morning about nine-thirty, plus protection of an armed guard, who is attired in a smart navy-blue uniform over his holster and gun ensemble.

Double-Talk at a Social Center

In the very back is a lunch-counter concession that does a roaring business in rather murky coffee and hot dogs. This is a small social center for the exchange. Sitting hunched uncomfortably over the stools, the dealers chitchat about business:

"How things with you, Louie?"

"Can't kick."

"Can't kick," he says, volunteers a third person. "Can't kick. Hmmp. I should make in a month what he is making in a week, and he can't kick." Since this man is known to be making twice as much as Louie—who-can't-kick—no one takes him very seriously.

Next to the lunch-counter concession is a solitary phone booth. Every time it rings, Esther Portnoy answers it promptly, as she has been doing for these past twenty years. She repeats the name of the dealer wanted on the phone into a loud-speaker system, and he is paged in a voice just below a blast.

First hired by the late Mr. Coppel, she is a sort of general manager. Besides renting out the booths, she's a liaison or referee between landlord and tenant, between dealer and customer. Should a customer demand a refund, which God forbid, Miss Portnoy, a small, sturdy blonde, sees that he gets it, provided his claims are legitimate. "But not when it comes to watches," she hastens to add. "Who knows what's been happening to

them while they were with the customer?"

The various booths have their specialties and their "following." Max Schatz, a youngish man with a halfhearted reddish mustache, goes in for antiques and caters to the uptown department stores who buy from him wholesale. His show cases are cluttered in the nicest possible way with exquisite jewelry—pieces outstanding for workmanship and delicacy of design rather than for oversized diamonds: a seventeenth-century French gold butterfly, for example, its lacy wings picked out in tiny rose diamonds, a beautifully carved ivory figurine, a small enameled case by the Russian court jeweler, Fabergé. "And what he's got in that safe, some gorgeous items, you should see," is the way one admiring lady summed up his stock.

But, asked what he trades in, Mr. Schatz answers laconically, "Anything that sells."

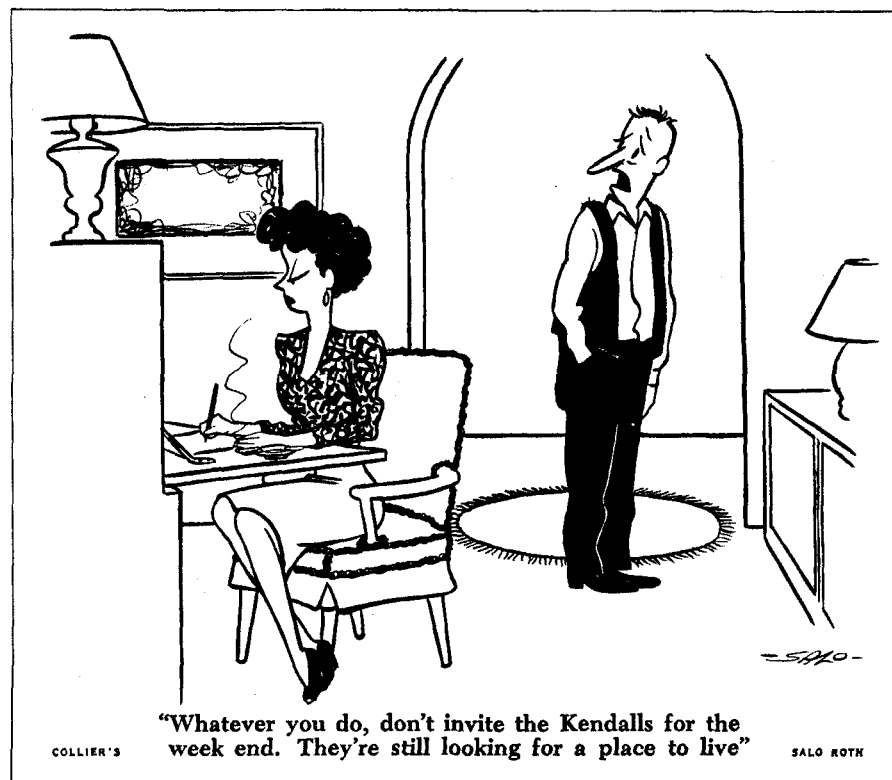
Dealers also vary in their counterside manner. Bessie is the friendly kind. Everyone calls her Bessie or "good old

outside the exchange buying and selling in the street. They have no pushcarts and only limited merchandise bulging in their pockets. Still they do a brisk business in diamonds, key rings, neckties, whatever they've been able to garner.

Sometimes to be seen, leaning against the doorway of No. 82 Bowery, which is called the Manhattan Diamond Center, is Pat Wiseman, who has been employed there for the past seven years. He has the distinction of being a derbyless detective, a rare phenomenon.

What! No False Whiskers?

Unlike 72 Bowery, which, as we've mentioned, likes its protection in full panoply, 82 favors the incognito school. So Wiseman, dressed in a baggy business suit, uncovers his iron-gray hair and achieves a complete disguise to the satisfaction of Mr. George Harris. Mr. Harris owns the whole building, the tallest in the exchange, and carries on his own business in the front booth with the outside show windows. In addition, he does



"Whatever you do, don't invite the Kendalls for the week end. They're still looking for a place to live"

COLLIER'S

SALO ROTH

Bessie," ignoring her last name completely. She's a small, overupholstered little blond lady who doesn't drive too stiff a bargain. "Oh, I'll take \$10 for it," she's apt to conclude, meeting your offer in a weary nasal chirp.

This is not the way of Rose L. Renay. She dispatches her customers with the severity that a strict eighth-grade school-teacher uses toward dullish, dilatory pupils. "Ten dollars," she snaps fiercely. "It's worth at least \$25 and I'm only asking \$15." She glares across her showcase, often snatching the piece from the customer's hand and throwing it back in the case. She's been making such a killing that she's now opened what might be described as a branch booth in Miami and spends her year commuting between the two.

Next to the truculent Miss Renay is K. Goldschmidt, a German refugee who started in the exchange as a roving repair man. He is a local Horatio Alger story since he now has his own booth and does very well indeed.

Not all the people earning a living in the exchange can afford the grandeur of a booth. It's something you work up to. All during the day, tight groups of men who haven't yet arrived, financially speaking, stand along the busy sidewalks

all the buying of old jewelry for a large New York department store.

Though 72 is the oldest exchange building and 82 is the tallest, 66, the Paramount Diamond Center, is, by far, the newest and most magnificent. Owned by Fabrikant Brothers, each and every booth in the place has its own private telephone. What's more, the Fabrikant display window, ostentatiously chaperoned by a gray-uniformed guard, is the pride of the Bowery. It presents to the sooty street a solid phalanx of blue-white, flawless diamonds worth a cool million, or enough ice to lower the temperature thereabouts ten degrees, any way you look at it. The neighborhood teems with police, detectives and Holmes men, which is probably why there hasn't been a stick-up or shooting in years. The Brothers Fabrikant, bow-tied Ben and Herman, incidentally, are about the biggest diamond dealers in the United States and they have surrounded themselves by tenants none of whom is small stuff. But in the comparatively crisp, big-time-Charlie atmosphere of this leading exchange, one misses the terse, bitter humor of the humbler booths:

"Can I see that little gold charm?"

"Yah, and you can buy it, too!"

THE END

Collier's for January 25, 1947



MANY, MANY Happy Returns

THIS YEAR, The House of Seagram celebrates its 90th birthday. Since 1857, Seagram craftsmen have been working "to make finer whiskies...make them taste better." To understand how brilliantly they have succeeded, taste 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey. You'll promise yourself *many, many* happy returns of that pleasurable experience.



*Say
Seagram's
and be Sure
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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK



He only prayed to God he wouldn't stop a bullet. Then he got his hands on top of the wall. Two men gripped his armpits

THE CONDEMNED

BY P. J. ALEXANDER

A man can't stop dreaming—even a man who is waiting to be shot

HE SAW the grenade as it came curling over the wall, spinning in the air, twinkling in the sun, hitting the ground about halfway between him and the firing squad. He dropped. The ground lifted, trembled, settled. The only sound was a dim roaring and he wondered whether he'd got temporary concussion. There was dust all over him and he was coughing. There was dust everywhere. It was across the courtyard in a swirling curtain and from above came the hollow rap of a submachine gun. They were on the wall. The smoke and dust were terrible. He kept down, tensed and flat against the earth. He could see two guards

stretched out on the left and one had only half a head. He could see the priest, alive, curled up in a tight ball on the ground, right up against the wall, screaming.

Some of the guards must have got back into the prison. They were firing from the windows through the smoke and the dust. They couldn't see him yet. At his end the air was clearing a bit. From the wall above him the black snouts of rifles slid into view. The priest still screamed and there was a lot of shouting. The bell of the church that overlooked the prison was still ringing, and, above the firing, above all the noise, right up above the hanging

plume of smoke from the grenade, it boomed madly.

Several men were astride the wall now. He stood up and shouted and held his hands up to them, showing he was manacled. Somebody threw a smoke bomb, blotting out the prison completely. But the firing kept on. Then they got a rope down to him and he grabbed it and they began hauling him up, he scrabbling his feet against the wall as if it would help. He knew the skin was coming off his knees and elbows but it wasn't hurting, and he only prayed to God he wouldn't stop a stray bullet. Then he got his hands on the top of the wall. Two of

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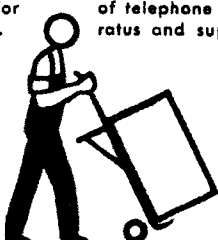
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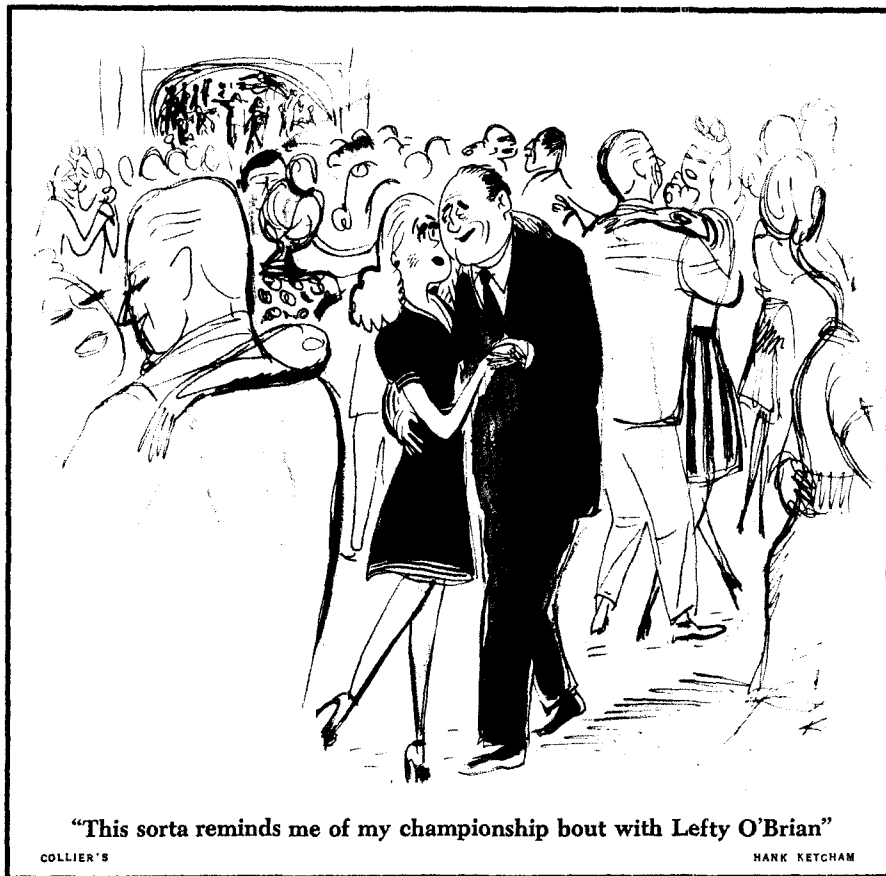
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the men gripped his armpits, and one his belt at the back and they dragged him up and over. He wriggled into a sitting position and jumped off into the street. They were throwing more grenades into the courtyard.

They had it well organized. A horse was waiting for him. He mounted, tied the reins across its neck, then reached far forward and passed his manacled wrists over the animal's face and under its neck. So that he was hugging it around the neck. So that he would be a smaller target.

There was some shouting and laughter, and he called out to those he knew and swore happily at them. The bell was still tolling as they clattered down the cobbled street and round the corner by the café, making for the country and the blue hills.

Behind, he heard the rising whine of ricocheting bullets, and beside him a man cried out, twisted back out of the saddle and fell. He leaned closer, laying the side of his face against the horse's neck, smelling the fine warm smell of it, watching the cobbles rush by in a gleaming blur, blending himself into the rhythm of the horse galloping . . . galloping . . . galloping . . .

HE AWOKE and saw above him the dirty ceiling of the cell. Dawn was coming and red-yellow sunlight was spreading on the floor. He could have cried. It had been so real.

He had never thought the Movement would try to rescue him. He was too insignificant. But at first he had thought they would get in touch with him. Smuggle a message through, bribe a guard or something, but get word to him somehow. A word of appreciation maybe, a little encouragement. He wasn't complaining because things had gone wrong. You knew about those chances. And, so far as it was within his temperament, he had even got used to the loneliness and silence, to being all the time in a twelve-by-ten space. He couldn't say, honestly, that he had got used to the idea of dying. Their getting word to him wouldn't have made any difference to that. But he would have liked to hear from them all the same.

It was a bad thing just to be left there and not one word from them. It was as if they didn't exist. Perhaps they were a bloody dream too.

He went over to the window and stared

at the bank of cloud along the horizon, thick and snowy at the top, white where it met the sky, and deepening to the gray shine of a pearl at the bottom. Over the cloud was the biggest, bluest sky he could remember. It would be. The sun seemed clearer, the morning air sweeter.

Sweat was springing in the palms of his hands and, though there was a coldness in the early air, beading on the brown wedge of chest uncovered by the open shirt. Sweat shone in patches on his face, sometimes trickling from his upper lip into his mouth, tasting salty and sweet. With difficulty he got a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

He looked up at the sound of footsteps in the passage outside. A guard leaned against the barred door and began rolling a cigarette. He had a savage squint and could have done with a wash.

"Well," he said. "How is our political friend this morning?"

"Go to hell," said the man.

"Eventually," agreed the guard with his squinting smile, "but not yet. I am not important enough. You, however, are different. You are important enough to go to hell in"—he glanced through the window at the sun—"in about half an hour, I judge."

The man spat and rolled the spittle slowly with his foot into dusty beads and then quickly into nothing but a stain on the concrete floor.

Thus his dream had gone, he thought, leaving only a stain upon his mind—no grenade exploding under a squinting guard.

"Don't show off," said the guard. "I know you're frightened, though you spit. What I don't know is how you can be so stupid to die for these politics of yours. I am sure they're not worth dying for."

"You don't set out to die for them," the man answered flatly. "That is just one of those things that can happen to everyone else except you. Except when it does happen to you. And even then it is hard to realize."

"You'll realize it in half an hour," the guard reminded him.

"And next week you'll slip off your horse and break your neck, or get stabbed over a girl or choke on a fish-bone or God knows what."

"Possibly. But I doubt it."

"It can happen to anyone but you, eh?"

"I never take chances with death."

"Every moment you breathe you take a chance with death."

"You're a fool," said the guard, "which is bad. And a bore, which is worse." He straightened up and flicked away his cigarette. "Do you want a priest?" he asked.

"No," said the man.

"Why not?" said the guard. "Might as well be on the safe side."

"It's a bit late to think of safety now."

"As you please," said the guard. And the man was alone again, looking at the floor and walls of his cell.

He sat on the bench and rested his face in his hands. Then got up and walked about the cell. Then went to the window again and held the bars to cool his hands. Over the wall of the yard the blue hills looked very remote. He cursed, remembering the feel of freedom in his dream.

To be riding across those hills on a fine night again, keeping below the sky line because it was dangerous, a horse between his thighs, the feel of the mountain wind on his face, the lovely friendly thud of a carbine on his back. To feel his belly still warm from the wine drunk while watching the dance in the shadow-flicking light of the oil lamps—watching the girl sway and stamp among the quick shadows, telling with her hands and feet and body the stories that have been told a thousand times before.

To be riding those hills again. To do everything again, just once. You'd taste everything to the full, feel the least hair-tickle of each sensation—be so attentive you'd almost hear the grass breathe.

A corporal was walking across the yard, carrying a bucket which he put down a little to the right of the bullet-pitted patch that was less than halfway up the wall. Ah, of course, the sand. Hygienic.

Below the window the prisoner could hear the murmur of men talking, although he was unable to see them. The firing squad, probably. The coldness in his belly began to mount. He could feel his mouth drying, and he almost called for the priest.

Four of the guards were at the cell door. They opened it, and he walked out into the corridor, feeling lightheaded.

The noise of the guards' footsteps and his own made a faint faraway patter in an enormous silence. The corridor was long and he walked slowly; but he felt he was rushing, going so fast by the cell doors which flanked the right of the corridor that the faces of the other prisoners got blurred. On the left were high windows through which the sun came in slabs of dusty yellow.

This, he told himself, is where you are supposed to think of your past life and it all flashes through your mind in a second. But all he could think of was that he was going to die.

THEN they were out, and in the courtyard, walking across to that wall. He could not keep his eyes off the bullet scars growing plainer each moment. He felt as naked as the moon on a cloudless night, and all he could think then was of lying in the dirt, of going down in blood and darkness.

Thank God he couldn't see those bullet marks now. They were behind him and the firing squad was in front, lined up, uniformed, their carbines shining in the sun. To his right the captain was talking to the priest. In a minute he and a corporal and perhaps the priest would walk over to him.

The captain would read the sentence with the detachment of a man who is not going to be shot. The corporal would make sure he was still properly manacled and offer the bandage. And no doubt the priest would request mercy on his, the condemned man's, soul. He hoped he would not break down at that and would have enough control over the nerves and muscles of his throat to give the priest a mouthful.

The captain was still talking and the priest smiling back. The sun was bright as a knife and very hot. His legs were like rubber, his belly muscles fluttering. Inside him that coldness was a weight pulling him down. The squad seemed a long way off, and he felt very much alone.

That damned bell began to toll, calling the faithful to prayer, and he raised his head at the sound and was in time to see the grenade come curling over the wall.

THE END

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"When th' kid ast me t' put a penny in, he didn't tell me it would play music"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for January 25, 1947

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NEVER, IN OUR 37 YEARS, has the desire for Hudson ownership been so keen, or so widespread, as it is today.

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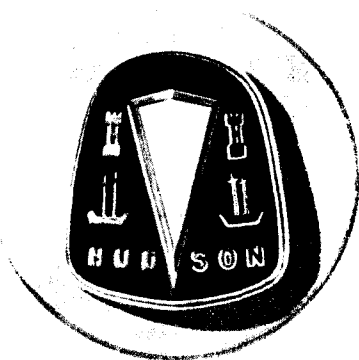
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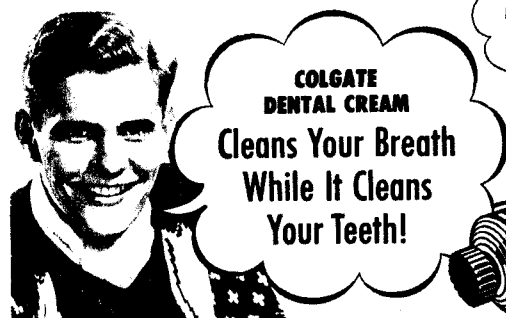
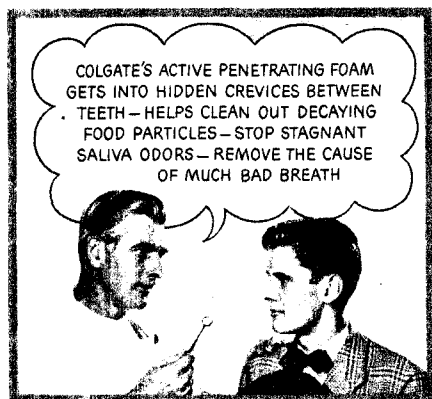
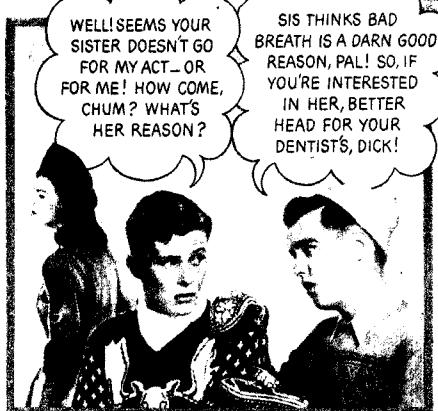
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But He Cuts No Ice With Her!



TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



"Well, you said if he played with the scissors you'd lock him in the closet—so I did!"

THE BRICK WALL

Continued from page 20

"No, sonny, you'll direct it. I'll give you the screen credit, too."

"Are you kidding me?" I asked, with my heart pounding. I wanted to sit down suddenly, but I didn't dare move a muscle.

Marshall shook his head. "I've a file on you, sonny." He tapped his finger on a big Manila envelope on the right of his desk. "Took my people two weeks to get it. You started out in the wardrobe department when you were twenty. Six months. Then you did publicity. One month. Didn't like it, eh? Then, let's see," he looked up at the ceiling, "then you were in the Army. The Signal Corps. Directing and editing training films for two years. Got the Bronze Star for that. The last year you've been editing films for your father. You must be a damned good cutter or Hanley wouldn't have put you on a Dawson-Calder picture." Marshall leaned back in his chair. "A cutter," he said, "can make or break a picture. The three best directors on my lot started here as film cutters."

MARSHALL was right, only I had never thought of myself that way before. Daisy was right too, evidently: All you had to do was stick your neck out and fight for what you wanted and believed in. And sometimes you got it. Though it looked like with me, I was always getting more than I asked for. I couldn't let Marshall know I was scared to death of being responsible for the whole production.

"You've got guts," he was saying, "and confidence. I like that. And the picture shouldn't be any worse with you directing it than some of the tripe we've released for the last twenty years."

I swallowed hard and heard myself blurting out:

"I'll want to cut it myself, too, then."

I must have been a little drunk with power. Daisy would have been proud of me.

Marshall didn't even blink.

"That's fine, sonny," he said, "you'll

have credits all over the place." He cackled indulgently. "Was there anything else you wanted. A drinking fountain in your dressing room, maybe?" He thought that was very funny.

Kingman and I left the office with his gruesome laughter ringing in our ears. Out on the street we stopped on the hot, sun-baked asphalt and looked at each other. Kingman was more nervous than he'd been before.

"My God," he said, "I don't believe it. What are we going to do now?"

"You heard the old bastard," I said, taking a deep breath. "We are now going to direct the picture."

"We?" Kingman jumped. "Don't look at me. I've never directed a picture in my life." He looked frightened.

"I mean," I said, irritably, "you'll stick around and set me right if I miss up an intention of your script or something. You can do *that* much, can't you?"

"I suppose so," he said unhappily. "Do you think you can handle it, Josh? This is big stuff. My God, half a million dollars." I could almost read his mind, because the same thing was in my mind. "Suppose we fail?" Kingman said. "Suppose we mess the whole thing up?"

"Stop worrying," I said. "Earn while you learn with Marshall. Suppose we make a damned good movie?"

"I wish I hadn't sold him the story," Kingman complained. "If I had known it was going to turn out this way—"

"Listen," I said, "it's our baby now and it's up to us to do the best we can." I was getting sore.

"Oh hell, I'm with you," Kingman said hastily, "but it's the damndest thing I ever heard of."

"Maybe it'll be terrific," I said, but I was beginning to worry more myself. Then I thought of Daisy again. I stiffened up and glared at Kingman. "Why shouldn't it be? Sturges did it with his first film. So did Kanin and Orson Welles. Why can't we?"

"They all directed stage plays before they got in pictures," Kingman said helplessly. "They knew their stuff."

Collier's for January 25, 1947

I cursed, getting angry again. Now I knew finally what Daisy had meant. And I thought: Well, I'll be damned if I'll ever be that way again. "Listen," I said to Kingman, "we have Mike Bushell, one of the best ASC men with a camera in the business. He won't make a bad frame, I'll guarantee that. We've got a good cast and we've got the facilities of the whole studio to play with. Doesn't that count for something?"

"But Pestkauer," he said, "he had all the studio facilities and Bushell and all, too."

It took me all through lunch to convince him that he had to change his defeatist attitude or he'd infect everyone connected with the picture—and then we'd really have a mess on our hands. I had to explain that I had edited two Academy Award winners and had plenty of confidence in my ability. I was getting more as I was talking to him. I managed to get through to Kingman and by the time we were having our dessert he began looking at me with new respect.

"You really *think* you can handle this?"

"I know I can!" I said. "Kingman, this picture will boost you up there with the top writers. You'll be a big shot."

He heard that, all right. His eyes began to take on a new luster and his lean, hungry-looking face got back some of its color. Watching the effect on him helped me believe in myself. Good old Daisy, I thought. There's nothing like psychology—when it works.

WHEN we got back on the set we found Greg Middleton, the assistant director, in a huddle with the script girl, Mike Bushell and three members of the cast. The sound men and some of the others were buzzing in another group, and the electricians had started a crap game. They had all heard about the news of the switch from Pestkauer, who had just left in an angry mood.

When Harry and I came on the set they broke up and gathered around us. There were so many questions I couldn't have answered them if I'd wanted to. I finally managed to give a rough idea of what had happened, called off shooting for the day, despite the tight schedule we had, and called for a conference of the people most immediately involved in the change. Mike and Greg, the script girl, Harry and myself. Since Pestkauer is always his own producer that left nobody out. I wondered what Marshall would do about that.

We found places to sit down and I began telling them about the rushes we had seen.

Greg interrupted.

"None of us thought Pestkauer's approach to this picture made any sense," he said. "We were talking about it before

you came, but of course we thought it was too early to tell what his angle was."

"Pestkauer has only one angle," I said. "Comedy. If Kingman had written a comedy script we couldn't find a better director for it than Pestkauer. But Kingman has written a very serious story." Harry nodded gravely.

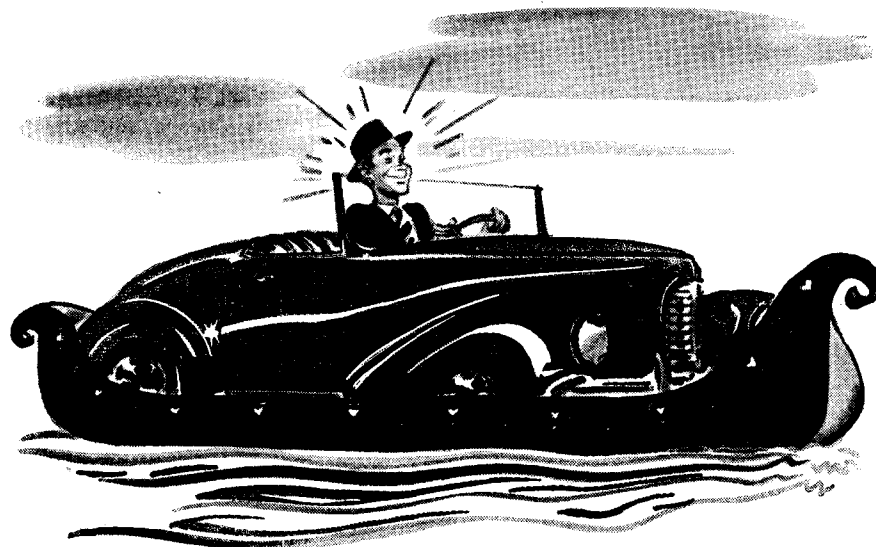
"The conflict in Harry's story," I said, "is mainly emotional and only bursts into real action at the end. There is humor and there is a love angle, but basically the story is the struggle of the son's will against the will of the domineering uncle. You know the story. Son goes in the Army. Father dies. Uncle comes on scene and takes over. Wins everybody with his charm. By the time the boy gets back from the war the uncle is really in the saddle. Everyone is charmed by the benevolent way he is running their household and the big industry the father had owned and so on. Actually, as we find out at the end, the uncle had planned the father's death, and exactly this usurpation of power. Well, the son comes back and finds everyone adoring the uncle, but he doesn't fall in line. He bucks the uncle. Only a little at first, and with no real interest in it. Just that the uncle irritates him. Then when the uncle breaks up the daughter's love affair and the son learns that the uncle is trying to marry the widow . . . then the son begins to suspect and to fight. So far," I paused, "does it sound like a comedy?" They shook their heads.

"It has to be handled delicately," I went on. "The tension must build and build until it's ready to snap. The uncle is clever. He makes the son appear as though the war had made him a psychoneurotic. It's a beautiful, terrible thing to watch. Sometimes the son isn't even sure himself. Then the family turns against him and he is fighting all alone. We have to show his gradual growth and shouldering of the whole responsibility. The uncle seeing the changes in the boy gets scared and goes too far. He tries to have him committed to an institution and, in doing so, reveals himself as the father's killer. You see," I said, "it's not just a mystery story. It's a character story. All the little visual action that takes place has to point toward the rise of conflict and the growth of the son—until the destruction of the uncle."

It was hard to believe that I was up to my neck in this picture simply because Daisy had asked Alex for a raise. And had got it. I was sure giving her premise a run for its money. Or Marshall's money. As I was talking I had been thinking how fantastic it was the way the character in the picture had the same premise I had in my struggle with Alex. But then I thought: Well, it's the simplest premise in the world. And probably ex-



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COLLIER'S

DAVID HUFFINE

Collier's for January 25, 1947



PERRY COMO makes a point with baton-man Lloyd Shaffer, which seems to tickle director Ward Byron.



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PERRY COMO sings from New York.

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JO STAFFORD sings from Hollywood.

PERRY COMO AND JO STAFFORD snapped at the studio party given for Jo before she left for Hollywood.



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plained a lot of successes you always wonder about. Find out what you want to do and then work like hell toward it. Believe in it and don't give up and you'll probably make it.

"If it's pictures you want," Mike was enthusiastic, "I'll make you pictures you can frame on your wall."

Kingman was beaming at me and the others seemed happy. I felt a sudden lump in my throat. They were all swell to me.

"All right," I said, "Kingman and I will work on the script tonight and figure out what we have to do tomorrow. Get everybody on the set the usual time and we'll retake on the stuff Pestkauer did. I guess that's all, except I'd really appreciate any suggestions and co-operation you people will give me." Then I thought of Daisy again and stopped looking so humble. "But all final decisions," I said, grinning, "will be mine."

Greg grinned.

"Right," he said. "Frankly, I'm envious of you. I'd give my right arm to be a full director. But I'm with you, Josh."

"Thanks," I said, shaking hands all around. "Come on, Kingman, we'll burn some midnight oil."

DURING the first week as actor-director I bunked with Kingman in his bungalow in a court on a little street just off Olympic Boulevard. We wrote in some new background effects without touching any of the lines and only made one set change which hadn't been constructed yet. That was the exterior of the old mansion. I wanted to dramatize and heighten the mood of tension and conflict and decided that it should be a great dark house on a windswept hill overlooking the sea. We could process in the background of the rocky point and the turbulent ocean. The wind effects would be a cinch to *segue* under the dialogue in the interior shots of the house. Toward the denouement of the picture I planned a thunderstorm that would, I hoped, lift the customers right out of their seats. Pestkauer would have been dumfounded, I think, if he could have seen how I changed the conception of the picture.

That first week was a killer. Neither Kingman nor I got more than three or four hours' sleep a night, but it was fun too. I had got Kingman excited for a change, and Mike and Greg dropped in some of the nights and they got caught up with the challenge of the production and helped us develop a couple of what seemed to me, were beautiful things.

I had sent a guy from the studio with a note to Mrs. Gilpin to pack some of my clothes and explained that I was too busy to come myself. I got the clothes back along with a note from Alex.

"Josh," it said, "if this is to be a permanent departure, you might have the courtesy to inform me in person. See me when you can spare a few moments of your valuable time." It was signed "Your Father," which struck me as unusually sentimental for him.

I hadn't been thinking about Alex for so long that the note from him was a shock. I realized I had been pretty callous, as I guess all young people are callous who finally get going in their own directions. My throat ached a little as I picked up the telephone and called him. When I heard Alex' gruff voice, I felt sorry for him, but the feeling didn't last long.

"It's Josh, Alex—how about dinner tonight?"

"I'm glad to know you're still speaking to me." His voice was acid.

"Do you want to have dinner with me tonight or not?" I didn't have the patience to bicker.

"Of course," he said, "if it isn't too much trouble. Shall I have Mrs. Gilpin get the rest of your clothes ready so your trip to the house won't be entirely wasted?"

"Now look," I said, "I hadn't intended

to move out. It's just that I'm on the set all day and I have to work nights with Kingman on the script at his place."

His voice held a moment of surprise.

"I thought you were an actor."

I hadn't intended to say anything about my other activities so I changed the subject quickly.

"Will seven-thirty be too late for dinner? I know you don't like to have Mrs. Gilpin serve later than seven, but I just can't get away."

"They waited for the prodigal son," Alex said dryly. "I'm sure Mrs. Gilpin and I can do as well for you."

"All right," I said. "I'll be there. If I can make it sooner, I will."

"I'm only your father," Alex went on, "so don't neglect anything important for me."

This was so corny I wanted to laugh, but I didn't.

"I won't," I said. . . .

Alex was dressed for dinner that night. His gleaming white shirt front stared at me like a reprimand. My suit, which I had been wearing for a week straight, was crumpled-looking.

"You certainly look like an actor," Alex said, surveying me as we sat down to the table. Mrs. Gilpin, who was serving the oysters, frowned at him. When she came around to me her eyes softened and she put her hand on my shoulder.

"The poor boy looks worn out. Now don't you nag at him, Mr. Alex. Let him eat his dinner in peace."

"I'm all right, Mrs. Gilpin," I said, squeezing her hand.

"He can take care of himself," Alex said, with sarcasm. "Josh is an important man now. Your birthday is next week," he went on. "I'm thinking of sending you a fancy make-up kit. Or would you care for a loud dressing gown with your name on the back of it?"

"Very funny," I said.

Mrs. Gilpin shook her head.

"You two should try to get along," she said. "You're the only ones left of the family. It's a shame."

"Oh," Alex said, lifting an oyster and examining it. "Josh is going to have his name on every movie marquee in the country. He's going to be too famous to have anything to do with an old money-grubber like Alex Hanley. When are you changing your name to Wickham—or have you done that already?" He dropped the large oyster down his throat and swallowed it.

"Listen," I said, "I didn't come home to fight with you, Alex. I should be working now, but—"

"But you had to collect the rest of your stuff, eh?"

I STOOD up abruptly and threw my napkin on the table. "Oh, hell!" I said. "I might as well leave, now, for good."

Mrs. Gilpin made a little moaning sound.

"Don't, Mr. Alex," she said, coming around the table. "Don't. He's your son. Don't let him go like that." She began to sob. "Can't you see the boy is working himself to death?"

"Sit down," Alex said grudgingly. "Sit down, Josh. I apologize."

I sat down reluctantly.

"All right," I said. "Let's talk intelligently for a change. I'm not a kid any more. I haven't broken a window with a baseball. I'm simply working for a living and trying to make good in my own way. There's nothing wrong with that."

"I've only my whole studio to worry about, and that's plenty, if you don't happen to know," Alex said. "Sometimes when I think of the trouble you've caused me. . . ."

"Oh, for God's sake!" I exploded. "Are we going to go on like this all through dinner?"

He shook his head.

"No, forget it. Mrs. Gilpin, I'll ring when we need you."

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He watched me until she was gone and then he said, "Well, are you or aren't you coming back here to live?"

"Maybe that depends on you," I said irritably.

"Oh," His eyes crinkled. "I'll try to curb my irascibility. How's the acting going?"

I shrugged. "All right, I guess."

"Is that what you really want to be—just an all-right actor?"

I watched Alex drop the last oyster down his throat, and I finished off mine.

"What do you want me to say?" I asked. "That I'm terrific?"

Alex rang the bell for Mrs. Gilpin.

"I want you to come back to our studio and stop making an ass of yourself."

"Let's not start that again," I said. "I'm committed to this picture and I'm going through with it."

"If you leave Marshall and come back now," his voice was persuasive, "I'll make you an associate producer. You'll be doing something worth while and there will be a big boost in salary."

I ALMOST blurted out that I was practically a full producer already. Marshall, at least, hadn't assigned anyone to take Pestkauer's place.

"But," his voice bored on, "if you string along with Marshall and fail on this picture, I'll never let you into our studio again."

I laughed.

"If I string along with Marshall I probably won't need to come back. He's my second or third cousin, isn't he? And he hasn't any kids of his own." I was just talking to steam Alex up. "And he sort of likes my arrogance. I think he'll give me a job of some kind. If I don't make it as an actor—maybe even an associate producer."

Alex just glared at me.

"You wouldn't do that?"

I shrugged.

"I'm only thinking of your future, Josh," he said, quietly.

"I'm only thinking of my future, too," I said. "So that makes us even."

We ate the roast in silence. Mrs. Gilpin peeked in anxiously every once in a while and would slowly close the door. It gave me an idea for handling one of the scenes in *The Midas Touch* and I began to feel more confident. And a little more tolerant toward Alex.

"Alex," I said. "Let's not fight any more. I can't turn back now. And you wouldn't be very happy if everybody in the business thought your son hadn't guts enough to finish something he'd started."

He frowned. "It'll be worse if you fail."

"I won't fail."

His eyes widened.

"H'mmmm," he said, "you've certainly changed in the last few weeks."

I laughed.

"You haven't, though," I told him. . . .

Mrs. Hathaway was reading the financial pages as usual, when I rang the bell. She looked over her glasses when Daisy let me in.

"About time you showed up," she said.

"Giving my little girl a rush and then dropping out of sight for almost two weeks. You can't do that to *Daisy Hathaway*."

"Actors belong to their public," I said flippantly. "Hello, Daisy."

"Hello, Josh," Daisy smiled. Our eyes held while I heard her mother snort.

"Actors," Mrs. Hathaway said. "Actors always die poor!"

"Like Bing Crosby?" I asked.

"Crosby," Mrs. Hathaway answered. "Only an actor would put his money in a baseball team when any person with sense would be buying basic industries, investment-income stocks or insurance shares."

She tapped her paper with her glasses. "This electronics market looks like it's going to be a good thing to get in on," she continued to herself, "the field is new and bound to develop with television coming along, and what all . . ."

Daisy and I left the house quietly, and I don't think Mrs. Hathaway even noticed.

"She'll be still talking when we get back," Daisy said, as I helped her into the car. "You can answer her when you bring me home."

"Suppose I don't bring you home?" I asked when we were rolling.

"How's that, Mr. Hanley?"

"Just kidding," I said.

"Oh," she said.

"Have you been thinking about me, Daisy," I asked.

"Yes."

"Particularize," I said.

"I guess I missed you"—she was smiling—"and when you called tonight, Josh, and I knew you'd be out, my stomach turned over. I just didn't feel like working any more at all." She was quiet.

Then: "Have you been thinking about me?"

"No," I said. "I've been too damned busy."

"Oh," she said. I thought she sounded disappointed. Then I saw a secluded little picnic park ahead, swung in and stopped the car.

"But my stomach," I told her, "turned



TOUGH

BUT OH SO GENTLE

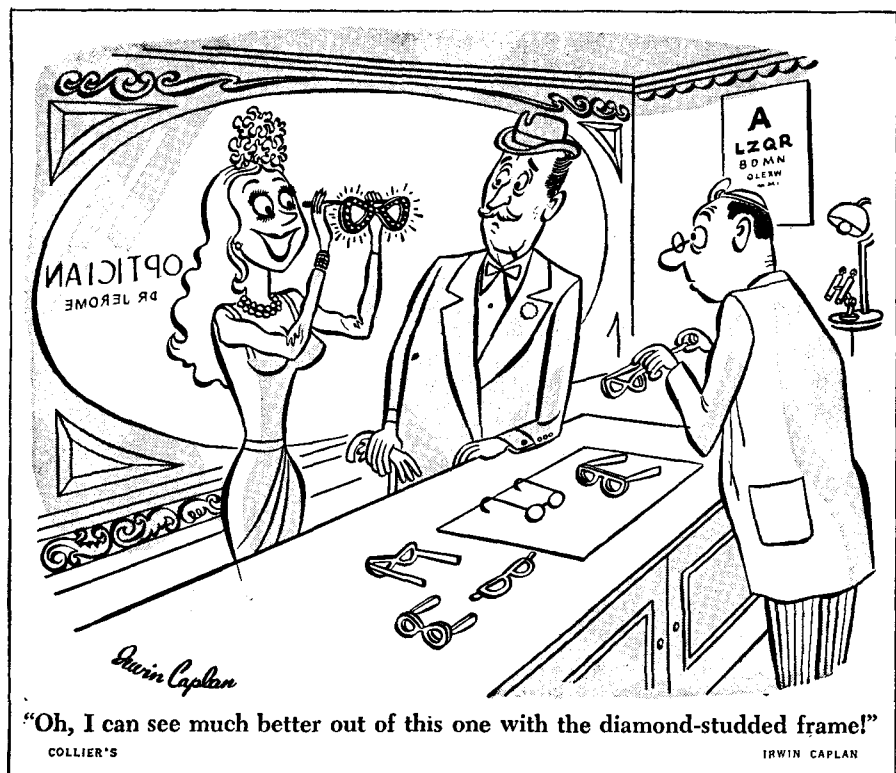
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over too, when I knew I was going to see you."

"It may not mean anything at all," Daisy said breathlessly.

I was a little breathless myself when I put my arms around her and pulled her close.

"I don't know," I said, "I've never felt this way before."

"Me neither," she said. I kissed her.

We sat and stared at each other for a long time. I swear I could hear both our hearts beating. I don't know, maybe I forgot to turn off the motor, but whatever it was it seemed to shake both of us so that we couldn't speak for a while. I put my hand back of her neck and pulled her against me again.

"Daisy," I whispered, "let's get married."

I can still hear that low, throaty voice of hers.

"Aren't you even going to try to seduce me first, darling?"

I was so happy I wanted to bawl or push my hand through the windshield. I figured she meant okay, we'd get married.

"No free samples," I said. "I want to marry you right away."

"Josh," she said. "Darling, I'm willing to take a chance on a rejection slip, if you change your mind afterward."

I shoved her away and stared at her.

"Don't you want to marry me?" I guess from the first kiss I had subconsciously taken it for granted that we would both eventually want to get married. Now I suddenly felt bewildered.

"Marriage is a serious thing," Daisy said. "We really don't know each other very well, yet. How can we be sure we'd want to spend the rest of our lives together, Josh? What we feel might be just plain sex. I guess I am an ardent feminist. I think it's a man's world with the breaks all angled toward men. I've always resented it. I even had the idea in the back of my mind that I'd make my own career and my own life, just like a man, and never get married. Most of the time I wish I'd been born a man with a man's freedom. The idea of getting married and giving up everything I've studied and worked for—"

"Who's asking you to give up anything?" I said, getting sore. "I don't give a damn if you scribble your head off—"

"Listen to him—indulging the little woman and her silly scribbling. You're talking just like a man..."

"Well, damn it, I am a man! What am I supposed to talk like?"

"Josh, you're not that stupid. Try to understand. What about children?"

"What about them?" I demanded.

"What's wrong with children?" I was getting sarcastic. "It seems to me that every married couple has children—"

"That's right," Daisy said calmly.

"Whether they intend to or not. In fact," she went on, "it seems to me that the only married couples I know who haven't got children are the ones who want them desperately. You know. Have you been around children much, Josh?"

"No," I said sullenly. "What's that got to do with—"

"Listen," Daisy said. "Listen to me, darling. If I get married, I want to have children and I want to be able to be with them. Raising a child is a woman's job. But I don't feel quite up to starting that particular job right now. I have a little matter of three books I want to scribble yet."

"Books!" I said bitterly. "Is that your answer?"

"Don't be angry, Josh," Daisy said. "We can... see each other... we don't have to get married."

She kept looking at me steadily—but she was blushing.

I STARTED the car and headed back for Daisy's house and I didn't say anything for a few minutes. When I did I said it fast for fear I'd change my mind.

"No," I said, "no, Daisy. Here's one guy who is not interested in a love affair. You taught me not to compromise with what I really want. I want to make good in pictures and I want to marry you. I thought they were both good ideas."

Daisy made an exclamation.

"Oh, Josh," she wailed. "I'm sorry... here you've been an actor almost two weeks and I never even asked how you're doing."

"A little better than I'm doing with you," I said. Daisy looked so miserable that I relented. "Well, I think I'm good, only it's a little early to tell much about it."

"You'll make it," she said confidently.

"Like I made you?" I asked.

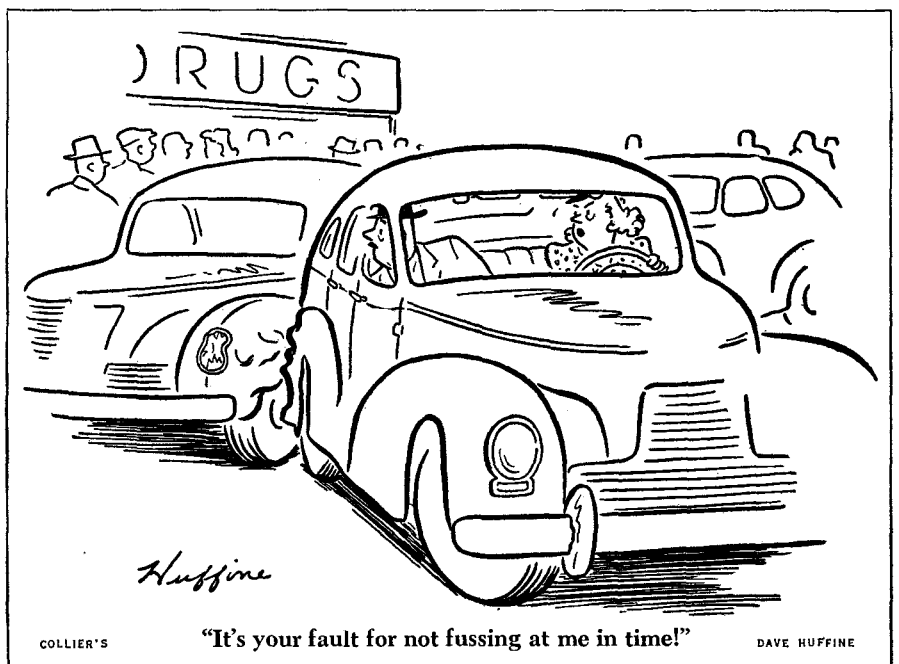
"Well, you did, you know," Daisy said, and she had the nerve to grin. "Anyway," she went on, "about the acting—you can be as good as you want to be—"

"Please," I said. "Please, Daisy. Don't give me any more of those pep talks. You don't always get what you want. At least I don't." We pulled up in front of her house.

"Will I see you again?" Daisy asked as we started up the walk toward the house. "Josh," she went on with a rush, "I don't want to stop seeing you."

I looked at her standing there in the moonlight. I thought I was probably being a damned fool. I had that all-gone feeling sliding inside me. And if I hadn't known I couldn't do without her as a permanent part of my life I would have been damned happy to take her on any terms. But it was exactly her strong will, her determination, and her kind of brazen attitude toward life that made me feel I had to stick this one out.

I sensed vaguely that if we ever



COLLIER'S

"It's your fault for not fussing at me in time!"

DAVE HUFFINE

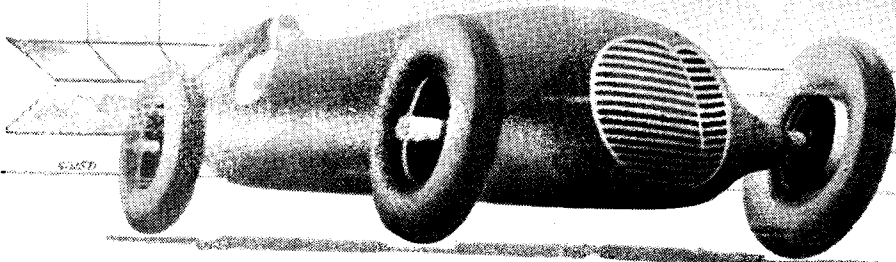
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YOU

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YOU

get socked in the jaw by a murder suspect!

YOU

look into the muzzle of a murderer's gun!

started with a love affair that's all it would ever be. Damn her, I thought—all women are supposed to *want* to get married. They're supposed to hold out for it. Now she's got *me* holding out for it. But I could try.

"Sure," I said, trying. "Sure, I'll phone you sometime." I started back toward the car.

"Josh," she called.

"What now?" I said. I didn't turn around.

"Is that all?"

I wanted to kiss her. Being sore didn't stop me from wanting that. I was getting into the car. I came out in the moonlight again and put my arms around her.

"Oh, Josh," she said finally, "I want to marry you—don't you know that? I want to, I really want to—"

"Let me know when you're ready," I said. She pulled out of my arms and ran into the house.

IT DIDN'T occur to me until I got home—or rather to the stucco bungalow I was sharing with Harry Kingman—that I hadn't told Daisy that I was also directing *The Midas Touch*. As it turned out, it was just as well.

Harry wasn't home when I got there, nor did he show up by the time the sun peeked into my window and dazzled me awake, the next morning. When I looked at my watch I saw that I would be late for the studio, so I went into the miniature kitchen and started some coffee. Then I noticed the empty liquor bottle lying on its side on the breakfast-room table. There was a thick water glass with a puddle of amber fluid lying in the bottom. There was a dead fly, or a drunken one, in the puddle. I thought of Harry drinking alone and it didn't seem like him at all.

I was suddenly worried and turned off the gas under the glass coffee-maker, got dressed, and drove immediately to the studio.

I had expected everything to be ready for shooting. We had been working on the big drawing-room set for three days, shooting some of the night sequences, and we still had Scenes 230, 240 and 321 to go yet, on that particular set. So everything should have been ready, except the camera setup and the adjustment of lighting.

There wasn't a member of the cast or technical crew present when I came on the set. The props had disappeared and there was a crew of carpenters dismantling the set. I had a terrible sinking sensation inside me as I went up to the boss carpenter. He was a heavy-set, tan-faced man who worked with his hands in the pockets of his California slack suit. He was actively engaged in chewing an unlighted cigar and yelling up at a carpenter on a tall ladder.

"What the hell is going on here?" I asked.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked back, then went on yelling at the man above.

"I'm Hanley," I said. "I was supposed to be shooting here this morning. Where is everybody? What's happened?"

He stared at me for a moment.

"You got eyes," he said. "We're striking this set."

"I didn't order this set knocked down. I've got a picture to make."

"Not any more, you haven't. I got orders."

"Whose orders?" I was feeling really sick by now.

"Marshall himself," the boss carpenter said. "That good enough for you?"

I didn't answer. I went immediately to Marshall's office. On the way over, my head was buzzing.

Marshall looked up when I broke in on him, and his face wasn't exactly welcoming. After the first glance he didn't look directly at me again. Before I had a chance to open my mouth he reached into a drawer and took out a legal form.

"Here's your contract, sonny. The fun's over."

"Listen," I said, "I want to know what's going on. What's happened?"

"I'm shelving the picture."

"But why?" I said. "Mr. Marshall, I know I can make a swell picture. You've seen the new rushes yourself."

"That's unimportant now. I'm dropping it. That's all. There's no more to discuss."

"But what about my contract?"

Marshall shrugged. Still he didn't look at me.

"You know the deal we made," he said. "I have the privilege of canceling it in thirty days. All right, it isn't thirty days yet, and it's canceled."

"But what's the reason?" I asked. "There has to be a reason."

"Listen, sonny. I'm sorry we can't finish the picture. I'm sorry for you, though God knows why I should be sorry for a Hanley. And I'm sorry, but I haven't any reason I can tell you about. Now forget it and chalk it up to experience. Maybe someday you'll get a better break. What about your father... No, I guess not—that. . . ." His voice trailed off, and I could see he was annoyed and wanted to get rid of me. But his voice sounded almost sympathetic.

"You won't tell me?"

He shook his head. "I've got a lot of work to do," he said, shortly, "and there's a man outside waiting—"

I stood undecided in front of Marshall for what seemed a long time. He fooled around with some papers and didn't look up or speak to me again.

I don't know why, but I didn't get the impression *he* wanted to shelve the picture. There was something bigger behind his decision than just a whim: People usually go to elaborate lengths to justify a whim. All I knew was that my new career had been just too good to be true, and now it was over. I couldn't go back to Alex; none of the other studios would touch me. I had sawed myself a nice limb and it had crashed, with me on it. I almost wished I knew where Kingman was so I could get plastered with him.

I SAT in my car for a while, taking a last look around at the great white sound stages of Marshall's studios. It was when I had finally started my car that I saw Mike Bushell walking along with a guy I didn't know. They were engaged in what seemed to be a pleasant conversation. I shut off the motor, jumped out and called to Mike.

His face sobered when he saw me, and he came over quickly. His friend came along with him. He was one of those really tall men, lean—about forty-eight or fifty.

"Gosh, kid," Mike said. "I don't know what to say. I'm sorry as hell about the picture."

I was sick of people being sorry for me. "What I want to know," I said, "is why. No one will tell me why. I just saw Marshall and he gave me back my contract."

"Josh," Mike said, "I swear I don't know any more about it than you do. We were all told to stop production last night. By phone. Marshall's secretary called everybody. She caught me at home."

"I wasn't home," I said bitterly. "You really don't know why Marshall did this?"

"I swear to God. It's a mystery, Josh. The picture wasn't that bad."

"I don't think it was the picture," I said angrily. "The rushes have been swell."

The big guy who'd been standing by took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes," he said, "I thought you were making a remarkably fine film, Hanley. I saw the rushes. I particularly liked your handling of the son's role. Really. I can't understand why they shelved the

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production." I looked at him curiously.

"Oh," Mike said quickly. "Sorry. Josh, this is Cecil Smith. He's a British-Denham producer over here to see how we work things." We shook hands.

"You really liked the stuff?" I asked.

"First-rate."

"Thanks," I said. "But it looks like it's as dead as The Great Train Robbery now."

"What are your plans, Hanley?" Smith asked.

"Plans?" I laughed. "Mike will explain to you sometime. I'm a man without a plan. Maybe I'll try panhandling at Hollywood and Vine."

"Listen," Mike said. "Anytime I can help you, kid, just tip me the word—anything I can do."

"Thanks, Mike," I said, "but I'm past helping. Unless you want to get drunk with me tonight."

"Anything but that," Mike grinned. "Della's having her third kid any day now, and I promised not to make an ass of myself until after the launching." We shook hands again.

"I'd like to have a drink with you sometime," Smith said casually. "Are you in the telephone register? Perhaps we could make it tonight."

I gave him Kingman's number, although I wasn't sure how long I'd be there, now that my bubble had burst and there was no further need for working with him. I also gave him Alex' house number and told him I might be there if he didn't get me at Harry's place. I was merely being courteous. I didn't really feel like drinking. I didn't feel like anything.

He gave me a peculiar smile when I mentioned Alex' name, but I didn't think anything about it at the time. I said, "So long," to both of them and got in my car and drove off.

Harry Kingman hadn't returned home. The empty bottle in the breakfast room was in exactly the same place I had last seen it. The fly was gone from the glass, however, but I didn't think Harry had had anything to do with that. As I walked into the tiny living room the phone rang and I picked it up.

It was Daisy. She was very excited about something. Kept talking about some party she wanted me to go to with her. The way I was feeling it made me a little irritable.

"What the devil are you talking about?" I demanded. "I'm in no mood to stand around in some jerk's house with a Martini in my hand." I told her, as briefly as I could, what had happened.

"I know," she said. "That's why you've got to come. It's important." She low-

ered her voice until I could hardly hear her: "I can't say any more now. I'm in the office. Alex may come back any minute."

I began to think maybe she did have something to tell me, but why it had to be at a party was beyond my already bewildered thinking processes.

"All right," I said, "I'll pick you up at your house, tonight."

"No," she said. "You wait there and I'll come right over. What's the address?"

I gave it to her and then started to say something when I heard her voice go all businesslike. "That will be fine," she said. "I'll be over for a fitting in a little while." I gathered Alex had returned, so I hung up.

I straightened up the house, shaved and showered and, not knowing what else to do with myself, stretched out for a nap. It was kind of warm so I just lay down on the living-room sofa in my shorts and I went right to sleep.

WHEN I woke up I felt kind of fuzzy and then I looked at the clock over the imitation Spanish fireplace and realized I had really been out. It was a quarter of six and somebody was leaning on the doorbell. I went to the door. It was Daisy.

"Well, well, Charlie Atlas," she said. "All dressed for the party."

"I fell asleep," I said.

"Oh," she said with mock disappointment, "I thought maybe you'd changed your mind about our last conversation. I thought you were dressed to persuade me."

"Maybe we'll take that up later," I said, getting sober. "What the hell was it you couldn't tell me over the phone?"

Daisy picked out a chair and sat down. I stretched out on the sofa again.

"There's something funny going on," Daisy said.

"Funny isn't the word," I said wearily. "I'm bounced, and canned." I went on to explain my day in detail and, incidentally, gave her a belated account of my short career as a director.

"Oh, Josh," Daisy said, "Alex should have been proud of you instead of—"

"Alex!" I yelled. "You mean he had something to do with this?"

"I don't know anything for certain—"

"Nobody knows anything for certain," I said bitterly.

"But I'm positive," Daisy said, "I'm positive Alex had something to do with it. He was rubbing his hands together all day. He was too happy."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Daisy!"

"Wait a minute, Josh. Late this after-

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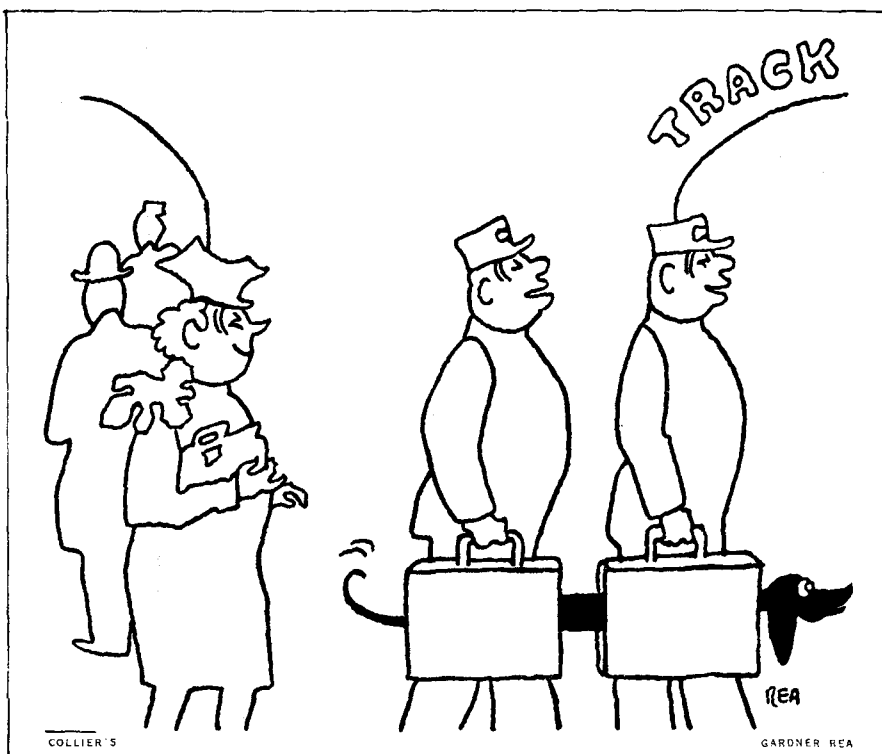


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noon he had a telephone call from New York. He seemed to be expecting it and he sent me out of the room. I had to go back in again later and I swear I heard him say The Midas Touch before he motioned to me to get out. And all afternoon he kept giving me secret looks like he was dying to tell me something—

"That doesn't mean a damned thing," I complained.

"Please, Josh, listen. Then just before I called you he started talking to me. He said Mother had told him I'd been seeing a lot of you and he asked me if we were serious, you know. And I said I thought maybe we were—"

"Please, Daisy," I said, "I don't care about that—"

"Oh, will you wait!" She got up and walked up and down the room. She looked very pretty when she was excited. "He said you weren't in any position to take care of a wife any more and never would be if you insisted on being an actor—"

I stared at Daisy. "You think he knew something?"

Daisy nodded.

"He seemed awfully sure of himself. And the telephone call—he was up to something all right. I'll bet he got to Marshall some way."

"But how?" I said. "Marshall hates his guts. He wouldn't do anything Alex wanted him to do. He runs his own studio."

"Does he?" Daisy asked. "That's what I think we ought to find out. Tonight. Marshall's running a big press party at his place. We can crash it. You know how those things are. Josh, we ought to go."

"What's the use, Daisy?" I said. "Suppose Alex did pull something. What good would that do me now?"

"Are you going to take this lying down, Josh? Listen to me. Other people might have been in on this. You know how people talk after they've had a few drinks. No one knows where I stand... I could dig a little—"

"But I still don't see what good that would do—"

"Oh, darn you," Daisy said. "Maybe there's a chance we *can* do something if you'd only fight a little. And how can you fight unless you *know* what you're fighting?"

"Oh, all right," I said hopelessly, "what can I lose?"

Daisy came over and sat down beside me.

"Josh, do you still think you love me?" she asked.

"I guess so," I said, looking up at her. There was something so healthy and rich

and ripe about Daisy that it all caught in my throat someplace and I found myself saying, "I'll always love you, Daisy."

"And do you still want to marry me, Josh?"

"You know I do, damn it—but Alex is right. I'm sunk. He's got me exactly where he wants me—"

"You're not sunk," Daisy said, taking my hand. She held it against her breast and her voice broke.

"I'll marry you any time you say, Josh," she said.

I had been bewildered before, but that was nothing.

"Daisy," I asked, "are you saying this just because Alex said—"

"Your father can't tell me what I can't do..."

I laughed almost hysterically. "You're priceless," I said. "I'll bet you'd even consider supporting me. Well, you don't have to do that. I'll start a hot-dog stand in Venice or something. I wouldn't want those four books of yours to suffer."

I didn't get very far with my line of chatter because Daisy was kissing me.

"Oh, shut up, shut up," she seemed to be saying against my mouth. It was an interesting way to be kissed...

At seven-thirty we were staring at each other as though we had never seen each other before. I would have gone out and laid myself down on the Pacific Electric car tracks if she had asked me to. She looked beautiful.

She laughed and then she sighed. "I never was so happy in my life," she said. "Oh, Josh, it's so good to be in love."

I kissed the tips of her ears and nose.

"I think you're crazy," I said, "but you're just what I need in my business."

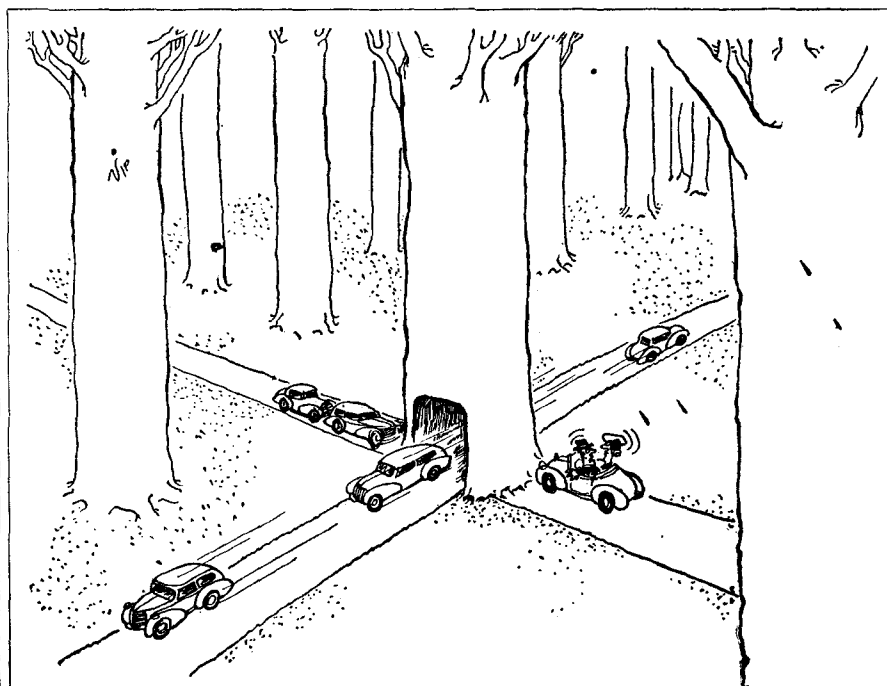
"What business?" Daisy asked dreamily.

"I'll let you know when I find out, honey."

Daisy jumped up. "Josh, the party! We've got to get started." I just lay there and stared at her.

DAISY and I got out of the convertible in front of the old Marshall house in Beverly Hills. Movie stars and Alex could have their spanking new châteaux in the fashionable celebrity pastures of Bel-Air, but Asa preferred to continue in the old Pickfair tradition. Marshall didn't have to be fashionable. A liveried attendant whisked the car away and Daisy and I mounted the stone steps to the glittering foyer where some of the lesser odds and ends of Hollywood humanity were already stationed.

As each new arrival moved down the foyer under the blazing crystal chandelier there would be a moment's lull in



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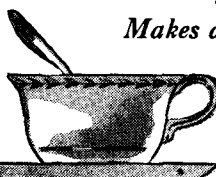
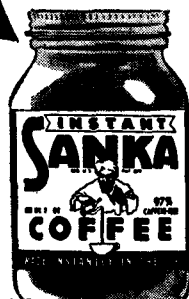
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the hum of conversation and all heads would turn in unison, and all eyes would focus avidly on the newcomers. These were mainly little picture people who wanted something from bigger picture people, and they waited in the foyer for the crumbs of smiles and nods that the important members of the Hollywood executive set might toss their way. Almost anybody involved in pictures can manage to get into a big Hollywood press party. I was not surprised to see Alex' switchboard operator, Betty Mae Allison, with Tex Barlow, the cowboy actor.

The drawing room had an even bigger crystal chandelier hanging from its high ceiling. It was a real bedlam of chatter and party laughter and people milling around with tall glasses in their hands. As Daisy and I moved into this room, I could see that the free-loaders were already half soused and every once in a while we'd hear a piercing shriek from some female guzzler, or the loud brassy guffaw of a pickled male guest. They all seemed to be having a very good time.

HERE and there, I recognized familiar characters, but other than a nod across bobbing heads, we didn't stop to talk. The fact that we were in ordinary daytime clothes didn't bother anybody. There were plenty like us who didn't bother to dress. However there were tails and tuxedos and quite a few bare female backs and nearly bare female fronts. The jewels, glittering self-consciously, were also out on display. It wasn't quite as smart a crowd as you'd find at some of the smaller parties Alex had taken me to, but I think there were more famous movie faces per square yard than you'd see anywhere else on earth. Waiters, not always easily distinguished from guests, were circulating about with trays of canapés and drinks.

Daisy and I found the bar in another paneled room, a small room with a lower ceiling, and this too was crowded and noisy. Cigarette and cigar smoke made it practically a gas chamber.

"Not for me," I said to Daisy, after I had stuck my head in and pulled it out again. "Let's go out on the terrace for a breath of air and form our stratagems for action or whatever it is we're here for."

High, heavily draped pairs of French doors led from the drawing room to the flagstoned terrace looking out over a broad landscaped lawn. There was no swimming pool. I caught a waiter who was carrying Martinis with little white onions in them and got two of them. There was a quiet spot behind a set of squat, potted West Indian palms and there was a fancy iron garden bench set smack against them. Daisy sat down on it, and I sat next to her and before we finished our drinks I managed to kiss her twice. Daisy had to remind me what we had come for.

"You never lose sight of your objective, do you, Daisy? I'll knock off this drink and then look around for some likely prospects."

Daisy thought we'd better split up. "Then meet here in half an hour," she said.

"Okay," I said, "sprinkle some rice so I can find you if I lose you."

"Lose me?" Daisy laughed, "Brother, after tonight, you'd have to club me to death to lose me. I'm your wife," she said, and something soft came into her eyes.

"Daisy—" I began, but she shoved me away.

"Get going," she said, "you've got work to do."

I kissed her once more and we went back into the house.

I didn't get any farther than the French doors of the terrace, and the information I wanted was almost shoved down my throat.

Afterward I wondered why I had never thought of Betty Mae Allison as a prospective informer when I first saw her out there in the foyer. She had gotten loose from Tex somehow. He had probably drifted off after a more attractive number, though Betty Mae was nothing if not lush. And she was lush in more ways than one that night. Her pretty face was all lighted up and glowing and there was a prowly look in her rolling eyes when she fastened them on me.

"Joshy," she said, happily, pouting her full lips at me. There was something obscenely hungry about them that I had never noticed when she was sober. Her full bosom was bouncing as she came toward me, her drink sloshing over her hand. What there was of her printed dress left nothing at all to my imagination. I don't think there was a thing under it but her plump, really beautiful body. She should have been in pictures.

"Joshy," she said, almost falling into my arms. "Poor Joshy, how he's been rooked."

I pulled Betty Mae back of the palms and sat her down on the same garden seat I had shared with Daisy a few moments before.

"What do you mean, Allison?" I asked. "What do you mean I've been rooked?"

Betty Mae didn't mind talking at all, but she liked to do other things besides listening in on private phone conversations. She was quite honest about it. I was so sore I shook her.

"Damn you, Allison," I said. "You'll talk here or I'll beat the hell out of you."

"Ooooooh, Josh," she said, ecstatically. She closed her eyes and waited. I just sat there and glared at her with anger piling up in me. Betty Mae finally opened her eyes. "A kiss, Joshy," she said, "just one little kiss. Then we'll talk."

I'm not usually backward and Betty Mae was a meatball to stir anybody. Perhaps if it had been the night before I wouldn't have hesitated a second. But I had just kissed Daisy, and though I would have done almost anything to get Betty Mae to talk, I just couldn't do it. But Allison had her own technique. She just wrapped her arms around me and started to pull me down. I had one wild thought that maybe I was one of those guys born to be seduced, when somebody slapped Betty Mae so hard that the wind whistled through my hair.

"Listen, you," Daisy said. "Get out from under my fella!"

Betty Mae sat up. She looked scared. I guess she didn't get a thrill out of being slapped by a girl.

"That's right," Daisy said, "and now you talk or don't show your face at the office tomorrow, because sure as you're a drunk and a nymphomaniac I'll get you fired. And you know Alex Hanley. If he finds out you started to snitch on him, he'll see you never work in the whole damned state of California again!"

BETTY understood then and she talked. It's too involved to tell it all here and Betty didn't have the complete story. But there was enough. Enough to satisfy me. Alex had powerful banking friends in foreign and American banking circles, men he had made particularly excellent contacts with during the war, when he was just about the most important figure in film-propaganda work with Washington. Through some of these, Alex had discovered that Marshall was having difficulty with his postwar foreign export market. If Alex used his influence he could hold up Marshall's foreign distribution for a while at least. Alex had made phone calls to New York, Washington, and one to Paris. Then he had put through just one local call to Marshall at his studio.

Then Marshall called off The Midas Touch. It had all been very simple. . . .

"You'd better wipe off that cretin's lipstick," Daisy said, after Betty Mae left

Collier's for January 25, 1947

us alone. "You look like you'd been eating huckleberry pie."

"I feel like the pie has been eating me," I retorted. "Daisy, it's no use. I told you before we came, there's nothing we can do."

"Don't tell me," Daisy said. "For heaven's sake, Josh, will you get that lipstick off, and let me kiss the taste of that little lush off your mouth?"

"Listen," I protested, "I didn't want to—"

"I know, I know," Daisy snapped, grabbing my handkerchief away from me. "I'll get that mess off myself."

When she was satisfied with the way I looked, she kissed me. I felt good again. I knew where my home was. Anyone who has kissed a girl he really loves will know what I mean.

"Let's get out of here," I said, getting up. "I'll take you home, baby."

"You will not," she said. "Let's go to your place and talk. I mean Kingman's place. I'll make a lot of coffee."

I tried not to show how hopeless I really felt. Daisy still acted as though there was still something we could do, but I knew when I was licked so far as the movies were concerned. I had only one more possible chance. To come crawling back to Alex—and I wasn't going to do that. I'd starve first.

"Darling," Daisy asked on the drive to Kingman's, "do you think Betty Mae Allison has sex appeal?"

"No," I lied.

IT WAS not quite ten o'clock and Harry Kingman was home. He was on the sofa feeling sorry for himself and just coming out of his drunk. I wanted to turn around and walk right out again, but Daisy wouldn't let me. She still wanted to make coffee, and she wanted to talk. Harry said he only wanted to die.

"Never get a break like that one again," he muttered. "Never, never, never." He was lying with his face turned toward the wall and his moaning made me want to boot him one. That helped me feel less sorry for myself.

"Oh, shut up," I said, "you still have your job at the studio. And you got plenty of dough for The Midas Touch, even if it was shelved."

I went into the kitchen to help Daisy with the coffee.

"When we're married, darling," she said, turning the flame up, "I'll be the best wife you ever had."

"That's easy. I've never had a wife."

"You know what I mean." She stood there and looked at me gravely. "We'll work something out, you'll see. And I'll write, too. You—you won't mind, will you, Josh, if I keep on writing?"

I laughed. "You can cut me in little pieces, honey," I said, "and it will be all right with me. Only what are we going to get married on? I haven't even got a job."

"You've got yourself, and you've got me," she said, fiercely. "I believe in you."

"A little sex goes straight to your head," I said, grinning. "Maybe you'll get tired of—"

"Josh," Daisy wailed, "Josh, I love you!"

"I know," I said, "I was only kidding. It's just that your faith in me when I'm such a failure kind of embarrasses me—"

"Take a good look at Kingman," she said, lowering her voice. "He's a failure, even when he's successful. Josh, you'll never be like that."

I laughed again and pulled her to me. "Daisy," I said, "if you want me to make good—I'll think of something. Maybe I could shoot Alex—" I was grinning.

It was the telephone that interrupted me. I answered it.

"Yeah?" I said. It was the Englishman, Smith.

"Had the devil of a time finding you, Hanley. Been trying since early this evening. Is it too late for that drink?"

"Wait a minute," I said, then, "would you mind if I brought my girl along?"

"Be delighted."

We made arrangements to meet in the bar of his hotel.

After I hung up I wondered why on earth I'd said yes to him on this night of all nights. I hardly felt in the mood to talk to a stranger. I was on the verge of calling him back, but Daisy said she couldn't find any sugar for the coffee anyway, so we left Kingman to his solitary misery and pushed off.

The Flamingo bar had no flamingos in it. It was just an intimate, softly lighted pink satin room with a night-black mirror ceiling and the vaguest hint of twinkling stars overhead. The murmur of voices was discreet and low and enormously restful.

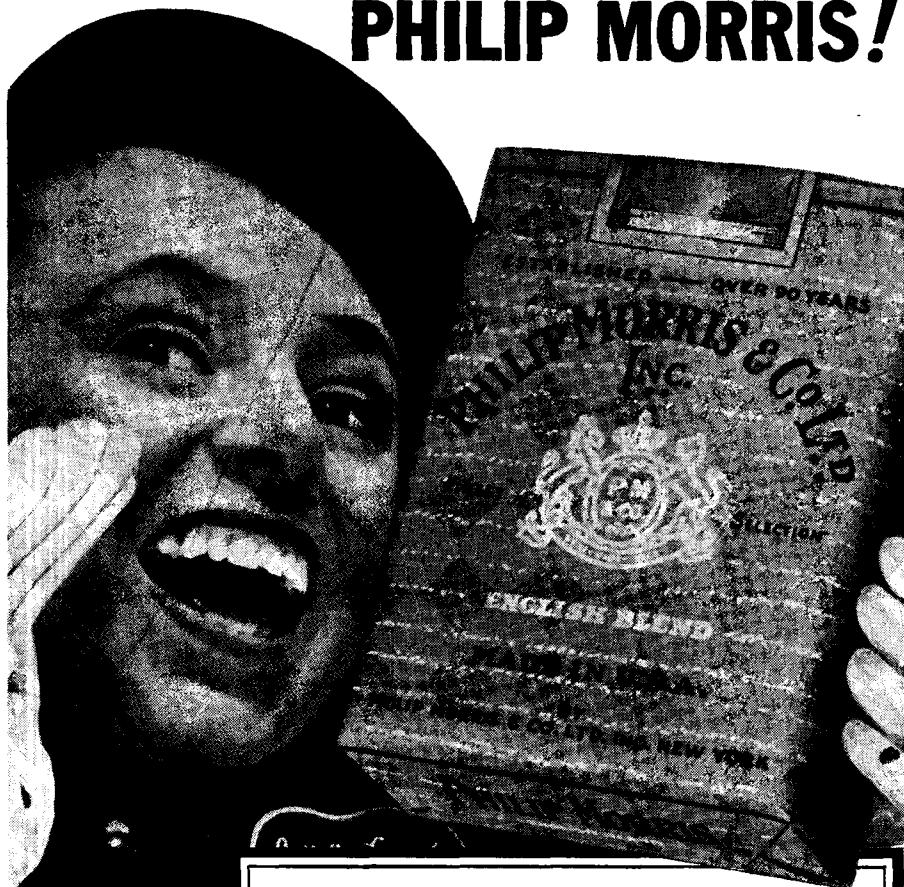
We found Cecil Smith tucked away against a wall behind a corner table. He got up quickly and I introduced Daisy and then we all sat down. Daisy and I together, naturally, with the Britisher across the table facing us.

There was something friendly and nice the way Daisy and Smith took to each other right away. We all relaxed and I was suddenly glad we had come. I could see that Daisy was too. A waiter came over and we ordered our drinks and then he drifted away again.

"I'm afraid," I said, after the preliminary courtesies, "I'm afraid you're going to have to do most of the talking, Mr.

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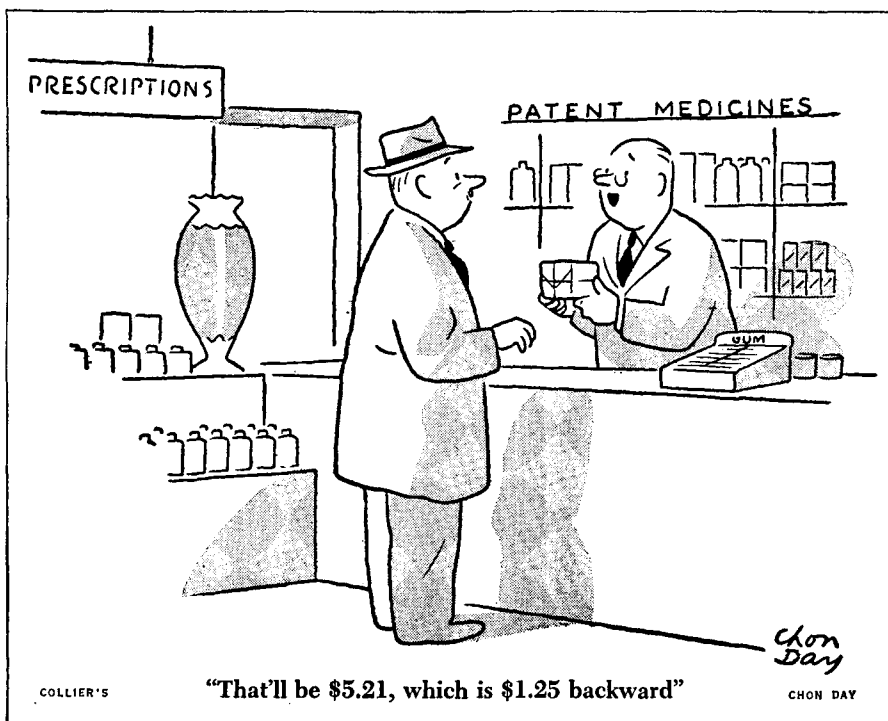
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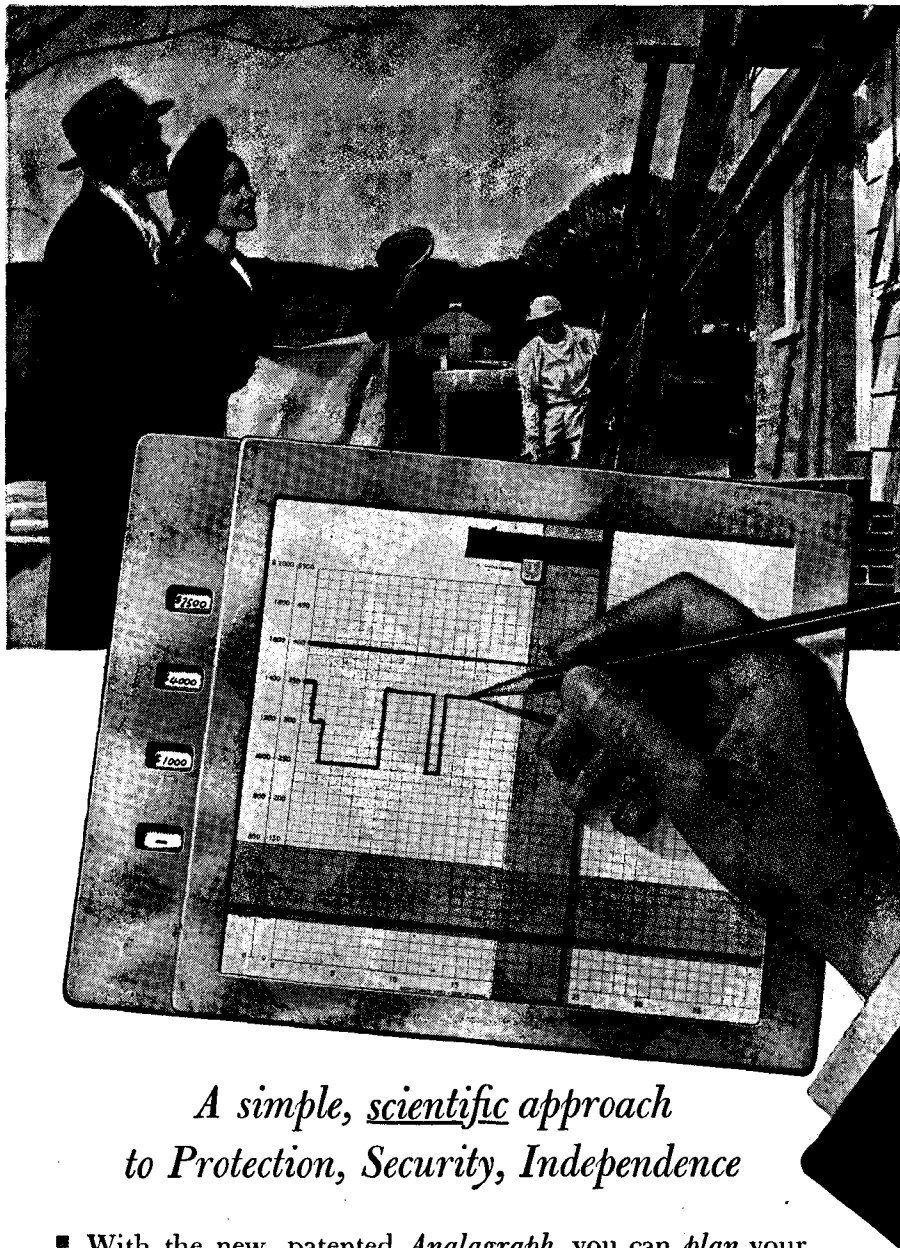
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Smith. I don't seem to have much to say tonight."

Smith looked at me gravely.

"I have considerable to say," he told us, "but I hardly know where to begin."

Daisy and I looked at each other, wondering what was coming next. She slipped her hand to me under the table, and I think Smith noticed it because a hint of a smile twitched at the corner of his mouth.

"I have," he said slowly, "been having some conversations with Asa Marshall concerning *The Midas Touch*—"

For a second my heart jumped, then hope died swiftly when I thought of Alex.

"Thanks for trying," I said, "but Marshall couldn't produce the picture if he wanted to." I hesitated a moment, then I thought: What the hell, I'll tell him. I started on Alex.

"You don't understand, Hanley," Smith said. "You see I'm trying to buy the story from Marshall. I like it tremendously and I want to produce it at Denham."

I sucked in my breath. I asked about the price. He said it was stiff but within his budget. I thought: Well, it's an ill wind—

"I'm glad for Kingman," I said; "the poor guy thought he'd never see his name on a..."

Smith leaned forward slightly.

"I was thinking of you, Josh," he said.

I felt Daisy's hand squirm in mine and I held on to it tightly.

"Me?" I choked. I didn't dare think.

"I want you to come to England with me and produce it. You'll have complete charge."

"Are you serious?" I said. "Why me?"

"It's your picture," he said, "and you've done a superb job with it, so far. I've been going over your schedules and estimates with Marshall and he thinks you're quite remarkable. You started with a two-day handicap and you were two days ahead of your shooting schedule yesterday. You've shown amazing efficiency and decision and you seem to have a decent respect for a budget. It's rare to find a director who knows exactly what he wants to do and does it with the minimum of time, effort and expense..."

I turned to Daisy.

"Did you hear the same thing I did?" I asked her. She had both hands clinging to mine now and she just nodded.

"Say you'll accept," Smith said. "Your father won't be able to touch us. I'll guarantee that."

"Mr. Smith," Daisy said softly, "Mr. Smith, I love you."

He wasn't embarrassed.

"What," Daisy asked, "what about the footage Josh has already shot?"

Smith shook his head.

"We'll have to scrap that and start all over again. There will have to be a British cast..." His voice slowed down as he and Daisy stared at each other. "Naturally, we'll have to build new sets and..." His voice stopped.

My spine tingled as I watched the two of them.

"Would you—would you buy *The Midas Touch* if Josh decides *not* to go to England?" Daisy asked.

"Wait a minute!" I began. Daisy squeezed my hand sharply and this time it hurt. I shut up.

SMITH looked at Daisy thoughtfully for a moment. Then he smiled. "You're a sharp girl, Daisy. I'd have a try at the same thing myself first."

I was confused and I said so, but Daisy was very patient.

"Look, Josh," she said, "I'll try to explain it to you, and if I'm wrong Mr. Smith can set me straight. The *Midas Touch* merely serves as a vehicle to get you to England. Any other good story would probably do as well. For some reason of his own Mr. Smith is primarily interested in helping you escape your father's domination. I don't know why he's doing it, but he likes you and he's trying to help."

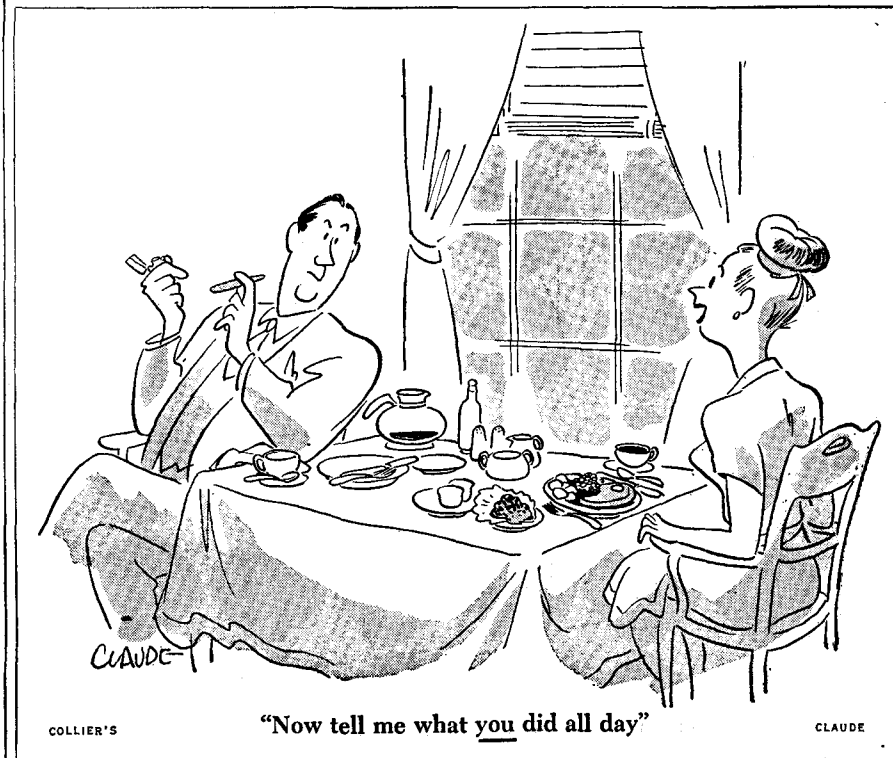
Smith nodded. I started to interrupt.

"Wait a minute," Daisy went on. "Mr. Smith understands that you, as an American, Josh, would much rather continue to make American pictures in your own country, and it's all right with him if you use his offer as a club over Alex' head. And, I think, when Alex finds out that you can go to England as your mother did and make pictures there without his help or hindrance, he may give up this fight with you and let you stay here and work for Marshall or any other studio in Hollywood."

Smith nodded again.

"That's about it," he said. "If you swing your father over, Josh, you can finish *The Midas Touch* here in Hollywood. I'll drop my deal with Marshall. But let me know what happens as soon as you can, and if Hanley doesn't break I'll try to buy the story for you. But if your father stops that, then we'll find another story for you in England."

If Daisy hadn't been with me I would have settled for England like *that*. I probably wouldn't have thought to try to fight Alex again with this new weapon. But Daisy was a fighter and she must have seen immediately the advantage



Collier's for January 25, 1947



JUDGE BROWN'S CAR *was* **~~must~~ be ready at nine!**

Judge Brown is a fine man and I sure wanted to help him out.

But his old car, with 87,000 miles on it, had certainly seen better days. For one thing, she was really pumping oil.

He said, "Now, Frank, I've just got to have it Wednesday morning for a case in Kirby."

Boy, I really slaved over that car. Pulled the motor down, ground the valves, put in a set of Perfect Circle Piston Rings, new gaskets, and other things she'd needed for a long time.

Then I "sewed her up," so to speak. I certainly felt as though I'd just performed a major operation—and I had!

Well, the way that car ran was a pleasant surprise to the judge. He should have brought it in long before he did and saved himself a lot of needless trouble and expense.

Anyway, that's my job. They call me a Doctor of Motors . . . and I guess I am.

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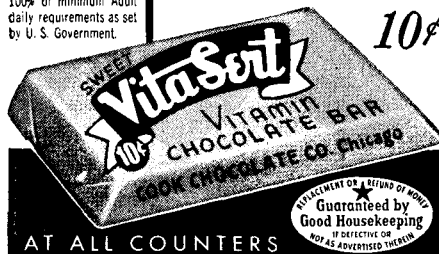
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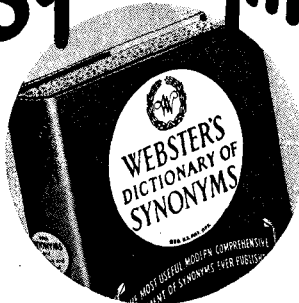
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Smith's offer would give me with Alex. Smith could see it too. I wondered how. And why he was swell enough to let me try.

"I wish you the best of luck," he said. "I have a feeling you'll make it this time."

"What a guy you are," I said. "I can't figure out what makes you do this . . . you don't even know me."

He looked embarrassed again and it was a moment before he spoke.

"I knew someone like you, Josh—years ago." He hesitated then he went on: "I knew your mother."

I held my breath. It had never occurred to me that this Englishman might have known Marie Wickham when she made pictures in England.

"She was quite wonderful," he said. He said it as though he'd been in love with her.

"Was she happy?" I asked. It was something I always wanted to know.

He didn't look at me directly.

"After Farnsworth died she retired and she didn't see very many people. Marie didn't want to marry again. She always wanted you—she always hoped she'd see you—"

Daisy looked at me hesitatingly and then plunged in.

"Why didn't she take Josh with her?" she asked bluntly.

Smith hesitated now and glanced at me. "Your father never told you?"

I shook my head. "She just went off and left me—" I said.

"No," he said, sharply. "No. Hanley caught up with Marie on her way to the station. She had you with her. He took you away and he wouldn't let her come back. She tried. She wouldn't have left if she hadn't thought she could take you too . . ."

Something rolled back off me. All my life I'd wondered. Maybe it was why I'd never had much guts for fighting. It bothers a kid, even when he's grown up to think that maybe his mother didn't want him. I didn't hate Alex. It had all happened too long ago for me to get angry. But I felt finally free of him and the sense of obligation I'd always had toward him. It would help in dealing with him now . . . maybe for the last time. Maybe I'd be off to England anyway. If Daisy would go.

I should have thought to ask her.

"If Alex doesn't break—" I began. I didn't have to hold my breath.

"I'll go to England with you, Josh," she said.

"Let me know soon," Smith said.

We all got up quickly and said goodbye. Daisy kissed Smith lightly on the cheek.

"Good luck," he said again as we left.

ALEX stopped me when I got to Cecil Smith's statement about the night Marie Wickham had run away. He was in his dressing gown, and we were in the library of his house. I had wakened him and made him come downstairs to hear Daisy and me.

"You win, Josh," he sighed. "I can't let you go. Just as I never wanted to let Marie go."

"You're lying," I said bitterly. "Mother wanted to stay with me but you wouldn't let her."

Alex smiled wryly.

"That was just a mistake in tactics," he said. "You see, Josh, Marie hated me. I didn't want her back merely to stay with you. I told her that that night. She was my wife and I wanted her to be a good and loving wife. I thought if I kept her from seeing you for a few days she'd see the light and come back on my terms and everything would be all right again. I counted on her love for you to change her attitude toward me."

Alex laughed harshly and went on.

"I suppose you could say that I was trying to break her spirit. Well, I failed with Marie. She went off with Farnsworth and tried to get you away from me

through legal methods. I thought holding onto you had been at least some kind of victory, but I see that I never really won you either." He sighed deeply again. "I don't know why it is—I could always make people do what I wanted—everyone except Marie and you"—he smiled grimly at Daisy—"and Daisy. Maybe I'm getting old, Josh. I don't feel like fighting you any more. Go back to Marshall and finish the picture. Though I wish you'd believe this: If I had known you were directing, too, I wouldn't have stopped you. I didn't want you to be just an actor."

"Nobody ever knows what they can do until they begin trying," I said. "I didn't know myself."

"Well," he said, "you must have some Hanley gumption in you, thank God!" "Someday," he paused and went on almost wistfully, "someday maybe you'll come back to my studio and work for me. I'll give you a free hand. If you're good enough for Marshall and British-Denham you're good enough for me. I'll phone Marshall in the morning. Anyway," he said, making one of his old, impatient gestures, "this is all nonsense."

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

THE DARK DEVICE

A MODERN ROMANCE BY

HANNAH LEES

THE STORY OF
A WOMAN IN PERIL

I never intended to shut you out for good. Josh . . . when I die you'll have all my interest in the business . . . who else have I in the world . . ."

"Maybe you'd better think about it again, Alex," I said. "Daisy and I are getting married. Right away."

He smiled.

"Well," he said softly, "well, I managed one thing, anyway. Daisy is the girl I wanted you to marry all along. I knew if I got you and Lucy and Daisy all together it would start something. And once you started getting stubborn I figured an order to keep away from Daisy would send you running for her." He chuckled faintly. "It always works in pictures, anyway."

I was a little annoyed, but he looked suddenly so old and so pleased with himself that I wasn't going to argue. Actually, I was feeling pretty fond of Alex and I thought it was a good time to leave.

Outside, just before we got into the convertible I asked Daisy about it.

"Do you think he was kidding us? I mean about wanting us to get married in the first place?"

"Oh," Daisy said, yawning. "Alex doesn't know himself. If he didn't, he's convinced himself that he did. Don't you know he just had to be right about something?"

"I should have known," I said. "Now stop yawning—we've got celebrating to do."

THE END



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Collier's for January 25, 1947

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE LONGER

Continued from page 24

any other age, and people who plot statistical probabilities have worked out the fascinating fact that if nobody was ever any more likely to die the rest of his life than he is at ten we should all have a good chance of living to be eight hundred years old. Since we don't, it's pretty obvious that from ten on, things begin happening in our bodies to make us less resistant each year to any given injury and ailment.

Dr. Simms, plotting his curves for fifty of the commonest causes of death, found that some diseases were much more affected by the aging process than others. The death rate from the infectious diseases such as pneumonia and influenza only went up five per cent each year, while what are known as the degenerative diseases, that is, the diseases of the heart and kidney and circulatory system which are closely connected with some failure or other in the blood supply, had a jump in death rate of eleven per cent each year.

Plotting at the same time, out of curiosity, the increase in unemployment, Dr. Simms found that from fifty on, people's likelihood of becoming unemployed increased each year almost exactly the same amount as their likelihood of succumbing to one of the degenerative diseases.

Nobody knows what happens inside people year by year to slow up their defenses against disease and injury as well as their muscles and nerves. Experts on aging used to dismiss it by saying that as the body grew older it gradually acquired a collection of minor injuries and pathological changes that simply made it a less and less efficient mechanism. But experts today think that idea is a little too simple and sweeping to fit the facts.

Probing Secrets of the Hormones

It might seem logical to wonder if the answer was in our hormones, those mysterious controls of growth and development supplied by the various glands of the body. Thyroid deficiency gives a person a good many of the characteristics of old age, such as mental and physical sluggishness, loss of hair and dry and inelastic skin, but giving older people extra thyroid doesn't keep them young. The thyroid, of course, is just one of our hormone-producing glands and a group of doctors at the Worcester (Massachusetts) Foundation for Experimental Biology is making a study of the amount of various hormones in the blood of men of all ages.

So far they have found that the

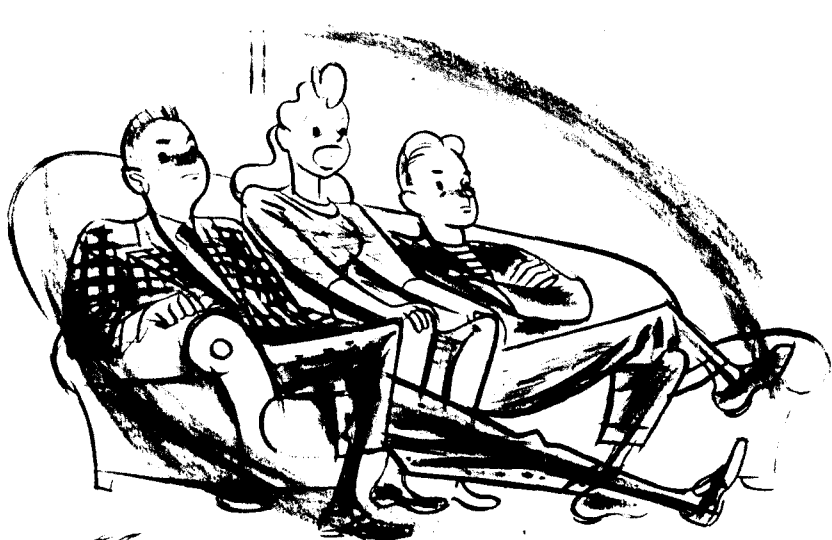
amount of male sex hormone in the body begins to decline steadily from twenty on, while the amount of adrenal cortical hormone, which is more directly connected with our general physical well-being, seems fairly constant right up to the age of sixty. This doesn't mean that the sex hormones control the aging process. It has been proven again and again that they don't.

But since we know that the pituitary in some complicated way controls the output of all the other ductless glands, the Worcester doctors wonder what happens in the pituitary after the age of twenty to make some hormones decrease and others remain constant. Until they have measured them all at various ages they won't have any idea of the relationship between hormones and aging. Even then, says Dr. Gregory Pincus, one of the directors of the project, they are almost certain to find that whatever makes us age is some sort of change in a very thoroughly interwoven combination of hormones, vitamins, enzymes and, in fact, the entire body chemistry.

Body chemistry almost inevitably brings up the controversial little question of diet. There are probably almost as many theories on diet as there are people over eighty, but they're apt to have certain common denominators. One of the most famous ones was promoted some years ago by a long-lived and eminent Russian scientist named Metchnikoff who believed that if people would only go on an almost exclusive diet of sour milk they could live practically indefinitely, the idea being that certain bacilli in the milk attacked dangerous and debilitating bacteria in the intestines, which were wearing us down.

A good many people tried it for awhile, but a diet of sour milk didn't make life look attractive enough for any real test. Bernard Shaw, one of our more famous old men, sticks to a vegetarian diet, largely raw. Both these theories in a roundabout way fit in with some work Dr. H. C. Sherman in the chemistry department at Columbia has been doing with rats.

There are certain food elements, Dr. Sherman says, which are especially protective. He might have said preservative. These are calcium, riboflavin and vitamin A in particular, which are found in the human diet in milk, eggs, butter and leafy and green vegetables. Over a number of rat generations he determined a diet sufficient to maintain normal good health. Then he fortified this diet with quite a lot of extra calcium and riboflavin and vitamin A and some extra pro-



"I'm really not worth fighting over, but if you actually want to . . ."

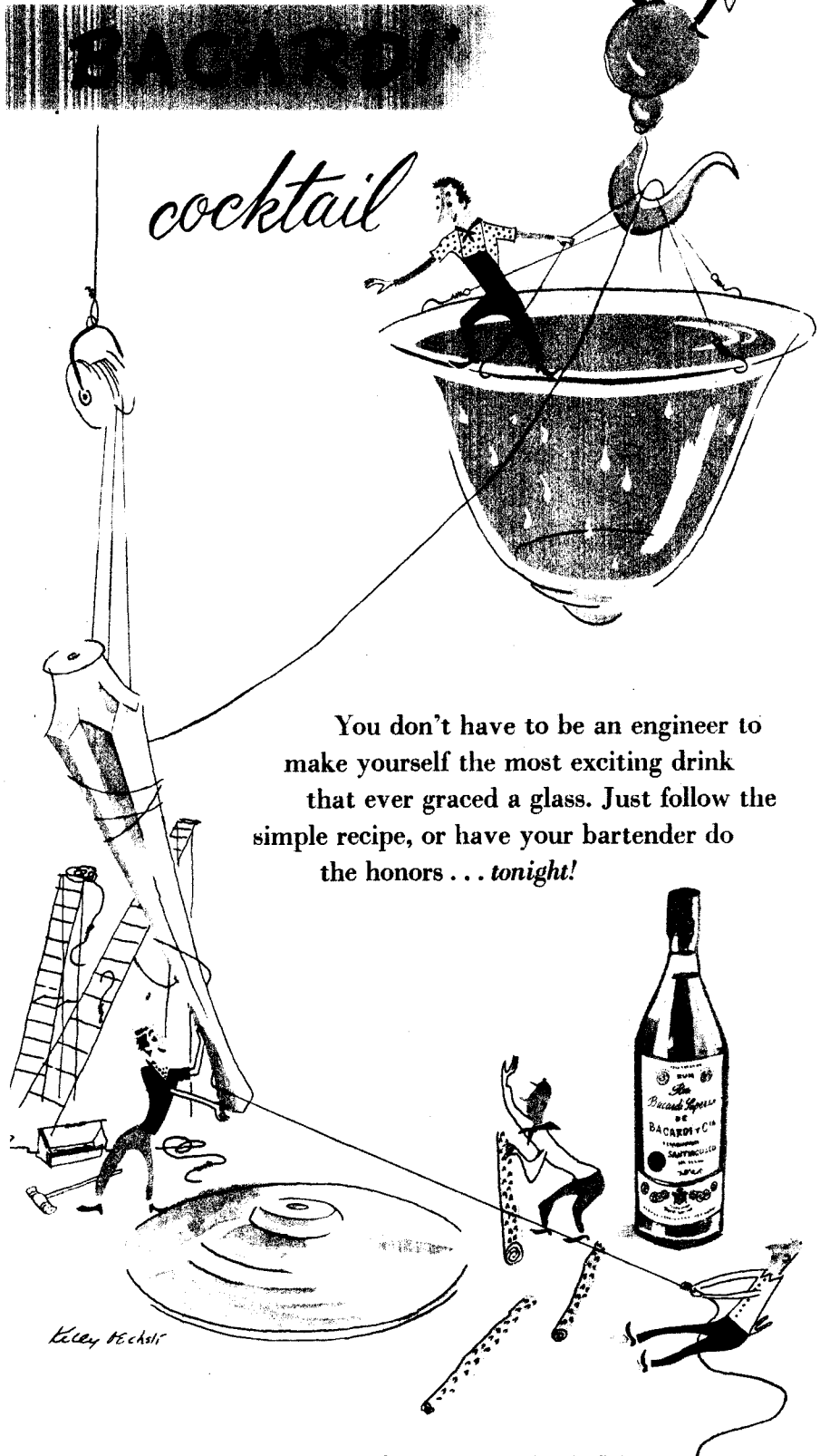
COLLIER'S

JOHN MILLIGAN

Collier's for January 25, 1947

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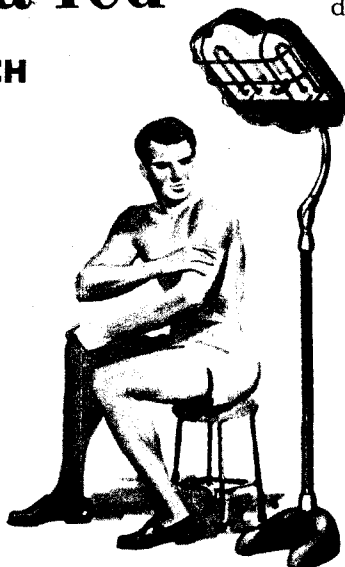
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tein and fed it to several more series of rat generations.

The rats given this diet not only lived some ten per cent longer than those fed on ordinary diet, but they matured earlier and kept their vigor and health much later. Whether you can translate rat diet directly into human diet is a question. Dr. Sherman believes you can, and a lot of important medical progress has started with rat research. In any case, this extra protective food fits Bernard Shaw's prescription, if you conclude that he got enough protein from milk and eggs to make up for the lack of meat. And perhaps it was the milk, not the bacillus in Metchnikoff's diet that was the important factor.

A Lean Horse for a Long Race

Moreover, all geriatrists agree that one of the greatest enemies of longevity is overeating. The saying digging one's grave with one's teeth is by no means as funny as it sounds. Find a spry old man or woman and you're apt to find a lean old man or woman who picks at food. Someone has said a full life and an empty colon was the way to live forever. It may be that the advantage of Metchnikoff's and Shaw's and Sherman's diets is that it would be hard to gorge on them.

But whether any diet can actually prolong man's life many years, there isn't much question that a rich diet can cut it short. Diabetes, osteoarthritis, high blood pressure and coronary disease are just a few of the afflictions of age in which almost the first thing your doctor will do is to make you lose weight. There are impressive statistics that show why. Of course there are exceptions. If you know a fat old man of ninety with as much bounce as a ten-year-old, he is one of them.

Some Russian scientists today, as you are almost certain to have heard lately, think that the clue to aging is in the connective tissue of the body, certain cells and fibers which lie between and within our organs and between the layers of our skin and muscle tissue. The late Russian scientist, Bogomolets, believed that certain types of cell in these tissues had the property, at their healthiest, of protecting us by some sort of filtering process against disease and degeneration. As they aged and lost their vitality, Bogomolets believed, so we age.

He perfected a serum from young healthy connective tissue, which is said to do remarkable things in the way of arresting many of the diseases of age and maybe even old age itself. The reports have been impressive but so hard to understand that at least two eminent gerontologists I talked to admitted their confusion as to how and why the serum worked. Some eminent American scientists, however, are working now on making it in this country and are trying it out on various diseases, particularly cancer and arthritis. If the serum turns out to be really useful in the diseases of old age we'll be hearing more about it.

But most American experts on aging feel that the famous old saying "A man is as old as his arteries" furnishes a much more positive lead. About half of all deaths in people over ten are from diseases connected with some breakdown in the blood supply, and the death rate from these keeps increasing every year until after eighty very few people die of anything else. This is a pretty comprehensive group, of course, including all heart disease, all circulatory disease, hypertension, apoplexy and many kidney diseases.

The degenerative kidney diseases are closely connected with diminished blood supply to the kidneys. And the majority of these circulatory breakdowns are connected with, if not the direct result of, arteriosclerosis. Most senility, what's more—and I for one am more interested in people staying bright and efficient

longer than I am in their living longer—comes from a lack of proper blood supply to the brain, which again comes from arteriosclerosis.

Arteriosclerosis is an abnormal thickening and hardening of the arterial walls, and as these walls become less and less elastic, the circulation is inevitably slowed up. It can happen in any part of the arterial system but is most serious in the tiny arterioles enmeshing the brain or the kidneys, where hardening can quickly mean real interference with the blood supply, or in the coronary arteries of the heart wall where thickening means a constant extra strain on the pumping mechanism of the heart.

Nobody knows exactly what causes this thickening and hardening, but doctors do know that in the early stages little globules of fat develop in the lining of the blood vessels and gradually spread and join together to form whole plateaus of fat, and these fat areas by some unknown chemical process gradually become inelastic and in extreme cases calcified.

One of the elements of these fatty plaques is a substance called cholesterol, which is particularly abundant in eggs

serum to help form fat in the new cells.

Dr. Simms began taking human blood apart and found there was a factor in it that stimulated tissue growth—he called this the A factor—which was quite separate from the factor which stimulated fat development—he called this the B factor (no relation to vitamin B). He learned to filter out the A factor from the B factor and grow cells with or without fat globules at will.

And then he discovered that there was also an anti-B factor in the blood which neutralized or counteracted the B factor. Culturing thousands of bits of living aorta tissue, he found that sometimes the cells formed much more fat than at other times, and if you heated the serum above 60 degrees Centigrade (140 F.) or added a certain amount of acid to the serum, the cells formed fat globules out of all bounds. Obviously there was some check on the B factor in normal serum which was destroyed by heat and reduced by acid—an anti-B factor.

This anti-B factor is a very new discovery and also a very elusive substance. At this point you can call it a hormone or an enzyme. Dr. Simms says he doesn't know. So far it has neither been

of speaking is eating when it comes to hunger.

As for what we can do for ourselves, probably that dreary word moderation is most comprehensive. Moderate drinking seems positively beneficial. The famous Dr. Osler called alcohol the milk of old age. Moderate smoking is probably not harmful either, though there is more question of that. Moderate exercise is essential. Dr. Paul White, the heart expert, says slow climbing of stairs is fine exercise for mild heart disease.

Statistically speaking, people who can choose their occupations and regulate their activities live longer than people whom life has forced into a pattern of hard labor, but the census reports also show that people live longer in the Western rural districts than in the Eastern industrial states.

Longevity and Married Life

It's true that women live longer than men, but there isn't much any individual can do about that. You can, however, get married and stay married. Married people live longer than single or widowed people. You are most likely to live a long time if your parents and grandparents lived a long time but that doesn't mean you are sure to die young just because your father did. It is a tendency, not a law.

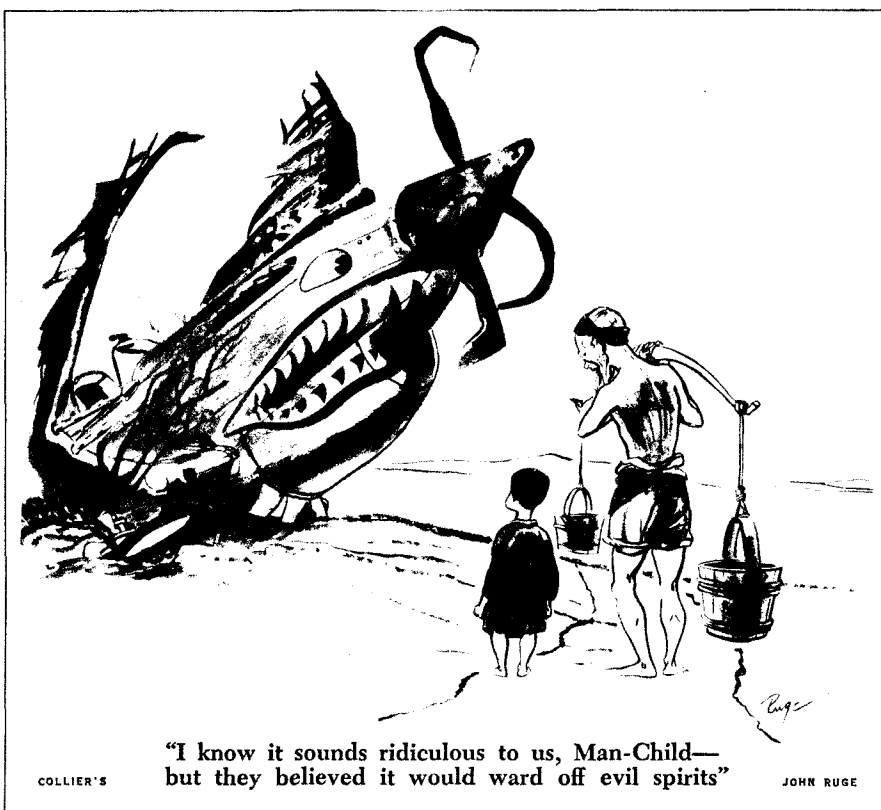
It's only proper at this point perhaps to question whether we really ought to live much longer than we do now. Experts who think we should, say that animals fulfill their life span better than humans, and point out that if a normal life span is six times the period of growth, as it seems to be with many animals, man ought to live to at least ninety or a hundred. Well, sometimes he does. Other experts say that this is a very arbitrary measure. A Major Flower, in charge for years of the zoo at Cairo and an international authority on animal life cycles, studied the life spans of all animals and came to the conclusion that very few of them live as long as man.

The only animals really known to live longer are certain tortoises, which have recorded lives of a hundred and fifty to two hundred years. The stories about elephants and parrots seem to be legend. Certain owls and eagles have been known to live to fifty-five or sixty, but this is still fairly young for man. In fact, if we want to find a longevity ideal in nature to imitate, our only logical model is a tree. Beeches live to three hundred years and sequoias three or four thousand and several other species come between the two.

A good many serious scientists do believe, however, that man could extend his useful life a good deal if we would just give organized scientific attention to what happens to our bodies to make us grow old. They realize what we need to know and they know we could find it out if we only could put people to work on all the different angles. But research work takes money and, though nobody wants to grow old, nobody seems very anxious to spend anything at all on finding out how not to grow old. In 1945 for instance, with cardiovascular-renal disease (diseases of the heart, blood vessels and kidneys) killing half the people who died—more in all age brackets, even the early ones, than cancer—we spent as a nation exactly seventeen cents a death on finding out why those people died.

Of course we can't find out everything at once, we can't concentrate on everything at once, yet as a nation we are a little like a seventy-year-old couple I know who stopped to see the Fountain of Youth when they were in Florida. When they found that some enterprising Floridian was charging a quarter a drink, they declined the cup. Highly practical of them, but not so practical of us, unless we really don't want to live longer.

THE END



"I know it sounds ridiculous to us, Man-Child—but they believed it would ward off evil spirits"

and cream and butter and is always present in the blood in varying amounts. A number of doctors were convinced a while back that this was the clue to arteriosclerosis. They tried to show that people who ate abnormal amounts of rich food were more likely to have their arteries harden.

But, even though there isn't much doubt that fat people are less likely to become centenarians than thin people, it hasn't seemed to work out that fat people are really much more likely to develop arteriosclerosis.

Apparently it's not so much the fat you take in as what your blood does with it once you've taken it in. And that brings us back to Dr. Simms.

Puzzle of the Fat Globules

Dr. Simms, studying specially prepared tissue cultures of chicken aorta—the large artery leading from the heart—found that the new cells which developed under culture became infiltrated with fat globules after treatment with normal blood serum. He tried it with human artery tissue and found the same thing, but most of the work couldn't be done on human tissue because you can get this tissue only at autopsy. Obviously there was something in the plasma and

completely separated from the B factor nor isolated in pure form from the blood, though they are working hard on it up at Columbia Medical School right now. If they should be able to isolate it and use it independently they might have an important new weapon against arteriosclerosis, for which there is no real treatment so far.

While the research men are working on the rats and chickens and the bits of tissue in test tubes we all keep on growing older and we all wonder what we can do to postpone the process at least a little, or anyway make it as pleasant as possible. Well, doctors are doing a good deal in that last respect. If they can't cure all the forms of arthritis, they can make it less painful with orthopedic treatment and physiotherapy and in some cases with thyroid. If they can't fix damaged hearts they can ease the pain and discomfort remarkably with drugs.*

They can actually prevent a great deal of arteriosclerosis by controlling diabetes, which, when uncontrolled, seems to make people extra-susceptible to it. They can give deaf people hearing aids and operate on cataracts for blindness. All palliative perhaps, but so in a manner

*See *Cornered Killer*, Collier's for October 12th.

No harsh bitterness



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

IT'S A SYMPTOM

BY ROBERT ZACKS



57

"I told you frankly I resented having to do the floor just because your mother is dropping in on us," Jimmy said

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SALLY'S eyes grew round with hurt, her lips quivered and she went into the next room. To cry no doubt, Jimmy thought. Exasperated, he rubbed his forehead. Then he took a glass of water, sloshed it over the kitchen floor and knelt with the scrubbing brush in his hand to clean the linoleum. After he had rubbed at the floor smudges for five minutes he looked up wearily and saw Sally watching from the door.

"If you'll put some scouring powder on the floor it'll be easier," she said, not looking at him.

"I apologize. I shouldn't have been so nasty."

"If you felt that way," said Sally quietly, "then you had a right to talk that way. I'd rather have you act the way you feel. I always want to know how you feel."

Her eyes were searching his face. Jimmy's head ached and he felt irritable at this sudden necessity to think out an abstract thought on how he felt.

"You'll always know how I feel," he said, scattering some scouring powder on the floor. "I'll always be perfectly honest with you."

"I hope so." Sally's lips quivered again.

"Look," Jimmy said, "do you think I'm not telling you just how I feel?"

"Well, the way you snapped about having to do the kitchen floor . . ."

"If that isn't complete frankness then I don't know what is," said Jimmy firmly. "I told you frankly I resented having to do it just because your mother is dropping in on us. If she's going to drop in casually, we're not supposed to know about it, so why do we have to scrub the house down?"

"I don't mean that, at all." Sally's voice was steady. "I mean, considering we're married only three weeks, your snarling at me is an indication of a deeper trouble than just having to do the floor."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, when you're angry over a little thing like that it must be something deeper, something bigger bothering you, or you wouldn't get angry."

Jimmy stared at her, baffled. "Like what, for instance?"

Sally lowered her eyes. "Well, it could be something you're not aware of yourself."

"Well, if I'm not aware of it, then I'm not aware of it, am I?" said Jimmy confusedly. "But personally, I think this kitchen floor business is a big enough thing to get good and sore about without hidden things I don't realize myself." He looked at Sally belligerently.

Sally's eyes filled with tears and she fled into the bedroom. Jimmy squatted on his heels and brooded. Why did she have to turn a simple argument about a dirty floor into something mystic? He didn't want her to do it; he knew the work was heavy and was quite willing to do it, but not just because her mother was dropping in. Jimmy was very tired and not in a mood for floors. Somehow, resistance had raised a problem that he couldn't seem to come to grips with. He went into the bedroom, and Sally hid her face as he entered. Jimmy sat on the bed and stroked her hair.

"Hey," he said. "Cut that out. Stop hiding that gorgeous face."

Sally sat up and looked at him gravely. "Jimmy," she said, "do you love me?"

"Of course, I love you," Jimmy said in alarm. He threw his arm around her and kissed her fervently to show he loved her.

"The way you snapped about the floor being cleaned," Sally explained, "I was afraid of what it might mean."

"Whaddya mean, what it might mean? It meant I didn't think it necessary to do the floor and I still don't."

"Don't shout at me, please, Jimmy," whispered Sally. "I can't stand it."

GRIMLY he lowered his voice. "I'm sorry. Look—exactly what do you mean about me not knowing what it means when I get sore about something?"

"Well—" Sally suddenly averted her face. "It's a symptom. Like a wave on the water shows the currents underneath. Hidden currents, that are dangerous."

Jimmy stared at her queerly. "What are you driving at?"

"You know perfectly well what I

mean. When a couple has been married only three weeks the man doesn't scream at her for no reason at all unless he—he—" She stopped as Jimmy's face lit with understanding.

"Oh," he said, not shouting a bit now. "You mean it could mean I don't love you but don't dare admit it to myself, consciously, that is. And my desire for escape would express itself in complaints about little things, like breaking my damn' back scrubbing a kitchen floor?"

"Yes," Sally looked at her hands and waited for Jimmy to throw his hands around her shoulders and swear eternal love.

Jimmy got up and stared out the window. Now he knew the answer to something that had puzzled him for some time; how Sally's mother got her way with Sally's father. He knew now that Sally would turn each minor, insignificant issue into a test of love. From here in, if he wanted to do one thing and she wanted him to do another, it was a *symptom*.

"Do you love me?" Sally asked, a hint of tears in her voice.

"I thought I did," said Jimmy, making his voice low and uncertain. "But that's quite an idea you've got there. It never occurred to me before." He looked at her and widened his eyes in bewilderment. "After all, I did get excited over nothing. It must mean something."

Sally's face paled. "Darling—" she whispered frantically.

"I'm just thinking about what you said. 'If what you say is true, then I'm secretly discontent. I'm only fooling myself when I say I love you.'"

"Darling, I love you very much," she waived.

Jimmy took her in his arms. "I think I love you, darling; I could have sworn it. But this symptom—it means something. I've got to figure it out."

The doorbell rang, and Jimmy walked quickly away from Sally and opened the door for Sally's mother, a lovely middle-aged woman with a gentle face and keen eyes. She looked at Jimmy and at Sally's worried face.

"You two have been quarreling," she announced in a tone that indicated she'd love to referee. "And married only three weeks."

Jimmy kissed her rouged cheek. "Not at all, Mother," he said, "it's just something Sally pointed out to me." He excused himself, and went into the living room, closing the door behind him.

Seated comfortably in his chair, Jimmy lighted his pipe and waited to see how the two of them dug out from their untenable position. As he thought about it, he began to see that the answer would have to be pretty tricky.

Behind the door there was the murmur of voices. Half an hour passed. Jimmy picked up a magazine and read it stubbornly. If they were hoping he'd come out and reopen the issue, they were crazy. It was up to them.

AFTER three quarters of an hour, the door opened and Sally peeked in and cried with rather feverish gaiety, "Darling, it's re-eady, come and ge-e-et it!"

Cautiously Jimmy went into the kitchen. The floor had been completely scrubbed. Chatting noisily, the women sat him down and fed him supper.

The food was pretty good: smoked ham, mashed potatoes with melted butter, sweet peas and plenty of ice-cold beer.

When Jimmy had finished, he stared moodily into space as if he were seeing dark and puzzling visions.

Suddenly he looked at Sally and grinned. "Good meal."

Sally's mother gathered up the ammunition and aimed the barrage of logic. "Let me tell you children something," she said. "Whenever you're feeling low or have silly doubts about each other, it's just that you're tired and need a good hot meal."

"You mean," said Jimmy, looking at Sally, "that Sally was just tired . . . that . . ."

Sally eagerly kissed Jimmy. "Oh," she said with utmost conviction in her voice. "It was just like I said. When you get mad it's a symptom. A symptom that you're hungry. Just like I said. It always means something."

Jimmy nodded thoughtfully. He knew unconditional surrender when he saw it.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



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WILL RUSSIA RULE THE AIR?

Continued from page 13

weirdest and deepest section, has been penetrated, so far, only by rockets.

Like the Water Ocean, the Air Ocean is a tangible substance, differing from the former only in density. The weight of the whole 600-mile-thick atmosphere distributed evenly upon the surface of the earth is less than would be that of a covering of sea water 35 feet deep. But owing to the compressibility of gas this weight tends to sag downward; 95 per cent of its total settles into the bottom one sixtieth of its depth, or troposphere.

But even the troposphere is not kindly throughout for human life. Temperature drops, and breathable air thins as you go up. Nearly all "weather" happens in the troposphere. Weather to the airfarer is something like surf to the seafarer; the end force of the ocean breaking upon the shore. Most shipwrecks are upon a coast; plane disasters upon the ground. There is greater safety in deep water—and deep air. Electronics have done much, and will do more, to lessen the perils of approach to ground which airfarers and seafarers alike must always make at journey's end. But the hazard will remain until science learns to con-

Ground speed, which ranges from a person's walking to fastest ships, trains and motorcars.

Air speed, averaging 500 miles an hour for ordinary scheduled travel—virtually here, awaiting further engineering.

Supersonic speed, for exceptional commercial and military flight.

In the overlapping of the first and second groups, competition between air and surface will persist, for all air speed won't be at the 500 average of the main airlines.

Upstairs, over the weather, air travel has no competition. To the three dimensions of space of the Water Ocean—length, breadth and depth—the Air Ocean adds a fourth dimension in which all its virtues and profits repose—Time. The third speed, supersonic, will make Time stand still, or move backward. Rockets, used on London in the war, moved at speed three and one half times greater than that of the earth's rotation at the equator, and five times as great as that of sound—I used to hear their explosion and a second later, the swish of their arrival! The Bell XS-1, a plane already built at Niagara Falls, New York, and given preliminary tests, is expected dur-

has none, or fewer. But the margin of security represented by stockpile disparities grows less dependable as other "hurdles" are jumped; that is, as vehicles are developed for delivering atom bombs over longer distances with greater speed and accuracy.

Peace rests in the vigilant, instantaneous ability to drop the "mostest fustest." Bear in mind that atom bombing is told in 2 or 3 digits; not in the scores of thousands of tons that were bywords in the strategical bombing of Germany. For a surprise, reckon from your almanac the list of American cities vital for heavy industry; national transportation nerve centers; and biggest dams and other chief power sources. Work it out for other countries, too! You will be close if you conclude that less than 190 atom bombs, accurately placed, would knock any major nation, or combination of small nations, out of a fighting mood.

Here are some of the "hurdles," in both stratosphere and ionosphere, the surmounting of which can turn our current "atom peace" into enduring peace—or nullify its present authority.

To cross from air speed to supersonic speed, there is a barrier which airmen call the transonic range. This barrier extends about 150 miles per hour on each side of the speed of sound—which is 761 miles at sea level, and 100 miles less in the stratosphere. Jet planes have come to the edge of the transonic range, with their present official record of 616 m.p.h.

Striking in Destructive Union

Within the barrier, the plane meets the air at such a speed that the air is constricted around it like a throat. The air then seeks to act upon the plane as it would upon a "noise." It seeks to pick it up and turn it into a sound wave. It pounds upon the plane, setting up a destructive union of blows akin to that caused by soldiers if they march in step upon a bridge. It has been estimated that one infantry company in step could set up a vibration that would tear the Brooklyn Bridge to pieces in five minutes.

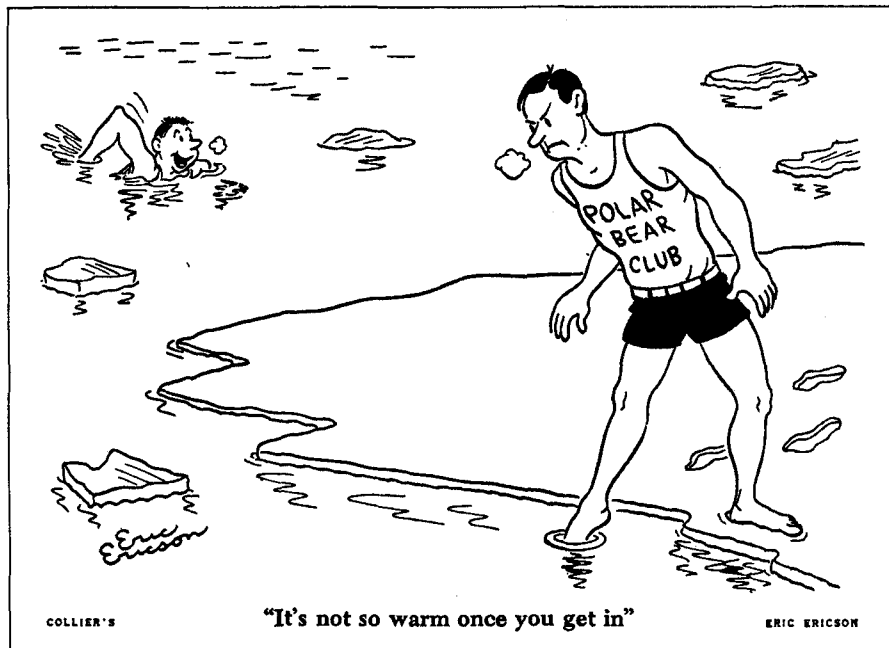
Crossing this strange barrier is not so much a matter of brute power as of body design. Guided air weapons cross it easily. The problem is to get pilots—and eventually passengers—across. For once beyond the far edge of the transonic barrier—that is, about 900 miles per hour at sea level, 800 in the stratosphere—flight becomes smoother again; there is less "drag" upon moving bodies.

But other problems appear:

There comes a depth in the Air Ocean where planes whose motors require oxygen for their internal combustion processes—jets or conventional types—cannot fly because the air is too slight to permit of its being scooped in fast enough for compression or for "supercharging" of motors and "pressurizing" of cabins. Rocket motors can operate here, or at any altitude, because they carry all propulsive necessities within them and do not need the outside air.

So the airliner of supersonic speed and deep air will be the rocket plane. From outside, it won't look anything like those you travel in now. Before its general use is feasible, however, rapid acceleration must be sharply governed; and fuel capacity and consumption improved both to lengthen the flight periods and to make them economical. Notwithstanding such difficulties, so swift is the Race and so bitter that piloted military aircraft for supersonic speed will be in quantity production in 5 to 7 years.

As you ascend in the troposphere, temperature drops to around 70 degrees below zero. But in the stratosphere it begins to rise again and becomes hotter



trol, even dissipate, weather; and that is a definite expectation of research incident to the conquest of the Air Ocean, especially of its ionosphere.

Meanwhile, the stratosphere, just above the troposphere, is weatherless—free of dust, smoke, clouds, rain, fog, all the things we know as weather. Its thinner air favors swifter and more economical flight. All three sections of the Air Ocean vary in height above the earth with latitude, being lowest over the Poles. The clear stratosphere comes down to about 20,000 feet there, affording good flight conditions the year around. This is the principal reason, even more important than the advantage of short cuts, that flings over the North Pole the inevitable trade lanes, and the most comfortable ones for passengers, between the large masses of vigorous, industrial, commercial and historically aggressive populations closely encircling it.

By the same token, for war, the arctic is the sneak back-alley and kitchen-window route into every nation of Europe and North America.

The stratosphere, then, is the great highway for most piloted flight; although the ionosphere will be familiar to military airmen, and pilotless guided air missiles will crisscross it. The Air Ocean will not cancel the usefulness of surface transportation. Science anticipates three well-defined groupings of speeds:

ing 1947 to flash through supersonic speed to 1,500 miles per hour.

Distance then becomes meaningless with relation to Time. The XS-1, for example, might leave Kansas City, Missouri, at 9 A.M. and arrive in San Francisco, at 9 A.M. local sun time.

None of this means you can leave Paris after the theater next Tuesday evening by a rocket plane for a dinner date in New York that same evening. Maybe ten years from Tuesday—but not this one, any more than the ancient Phoenicians or Greeks could expect to travel on the Queen Elizabeth. The immediate prospects are startling enough without Buck Rogers-ing them. If you live another ten or twenty years you will see your most fabulous expectations fulfilled. The gap between Constellation and Rocket-Clipper will be closed immeasurably faster than the one between sailing galley and ocean greyhound, in tempo with the rapid advance of science.

Thus the Race. It is a "technical obstacle Race," with scientific problems as "hurdles," low and high. The atom bomb was merely one hurdle. Don't put all your money on it. We are over it and the others aren't, at least in a production sense; and while this situation holds good you may discount as stupid any talk of war being near.

No country will attack us while we have a stockpile of atom bombs and it

IN RAZOR BLADES

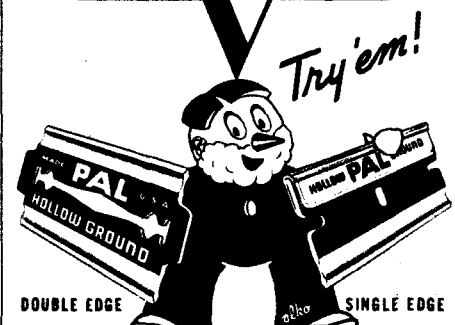
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than on earth. This, added to the fact that direct solar radiation is intense in the rarefied air, as well as that friction of high speed builds up heat on the plane's skin, would literally fry its occupants—at temperatures higher than your kitchen oven. Supersonic planes must be refrigerated inside!

Because of the extreme temperatures involved, not only the design of the plane but its structural materials bring gray hairs to supersonic planners. In a quarter of a century little progress has been made in developing steel's resistance to high temperatures. Nor do suitable alloys or plastics for supersonic purposes exist—yet.

Electronics are inseparably partnered with flight, in this Race. The safety of commercial flying, the success of military flying, lodges upon them. Plotting charts in the fire-control rooms of the Air Ocean are *global maps*—not local battlefields or shore lines. The Air Ocean gunner aims at a dot on another continent, not at a ship within view or a point observed by spotters. The earth's rotation must be computed in a guided air weapon's flight.

Limitations of V-2 Accuracy

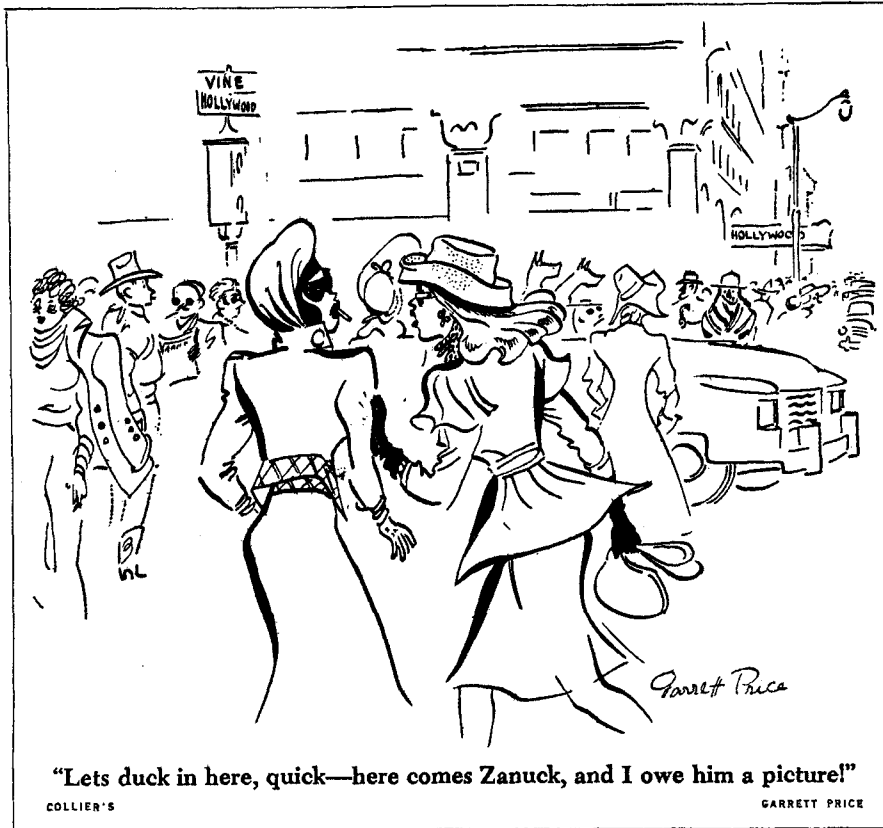
Mathematically, this can be done finely enough to drop it on a specified target halfway round the world. But in a "shot" fired thousands of miles instead of thousands of yards, and going into outer space instead of merely overhead, certain unpredictable factors such as temperature changes met en route shake the precision of the purely mathematical calculation. The Germans dropped 3,165 of their V-2 rockets on London, and on much smaller towns; even on picked areas within them. They could not, without blind luck, hit individual targets.

Radio control from the firing base will not do. Electronics must supply "eyes" and other senses to ride in the grandchildren of the V-2, automatically correcting for outside influences as they flash along and "seeing" their victims for a final check. Other "hurdles" appear, higher and farther on the Race course toward full conquest. Contemplation of some will make you dizzy. But sane and practical scientists—not dreamers—are gravely studying them in the light of today's knowledge. For example, atomic energy to propel aircraft, as well as for double duty in guided air weapons—that is, using the same "charge" to fly to a target and to detonate there.

Next, cataloguing of all the mysterious outer space forces that incessantly bombard the earth; and controlled utilization of them for the peaceful service of mankind, or for visiting defeat upon enemies. Here is *one* way this nightmarish alliance is being cozily speculated about by the concentration of nuclear physicists and research chemists in the Leningrad Physico-Technical Institute, which is directed by Professor Abram Fedorovich Joffe and includes such distinguished scientists as Alikhanov, Skobeltsyn and Frenkel.

The atmosphere normally filters out all except a beneficial minimum of the intrinsically lethal short ultraviolet rays of the sun. By opening up, through control of its molecules, a "hole" in the atmosphere and letting through the whole force of those rays over an enemy country, it and all its inhabitants would curl away like burning film. Scoff if you will, but thus runs the Russian scientist mind.

At any rate, those are a few of the problems—and prospects. No so-called "armaments race" in history approached this one in magnitude—or ultimate fatefulness. Moreover, this one is not in the hands of the old munitions kings; the traditional Merchants of Death. There was only one outcome to their races—war. This one is in the hands of the foremost living brains. Its outcome is by no means definitely war. Nor do all its signposts have to be passed before victory is



assured. A long lead by one nation can blanket the others out of competition—at least out of competition holding, as it does now, *danger*.

No patriotic American, therefore, in view of the experiments going on feverishly in the laboratories and research centers of the great nations, can with serenity underestimate the stage of the solutions being reached therein and by whom. They equal Air Power.

To illustrate what Air Power is, and can be, there is a telling parallel in history and in the two inventions or discoveries that made possible the exploitation of two complete new epochs.

The first two were the discovery, in some ancient, unknown time, that fire, occurring in nature, could be made useful to man; and the wheel. It is impossible to list the number of ways in which fire and the wheel figured in what we call progress. Virtually every material

advance has been indebted to both. Particularly, they are the basis of transportation—the "Spine of Life."

We leap from prehistory to the twentieth century, for the next two equally revolutionary inventions. Powered heavier-than-air flight, and the controlled production of atomic fission—both American, and related; for it is principally the former that makes possible the use of the latter upon a distant enemy. There is no use laboring the lessons of the last war, or refighting arguments that have less value now than one pea in an empty silo. The point is that we played a major role in winning; and that no single arm, service or factor deserves all the credit.

One thing stands out with utmost clarity, however. We had *more* of one of the two great new inventions, the airplane; and *all* of the other one, the atom bomb. The perfected conventional airplane

brought a new tactical and strategic dimension into war—it was just hinted in the first World War; as guided air weapons and atom bombs were in this. It was "vertical envelopment"—overhead flanking.

Alone, it did not win the war; for war always has been, on account of its fatal responsibilities, the most conservative and reactionary art. But it forever ended classic surface tactics; forever ended the old merits of trenches, lines, floating dreadnoughts and landbound fortresses by the simple ability to pass over them. The war's notable soldiers, Allied and Axis, have expressed belief there will never be another Omaha Beach or Tarawa.

Even in this war, vertical envelopment did not reach full expression. But today, such have been the strides in less than two years, Great Britain, Russia and the United States all have means of applying the numerous air measures of vertical envelopment to any point in one another's territory—from any point on any continent to any point on any other continent in the critical northern hemispheres. The atom bomb had no major effect on the last war. It did not appear until both enemies had been crumbled by strategical bombing to an industrial impotency, to which it could add nothing except horror. Now it is part of vertical envelopment, the only maneuver capable of applying it strategically *inside* an enemy country.

It is foolish to try to forecast what the "next," or first Air Power War, might be like; chiefly because of faith that the United States will make it impossible to happen. The best "defense" is still the prevention of war. This much can be said: If another war came soon, it would be fought largely with most of the means left over from the last one—some bigger, some better, some both. Everything would be hurled first at enemy industry; not at his arms or civilians. If there should ever be another Pearl Harbor for us, its name would be Detroit or Pittsburgh. The next aggressor would have the benefit of lessons from the sad records of two of his predecessors on what a mistake it is to let the United States have time enough to prepare for a war *after* we are in it.

If war does not come until ten years or more hence, not a soldier, gun, tank, sailor or battleship will leave our shores—or theirs!—for *direct assault* upon the foe's homeland until Air Power in all its manifestations has decided the issue.

Courage in Peace and War

Still, definition of Air Power is a fallacy if based solely upon its ability to carry or project war force. Its real and inspiring meaning is the whole power of a united nation; in the courage of peace as well as in the bravery of war. It is the power to carry all things to all men; bread or bombs, light or lightning, quicker and more abundantly than any other nation.

It is true, for example, that our B-36s can haul atom bombs to any inhabited spot on earth—and return to base without refueling. But it is equally true that the mobilized commercial airliners and bomber fleets of the United States alone could today relieve a famine-stricken area in any land within 24 hours.

There you have the Power and the Ocean. What of the runners in the Race—Britain, Russia, the United States?

For each, there are advantages and handicaps, and superiorities and deficiencies both present and future. The Race to control the Air Ocean is affected by a complex of factors—industrial, geographical, social, political and economic, and by national common sense and foresight. Like all races, this one will go to the swift—and the sensible.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Courtney.)



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DEMOCRACY—SO SORRY

Continued from page 23

employers. But his workers were not unionized. He paid them good wages, ranging from 30 cents a day for the unskilled to \$3 a day for the skilled lathe operators and machinists (more than he himself made, if one forgot about his share of future warehouse profits). Labor was plentiful, but he was still careful to treat his workers well, and allow them an average ten days off a month for food-searching.

Mr. Isoda was just marking time, so to speak. National affairs didn't interest him much, except for the fact that the politicians were doing very little to help the businessmen, but then he supposed they were restricted by the occupation authorities. He was surprised that things were no worse, since Japan had lost the war.

A far happier businessman was the mayor of Minakami, Mr. Kazumi Abe, 48, a genially handsome hotel man. The demilitarization of Japan had solved virtually all his problems. His 30-room hotel, a 20-minute bicycle ride from the heart of the village, had been used and abused by the Jap military. They paid only when they felt like it, which was seldom, and they had forced him to fill the hotel with badly behaved child *évacuées* from Tokyo. Now the army and navy were no more and business was booming. There was plenty of money, but little that one could buy, so many persons were delighted to spend 30 yen (\$2) a day vacationing in his hotel. Except for soup and vegetables, the customers brought their own food. From this the hotel prepared breakfast and dinner, but for lunch the guests "ate from their baskets."

Responsibilities of a Mayor

Mr. Abe, who had inherited his hotel from his father, looked upon the job of mayor as a civic responsibility. It paid him pocket money of less than \$10 a month, and it took up a great deal of his time, since he had to supervise the work of 23 village employees, including distribution of the food ration of some 40,000 shō of rice and wheat each month.

He had been appointed by the governor of the prefecture, after the elders or chiefs of Minakami's 18 subvillages had expressed prejudice in his favor, and had served for nearly three years. He was eager to keep his job, because he was interested in development of New Japan and intended to run for the prefectural assembly (something like our state legislatures).

"But now, as you know," the mayor said, smiling happily, "I must be elected instead of appointed. Everybody in Minakami will vote. I think I shall win, because as yet I have no opposition. It will be much better just to be elected by my people than just to be appointed by the governor, I think."

The mayor said he was a conservative, but interested in new ideas. This could be said, he thought, of not more than 10 per cent of the people of Minakami; the rest were not so much opposed to change as just not interested in it.

"Take the question of the Emperor, for example," the mayor said. "People like me have always known that he is not a god, but only the head of the Japanese family. But you would have a hard time convincing a lot of Minakamians about that, even after the Emperor has said it himself. That's why the Communists are getting nowhere with the masses of the people in this country—they keep on attacking the Emperor."

The mayor had been pleasantly surprised by his few contacts with the Americans; they had won the war, and he had expected they would treat the

Japanese badly. Instead they had turned out to be "very good, gentle people, beyond my expectations."

This had convinced the mayor that democracy must be a good thing, and he was pleased to think that Japan was now moving from feudalism toward democracy. It would be slow, he said, because not many people, including himself, knew very much about it. In Japan everything came down from Tokyo. Now, it was to be changed, and he thought it good.

"We have done nothing about democracy in Minakami yet," Mayor Abe said, "except in one way. But I thought it might be a helpful thing to get parents to reason with their children, and tell them the 'why' of things, instead of just giving them orders. So I have organized the Minakami Mothers Club."

"We have 180 members now. It's an adult education project, really, with lectures on cooking, nutrition, hygiene,

to be beaten, so perhaps the new system was all right. But he feared for the future.

Chief Mori found the New Japan otherwise delightful. He had been overworked during the war, what with guarding war factories, sifting personnel lists, looking for dangerous-thought people, and all that. Now he had to worry only about a few occasional thefts or the black market, and he didn't waste much time on the black market, because, with everybody in it, what could one do?

The principal of the Minakami Primary School, 52-year-old Tatsuji Kumazawa, is a slight, graying, earnest little man. His father had left him a 20-acre farm some 15 miles away, and seven of his nine children (the other two were going to normal school) worked it for him. Most of the 22 teachers of his 958 pupils, he said, came from peasant families or had peasant relatives, or otherwise they could not live on their

history were difficult, and they were glad not to have to study those now. They were also pleased that the school day now ran only from 8:30 to 12:30, instead of 2:30. This permits the children to help their parents search for food, or to work.

"This is all very well for children who stay with us from 8 to 15, and then are through with school," Mr. Kumazawa observed. "But what about the 10 per cent or so who go on to the middle schools—or what you call the high schools—down in Numata? When will they make up for what they don't know about geography or history or morals?"

These questions were of little concern to two of Minakami's bobby-sox set, the Misses Teruko Yamagishi and Sachiko Makino, both 16, and now in their third year at the Numata Girls Middle School. They both intended to go on to college, and they knew well enough how to get along in school—study a bit, give the answers straight from the book, and never ask questions.

Tokyo Co-Eds Run True to Type

Sitting uncomfortably on Western-style chairs in the lobby of the otherwise completely Japanese-style hotel belonging to Miss Teruko's prosperous father, the two agreed that going to college in Tokyo would be a fine idea. Teruko was interested in music, being already quite famous in Minakami for playing the 13-stringed koto, and Sachiko in mathematics and science, but neither was interested in becoming a career girl. They just thought college would be fun, and they admitted—doing a team job of blushing, giggling, and hiding their faces in their hands—that at college they'd meet a wider variety of young men.

Miss Sachiko, the pretty, bob-haired daughter of Minakami's eminently respectable geisha housemaster, said that commuting 24 miles by train to Numata every day was no trouble. They liked Numata, where they could play tennis and Ping-pong, and where there was a movie house. There they could study what the girls were wearing and how they acted.

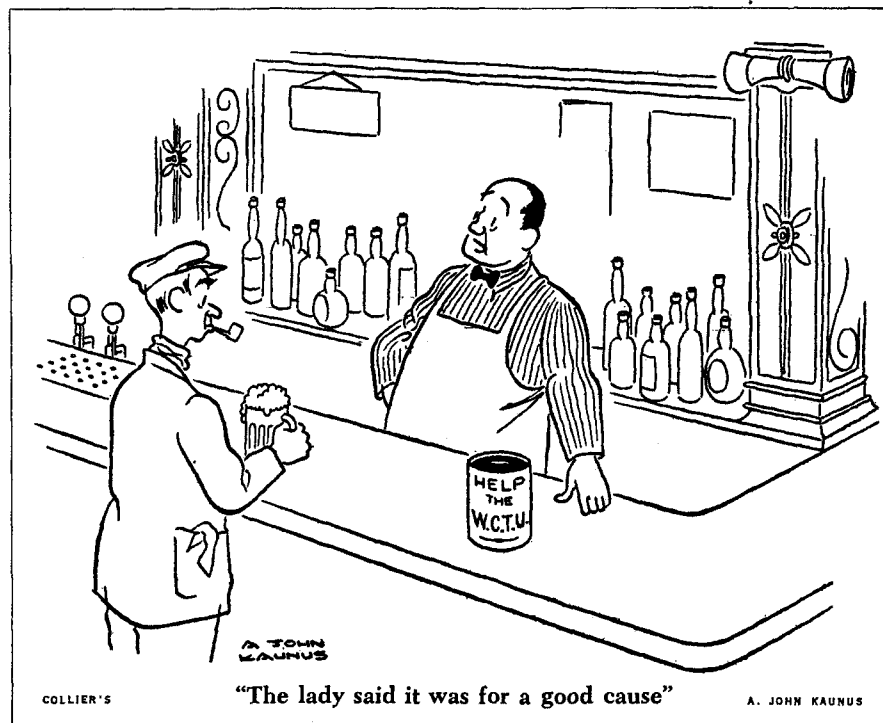
Their favorite actresses, Miss Teruko said, tugging thoughtfully at one of her pigtails, were Ginger Rogers and Deanna Durbin. Their favorite actor? Both girls succumbed to giggles, blushes, face-hiding, and speechlessness.

Miss Sachiko recovered first, toyed with her teacup, and changed the subject. "I hope we soon get the new history books the government's announced," she said brightly. The new histories, she understood, would be much better than the old, which had many mistakes and needed to be corrected. They would doubtless have something to say about democracy, about which they had heard nothing in school. In a magazine she had read that democracy meant "the happiness of the majority," but she was not sure exactly what this might mean.

Both girls grew solemn and meditative at mention of the Emperor. No, they had not discussed him at school, not since the war ended. Not even after that speech he made saying he really wasn't a god—but they had discussed that speech among themselves, and with other schoolmates. They had argued about whether the Americans had forced him to make the speech, and, if so, how that was possible.

"We agreed," said Miss Teruko after a thoughtful pause, "that since Japan was very different from other nations, and the Emperor is the father of the Japanese people, we owed him reverence. We no longer bow to him at school, but we worship him in our hearts."

With this sentiment Mr. Yasutaro Kimura, 37, a private first class in His



and so on, by local schoolteachers. I want some American speakers."

The mayor's chief of police (who was not appointed by the mayor, of course, but by the chief in the nearest big city, who in turn owed his appointment to the Home Ministry) was quite as cheerful as the jovial mayor, but a little more critical of what he knew of democracy. Mr. Tokozo Mori, happy to rule over a three-man force after 22 years in the service, thought the Americans had made a serious mistake in forbidding the police to beat their prisoners.

"Minakami has very little crime," the black-uniformed, bucktoothed, bespectacled chief said, "and it's a very good thing. No drunkenness, because no sake—if we found a drunk, we'd probably book him on black-market charges. Only one murder in many years—four years ago a young man killed his daughter, and obviously meant to kill himself, but changed his mind and disappeared instead. We're still working on that."

"Most of our cases are robberies—about one a week. Ex-soldiers, mainly. Food and clothing. More than in the old days, but no juvenile crime like the big cities have. Convictions are very hard to get nowadays, because without being beaten few prisoners will tell the truth. They think the police now are very kind people, and they won't talk."

In Minakami, actually, the chief went on, there were no really hardened criminals, the kind who really needed

average pay of \$23.40 per month. He himself drew 500 yen, well under \$40, and less than good laborers were making.

The war had brought certain changes to his school, Mr. Kumazawa said, nervously rubbing his wrists and peering over his horn-rimmed glasses. Military drill was out; so were the courses in history and morals (geography had been revived with the issuance of the new pamphletlike, mapless texts last summer); they no longer had to teach that the Emperor was a god, and the children no longer had to bow toward the Imperial Palace each morning.

All these things Mr. Kumazawa approved. As a veteran of 32 years in teaching, he had never liked the encroachments of militarists on education, and he had been pained by the necessity of teaching that the Emperor was a god, when he himself knew better.

But not much had been done to fill the gap, and it troubled him. The Ministry of Education as yet had given him no line at all on democracy, no materials, no books. He tried to encourage his teachers to teach what they thought best, but he feared they just followed their texts. He had thought often about helping democratize Japan, but since he knew little about the matter, all he could do was teach the children that they must be polite to the Americans.

The pupils, Mr. Kumazawa said, smiling wistfully, liked the new setup very much. The old courses in morals and



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Majesty's Imperial Army for over three years, could not agree more heartily. Mr. Kimura, who lived in a three-room wood-paper-and-tatami house across the railroad tracks from the Yamagishis, had taught in the Kochi Primary School in northern Minakami for 12 years before he went off to the wars in 1943, and since his return from a British prisoner-of-war camp in Malaya three months ago was still shaking his head in sorrow at the New Japan.

For one thing Mr. Kimura was not allowed to teach any more; the Americans had ordered that no teacher-veterans could return to their old jobs. But of course the school officials had fixed him up. He was back at Kochi as administrative secretary and keeper of the records, and the pay plus cost-of-living bonus was a good 450 yen, far more than his prewar 84, but he wanted to teach.

Mr. Kimura said one of the things wrong with the New Japan was that everybody was out to make a fortune out of his neighbor, and nobody cared about anybody but himself. Not like the old days, when people were courteous, and quick to help one another.

"We lost the war," he said moodily, "partly because of backwardness in economics and science. But also because of bad morals—we did not deserve to win. I saw it in the men of my own outfit. They were not well behaved as soldiers of the Emperor should have been.

"Now it grows worse. The peasants are out to take all the money from the people in the towns, the merchants to cheat for what is left.

"Nobody knows what democracy is, but many misunderstand it. Juniors think they no longer need to show respect to the old, and young men no longer salute their seniors in the school or the office, being against any marks of respect. Some of the pupils in the school think they do not have to answer questions or do assigned work unless they want to. Too many people think that democracy is selfishness, or to make more money, or to be too free, all of which are mistakes. I do not know what democracy is, but I am sure it can be none of these."

Mr. Kimura's remarks about the peasants would not go well with the farmers in the valley of the Tone River. Most of them intensively cultivate little plots of one to five acres. They seldom raise more than enough food for themselves, and think it a fine thing indeed if at last the demand for their spare products yields clothing or household goods or even some yen, about which they are not overly enthusiastic. Most are sharecroppers, giving from 50 to 60 per cent of their crops to the Minakami businessmen who own their land and finance them.

This system has worked for centuries,

and so the peasants look with suspicious eyes on any suggestion of change. The papers say that the government is going to break up the big estates, lend money to peasants to buy the farms they till, and limit holdings to seven acres per farmer, except that the present landlords may retain as much land as they themselves can farm. That might mean the sharecroppers would then become day laborers; who knows? And anyway, how is a simple peasant going to cope with such problems as taxes, and records, and dealings with the banks? The landlords always handled these matters for them.

War Memories Go Back 50 Years

Quite pleased with this setup, with himself, with his three grandsons, and with his good life, is grizzled 74-year-old Mr. Nobutaro Suzuki. Back in 1894, before he went off to fight for the Emperor in China, Mr. Suzuki put the finishing touches on the fine thatched roof of his rambling, two-story house; the same roof, seldom repaired, still shelters his family. Like the roof, nothing else has changed much for Grandpa Suzuki: The wars get bigger, and instead of the little balloons they used in China in 1895 they have the great deadly planes that flew over Minakami so often in 1945. But, in victory or in defeat, it all comes down to the rice crop in the end; the survivors, like his son Hideo, return and help till the soil again.

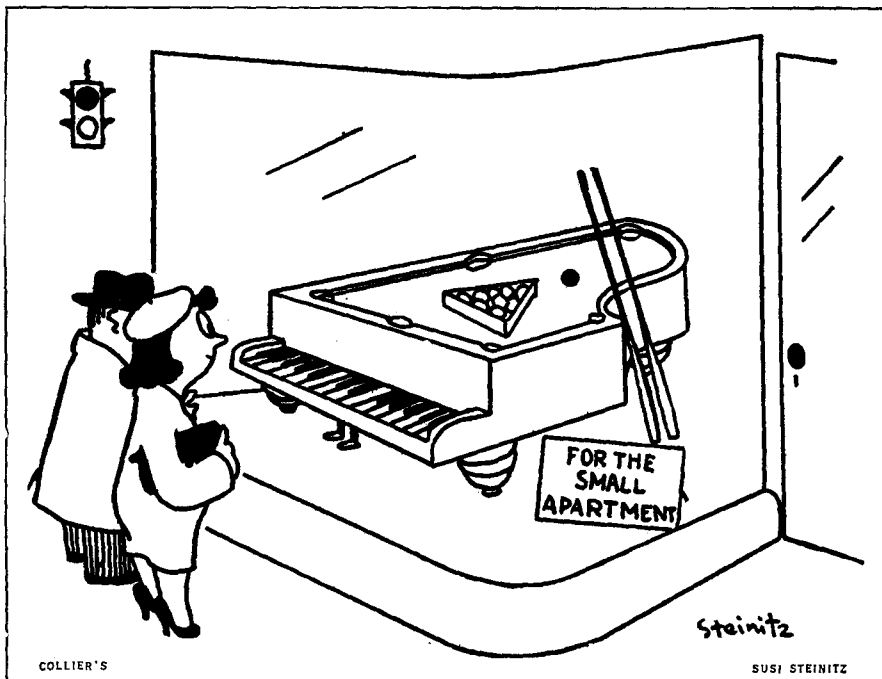
With only four years' schooling, the old man doesn't think he should be expected to understand much of what goes on in Japan these days. He knows Japan lost the war, and he fears his Emperor may be in considerable trouble, perhaps in a prison of a sort. This grieves him, because the Emperor, like his father before him, whom Suzuki often saw during the Russo-Japanese War when he was a sergeant of the Imperial Guard, works always for his people.

"I am too old to learn much now," said the old man with great pride and dignity, "but this I can say: I am ready to do whatever the government orders—I, and my son here, like me."

"This isn't the first man, young or old," I said to my interpreter, as we departed, "who believes the Emperor is a god but who thinks that he's either in prison or taking orders from the Americans, or both. How do they get that way?"

The interpreter, a smart Tokyo lad with a university education, went deadpan. "The Christians," he said levelly, "call Christ a god, but they admit He was crucified. Perhaps the Japanese believe the Emperor is redeeming the sins and shortcomings of his people."

THE END



Collier's for January 25, 1947

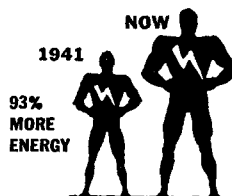
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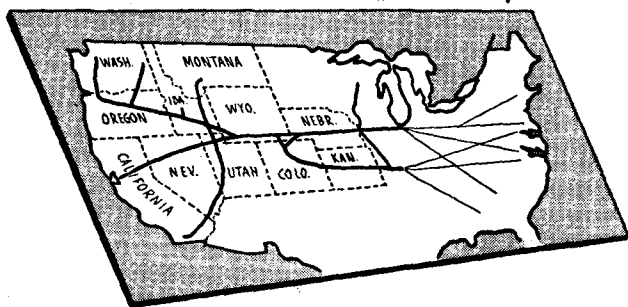
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JOCKO LOVES MUSIC

Continued from page 11

wack story like this? "MacGregor," Tomlison had said, "you're the only writer in the place who admits he knows nothing about music. So you cover that big private DeWitt recital—from the feature angle, understand? It'll be different, a sock."

Sure, it'd be different all right when he got through with it.

He threw a check on the gripe reins. It wasn't Tomlison and this story that had him down. It was Laureen. She was away again, and he'd been expecting her back the last two days. He got up and went over to the phone, dialed her number. Again no answer.

He came back to the bar, slid under it to the working side. He was in the midst of mixing another when a voice asked, in what was almost a whisper, "May I have one, please?"

JOCKO looked up and saw a girl in a mink coat with a white mantilla shielding dark hair.

He shrugged. "Why not? They're on the house. Same?"

She nodded. "What do you call these?" There was the slightest wisp of an accent in her voice.

"Martini."

"It is good and strong?"

Jocko looked at her. "You've never had one before?"

She shook her head. "I need something strong," she stated, "for what I wish to do."

"It's pretty bad all right," he agreed, gesturing toward the sound of Podorgy torturing the cello. "What're you going to use—a .45 or a knife?"

She laughed a soft little laugh that had silver bells in it, and then choked as she knocked the Martini off in three quick inept sections. "Now I go," she said.

Jocko, being a lonely man, and seeking any excuse for not going inside where Stevens, the regular music man, was covering anyhow, tried to talk her into having another.

She moved her very nice head. "No." The deliberate blue eyes studied Jocko for a long moment. "But you may come with me, if you wish."

Jocko sketchily balanced all the values: The story was "covered." He had the program in his pocket and could get whatever else he needed from Stevens. Under the stimulus of four Martinis, and with adventure beckoning, One-Woman Jocko weakened. "We go."

They got in a taxi at the corner and sat quietly, uncertain of the next move.

"Where to?" asked the cabby.

"I don't know," Jocko said and looked at the girl.

"I do not know," she said.

The cabby turned all the way around, glanced at his wrist watch. "It is now four o'clock. Most of the cocktail places open at eleven, in the A.M. It's too late for the races or the ball game. There's tea dancing at the Sherry-Netherport."

"I would like that," the girl cut in. "I have not danced since I was a child."

While MacGregor was mentally clawing around with that one, the cabby threw in the clutch and took off.

The room of blue and gold and crystal chandeliers was full but the head man, eying the girl's fine mink coat and not Jocko's old blue serge, led the way to a good corner table where the late afternoon sunshine still lingered. With a grand flourish, newspaper-sized menus were produced by a waiter who materialized out of nowhere.

"I would like another one," the girl said.

Jocko wasn't too sure. She wasn't used to Martinis. "Wouldn't you rather have tea?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied

firmly. "I have drunk much too much tea in my life. Always tea. That's one reason why I—" She stopped. "A Martini, please."

Jocko ordered two Martinis and after the waiter had gone told her how to pronounce them. She nodded, thanked him quite seriously. "When will the dancing start?" she asked, gazing about.

She had thrown the coat back over the chair and the mantilla was off. Under the soft fused lighting of the room and the sunshine, her short black hair swarmed into little ringlets around an eager, radiant face. She was something Jocko MacGregor had to admit a gent did not see often, even in the fast-moving big-city world.

He told her the orchestra would be back soon; then asked: "I'd like to get something straight. Did you lock Murfinosky or one of the other long-hairs in a closet back there or something—that why you were so eager to get out of there?"

Her eyes sparkled. "Long-hair?" she echoed, and he could tell from the way she said it that she didn't know exactly what it meant. So he told her.

She clapped her hands together delightedly. "Very good. Oh, very good!" Then she became more serious. "You don't like music then?"

"Not that kind. Never could understand a lot of noise. That's why my editor had me cover it. I'm a sports writer, and he thought I could make this 'different.'"

"You will not get in trouble for not covering your story? I would not wish you to get into difficulty because you took me dancing. You will be able to write it?"

"Sure. I'll be able to write it." He studied her again, trying to figure her out. These days people weren't concerned about the welfare of others, weren't worried whether a guy got his job done or not. But her gaze was steady as it met his, completely devoid of any subtlety.

"You write about the men who punch each other, and throw balls around and so on?"

Jocko nodded.

"I would like to see the men punch each other sometime," she stated, almost wistfully. "I never have."

THE lights dimmed and the music started. They went out—the girl who hadn't danced since she was a child and the lonely young man—and, surprisingly, Jocko had to admit it wasn't too bad.

Of course, she was too short. Her head lay against his shoulder instead of, like Laureen's, against his cheek, but rhythm seemed natural to her and soon she was able to follow him. Jocko presently forgot all about her feet and that she wasn't as stately as Laureen, and he was conscious—too conscious maybe—of the soft, vibrant warmth of her in his arms and how nice her head felt tucked there into his shoulder.

The music stopped and they went back to the table.

"It was wonderful!" she breathed softly. "They will play again soon?"

The vibrant pleasure in her voice stirred something in Jocko that had not been there for a long while. *It's the Martinis and the dreamy tunes*, he told himself; *Jocko, old boy, you've got a beautiful glow on.*

The music started again and they danced some more. The same thing happened to Jocko, only a little bit more so; he was glad, and relieved, when the band wrapped it up.

The bill came and she took it, very casually, and scribbled a name on it. This was no place to fight about that, so Jocko

Collier's for January 25, 1947



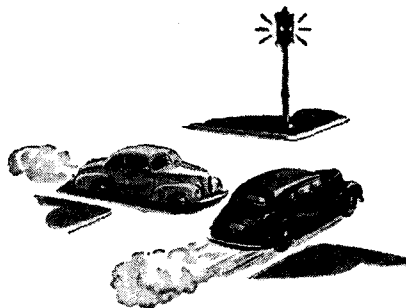
The day ended at 2:13 P.M.

Who's responsible for the gruesome upsurge in the auto accident rate? Madmen running amok? No—just average drivers like George, who make careless mistakes every day, and usually—but *not always*—get away with it. The day that George's luck—and George's life—ended was just another ordinary day . . . *up to a certain point!* For instance . . .



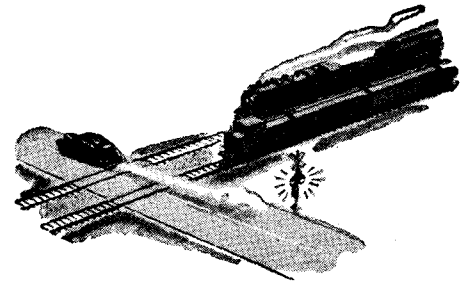
8:30 A.M.

...passed service station, remembered that brakes needed adjustment badly. "Can't stop now. It'll keep 'till tomorrow"... *he hoped.* ➡



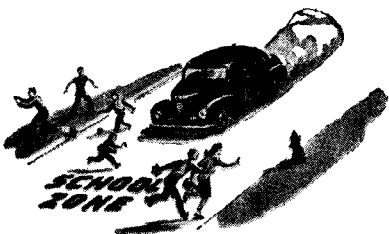
8:45 A.M.

...speeded up to beat changing traffic light. Slid by on red, but luckily cross-traffic started slowly ... and George got a reprieve. ➡



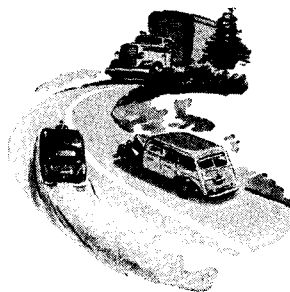
2:00 P.M.

...held up by freight train, George rushed across tracks the minute it passed. Fast express, coming the other way, nearly got him.



2:06 P.M.

... "got to make up for lost time" ... so George gambled with children's lives and raced through a school zone. ➡



2:13 P.M.

...took one more chance...pulled out on curve...met truck head-on! Too late now for regrets... too late to turn back ... too late for everything! Death—his smashed watch testified—came violently at 2:13.

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left the tip and they moved toward the door.

The head man was bowing people out—people whom he obviously knew—and when they reached the door he bowed and said, "Did you enjoy everything, Miss Murfinosky?"

She smiled and answered, "Oh, yes, everything was wonderful indeed. Thank you, Leonarde."

In the lobby Jocko turned to give her the piercing look he used on sports-racket characters who tried to give him the run-around on a story. He said, "Murfinosky."

"Yes."

"The fiddler's daughter." Jocko's hand tightened a trifle on the girl's arm. "What's the gag?"

"The DeWitts are very rich people; there were many artists present. My manager will make proper apology."

"Murph, you bailed out on your own party. Why?"

Her eyes wavered a moment, then were surprisingly steady, determined. "I have been wanting to do what I just did for a long while. I have been wanting, for years, to do all the things I propose to do tonight."

"Like what?"

"Everything I have not been allowed to do, or have not had time to do. Everything music has kept Irene Murphy from doing."

"That's your real name?"

"Yes. Come, we cannot stand here and talk about it. We will go somewhere and I will tell you." She paused. "If you have the time, that is, and wish to."

They had sent Jocko on a jerk story and he'd run into a bang-up yarn like this. And she wanted to know if he would wish to hear about it!

He guided her across the lobby toward one of the carriages on the side street of the hotel that are available night or day for a buggy-ride through the park.

"Good," she said excitedly as he helped her into one. "This, I hear, is very romantic."

Baby, he thought, it might or might not be—you can toss a coin on it—but for Jocko MacGregor it's all business. Business enough maybe to get a nice raise, a raise fat enough to convince Laureen further waiting is unnecessary.

The nag drew them through the park and she talked. She had been born to an Irish family in upstate New York but her parents had died when she was a child and she was placed in an orphanage. There she showed a talent for the violin. A good teacher heard her play

and continued her tuition without charge, a beneficence she'd apparently repaid many times since. There was the usual talk of a prodigy. Then Juilliard, Europe (where Jocko suspected she'd picked up the wisp of accent); her first important concert overseas at seventeen. Then back to America, famous.

"Famous, tired, and lonely," she concluded. "I have never been able, have never had time, to live the normal part of my life. Always my managers have people, and more people, waiting to hear me play. So you see, Mr. MacGregor, music has given Igora Murfinosky much, and Irene Murphy nothing."

They were leaving the park, when she stopped. Jocko wondered what came next.

Sure, he had a story and a good one. But there was more, plenty more—a series maybe. He had the framework, but the details would take time.

"If you have no other plans, Murph, how about dinner? I'll go to the office, pound out a story and be back in an hour."

She hesitated but a short moment. "I would like that very much," she said simply.

"Where can I pick you up?"

The hotel loomed ahead; the carriage slowed down, stopped.

"I will stay here." She smiled. "As Irene Murphy. My maid will bring me clothes. Something simple. But—a change."

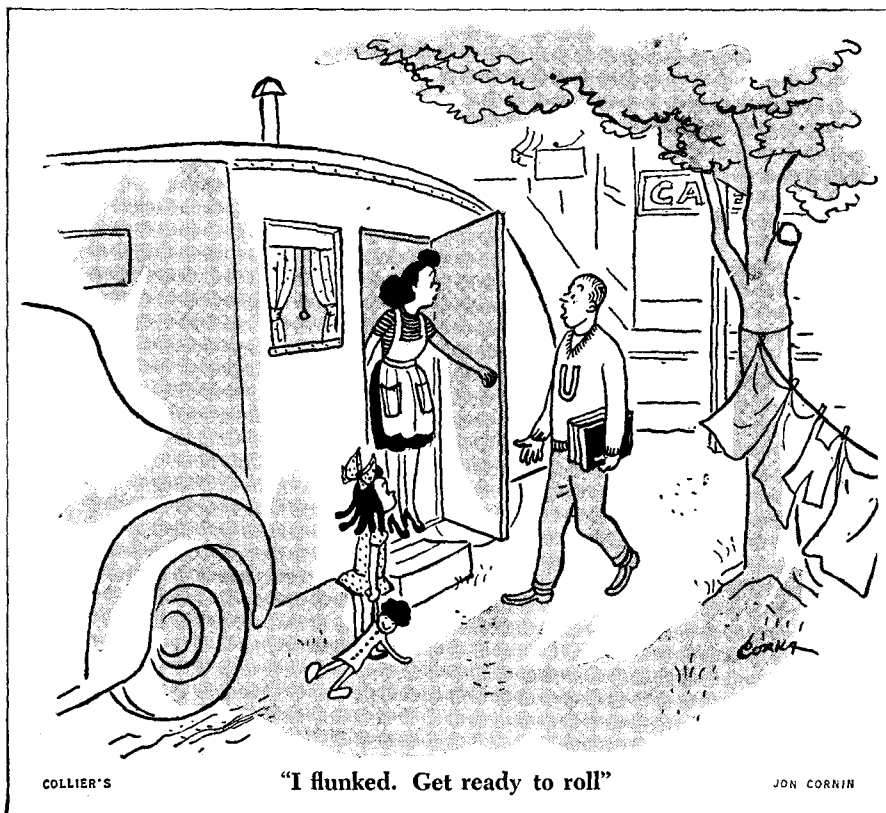
He understood. It was all part of Igora's night out.

JOCKO'S typewriter roller took a beating as he socked the story through, a lean story without much news or humor or anything to it. He mentioned nothing about Murph, writing around her. He wasn't ready to let go on that yet, not till he had all of it.

There was a razor he kept in his desk. He went out to the washroom and knocked off the shadow, hurrying so much he nicked himself twice. He stuck small hunks of tissue against the nicks and went to call Laureen. No answer.

In the hotel elevator, after calling Murph from the lobby, the thought was strong in Jocko's mind that Laureen wouldn't like this if she ever learned about it. He pushed that thought away, and wondered why it wouldn't be a good idea to use Murph as a means of black-jacking some sense into Laureen—make her realize a guy's patience can be stretched just so far.

But he knew he didn't have the guts;



Collier's for January 25, 1947



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they'd been going together too long now, he and Laureen, for him to successfully manage a stunt like that. He'd probably wind up losing her. That caused his throat to tighten and a sort of cold inward perspiration to seize him.

Murph met him at the door and, strangely, the tightness was gone from him immediately. She reached up and laughingly removed the tissue patches from his chin and ear lobe. He found himself laughing easily with her.

She wore a long dress that clung to her in such a way that any joker could see she had a figure that rated in the majors. A silver star was fastened in her dark hair and she didn't look like a famous fiddler at all, just a darn' pretty colleen named Murphy.

"Would you like a Martini?" She moved toward a small table in a corner of the room. "I had things brought up so we could make our own. Would you show me how, please?"

Jocko realized this was probably the first time she'd been alone with a man in what was comparable to her own apartment. He showed her how to mix them, and was surprised at the tremendous lift he got out of so unimportant a thing. They sat down, sipped.

She looked into the glass; turned it slowly by the long stem. "Tell me about you, Mr. MacGregor."

He frowned. "I'm supposed to ask you the questions, remember?"

"Tell me."

He saw she really wanted to hear, so he told her. Told her what a hot-shot athlete he'd been in high school, how it helped him "work" his way through college, helped him get a job.

"The trouble then was to prove I could carry a story as well as a football. I guess the editors still aren't sure. But my yarns have improved, I suppose. Laureen is constantly after me to do something big, try a novel, make a name—"

"Laureen, she is—your girl?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "Her name just jumped out."

There was a short, strained silence which she covered. "You will start on it, when you are ready," she stated softly over the rim of her empty glass. "When you are sure you have something big enough to write about. And it will be good. Where are we going?"

"To Machiavelli's," he decided on the spur of the moment, no other place immediately coming to mind. "You'll like it, I think. The spaghetti can't be beat."

THE place was crowded, as always, and noisy with conversation and laughter. Gino's little string band filtered gamely through the pungent aroma of freshly cooked, heavily sauced spaghetti. Machiavelli, who was too good a businessman to allow more than the mildest of surprise to show at Jocko's being here with any girl but Laureen, greeted them profusely.

"Ah, Mistair MacGregor, Signorina." He clicked his heels at Murph. "Come weeth me. Miss Atwood," he said to Jocko, "said you might appear."

"Miss Atwood?" Murph stopped. "She is—?"

"Laureen," Jocko admitted. A split-second wave of hesitancy, maybe even of fear, coursed through him and then was gone. Then something inside himself encouraged: Go ahead with it, Jocko. Show her you're not mooning all of your time away when she doesn't get back on time and doesn't even phone you.

"This is not good, Mr. MacGregor," Murph said as she started to turn away. "It is better I leave."

Sure, she could leave and he'd never see her again, and that would be that. Laureen was back. Laureen who was beautiful, and charming and witty, a brilliant conversationalist in any company, and who held his heart in the palm of her soft, finely manicured hand.

"You will not." He wasn't certain of

his voice but he took Murph by the arm and a strange warm flood of confidence soared through his hand and raced on through all of him so that he suddenly felt very sure of what he was doing. He smiled down at Murph as they followed Machiavelli toward the table at the back of the long room where Laureen was sitting with Johnson, top man of the publicity outfit for which Laureen worked.

The tall girl with the blond hair done in a tight knot on the top of her head stared for a fraction of a second, an expression of mixed disbelief and amazement suffusing her face.

"Hi, Gulliver!" Jocko greeted gaily.

"Hi, Mac." She put her cheek out to be kissed. "It's good to see you again."

Jocko shook hands with Johnson and made the introductions.

"I heard you play at Carnegie this winter," Laureen said to Murph. "You were thrilling."

MURPH thanked her and smiled weakly at Jocko. They sat down and ordered. Johnson took Murph off to dance, leaving Laureen and Jocko alone.

"We got in a short while ago," Laureen explained. "I tried to reach you, Mac, but you'd just left the office."

"I've been waiting for you for two days," he said. "Phoning all the time."

"I know." Her voice was contrite. "I'm sorry, but this was a very important Chicago account, Mac. I didn't wire because we were expecting to leave hourly, but somehow it ran into days."

"Sure, I understand."

The proper amount of enthusiasm must have been lacking in his voice, he guessed, for that wondering look flashed in and out of her lovely, perfect face again. She asked, lightly, gazing in the direction of the dance floor: "How long has this been going on, Romeo?"

"We met this afternoon. Bailed out of a party together."

"I didn't realize when I heard her play that she was so attractive. Who handles her publicity, Mac?"

"She doesn't need any, does she?"

"Everybody needs publicity, Mac. Even you. If you plugged yourself more you'd be 'way ahead of where you are now in the newspaper racket."

Jocko frowned. Her hand found his. "You're grim tonight, Mac. Strange. Not yourself. What's wrong with you?"

He wanted to tell her, not what was wrong with him but with her, but Johnson and Murph came back then and the spaghetti was served.

They ate. Laureen began talking, trying subtly to impress Murph with the personal-relations ability of Johnson & Company. And Jocko saw that Murph, as were all people who met Laureen, was taken by her, by the personality which was so largely responsible for her success.

She stopped abruptly, glancing inquiringly up over Jocko's head, "Yes, Gino?"

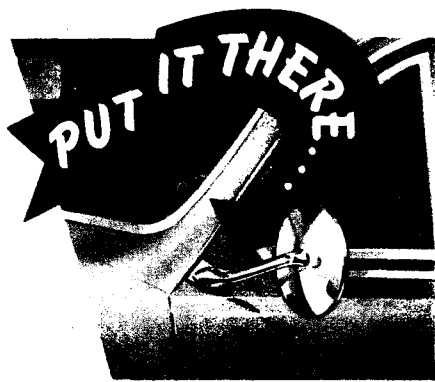
Jocko turned. It was the half-pint orchestra leader and he said in halting English, "Pardon, signorine, signori, but my men ask if Miss Murfinosky"—his sad eyes questioned Murph—"would do us the great honor to play?"

There was a silence, and Jocko thought: What the hell, I take her out of it for an evening and these people—

She was rising; Jocko got up fast and pulled the chair back out of her way. For a brief moment her hand rested on his arm. "It will not be long-hair," she murmured, smiling, and she followed the beaming Gino.

The orchestra leader gave her his fiddle, held up his hand and told the people who she was and that she'd consented to play. His voice reached but dimly through the noise and laughter to the back of the room. Only those sitting close-up, or who might have strained to listen as Jocko had from back here, had heard.

She looked out over the room and spoke, simply: "I will play Clair de



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Lune." She tucked the fiddle under her chin and started.

It was a strange thing. Jocko had never seen anything like it anywhere. At first only a semicircle of people close up listened. Then the music, clear and haunting and nerve tingling, seemed note by note to cause one person after another to cease whatever else they were doing.

Soon the conversation and the laughter had died, and many sat with their eyes closed; hands reached instinctively across tables; coated arms went about shoulders of wives and sweethearts. At last there was no sound in the place but the irresolute music.

Her hair a bright blackness against the violin, the sure fluid motion of her body and arm as the bow moved, seemed to summon a mysteriously indescribable sound that came not from the instrument itself but from within her, part of her. Little quivers began pacing up and down Jocko's spine and he thought: I've seen many champions, but never one to surpass this.

Then it was over and the room was thundering with applause; they could not let her go. Smiling, she finally raised the violin once more.

THERE was conversation again, a smattering of it, mostly near where Jocko was sitting and he knew it must be people, like him, who didn't care or understand anything about music. This was a public place, of course, and they had a right to do whatever they wished, listen or not listen to Igora Murfinosky, but all the same it made him sore.

Then he was aware how very close the conversation was and half turning saw that Laureen and Johnson were batting it out again. They were very much concerned in whatever they were talking about, probably business, or in each other, or maybe both, and the animated now-let-me-tell-you-what-I-think expression was back in Laureen's face.

The music came through, high and beautiful as a choir, when Jocko felt the shock of realizing that he had never really seen Laureen before. Now he saw that she was a girl who liked all people and whom all people liked, so she needed no one person. She was a girl who would use "darling" speaking to him or Johnson or anyone else with

equal ease and lack of depth. It was but a word, part of her conversation. People were her business, her life, and she didn't need Jocko MacGregor or any other one man to make it complete. It was complete as it was, full and exciting, and marriage for her would merely intrude upon this fullness; so she kept putting it off, always making it tomorrow.

And now there surged through him, growing like the music flowing from Igora's violin, a deep burning prayer of thankfulness that Laureen had kept him waiting this long, had kept him waiting long enough.

The music came to an end and the room was thunderous again as Igora bowed. The orchestra leader assisted her from the stand and she came back to the table, radiant, waiting for Jocko's approval.

Jocko rose to meet her knowing that whatever he'd felt for Laureen during these years, or had thought he'd felt, was as nothing compared to what he felt for this girl who still looked upon the world as something new and wonderful and exciting. A girl who could look at him the way she was doing now.

As he took up her wrap, Johnson asked, "Leaving?"

"Yes," Jocko said to Laureen. "Leaving." Their eyes held for a long moment until he was sure she knew.

Outside, the moon hung low and fresh in a bright, star-studded sky. The air was clear and sharp. He took a deep breath and asked, "Murph, have you ever been to Coney Island?"

"No, but—" Her eyes were worried, asking: What about inside?

He grinned down at her. "It's over, Murph. Metamorphosis has set in. I love music. Particularly the violin. I want to hear, and see, a lot of it."

She read in his face what he meant, and the warmth and sparkle that answered in her eyes told Jocko everything he wanted to know.

"Mr. MacGregor," she said, breathlessly, linking her arm through his, "you will be very bad for my music. But that is good."

They walked on—forgetting for a moment about Coney Island, the prize fights, the ball games, the picnics, the boat rides, the Martinis and the song and laughter. That would come later.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"See who's scratching at the door"

RODNEY DESARRO

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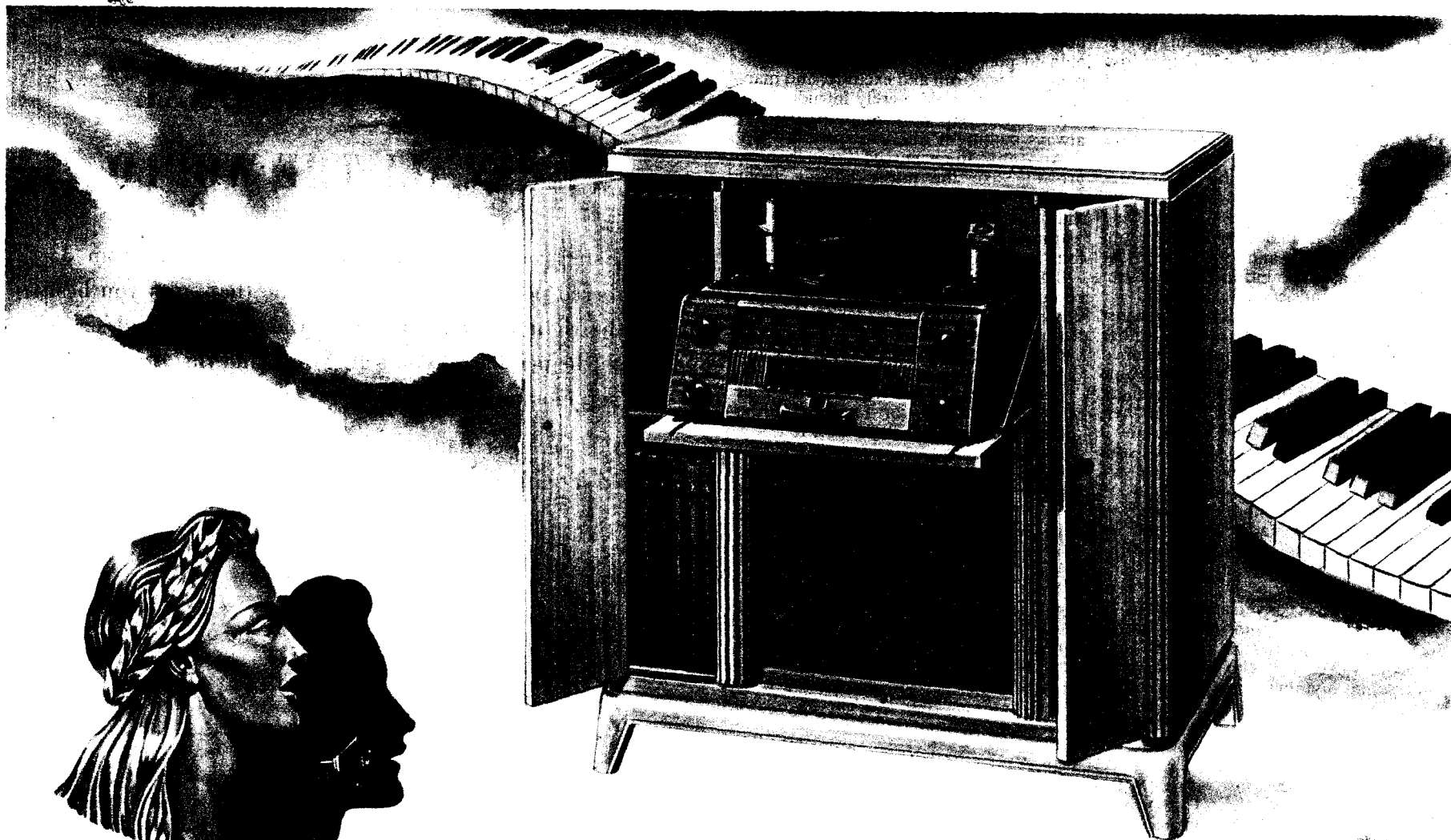
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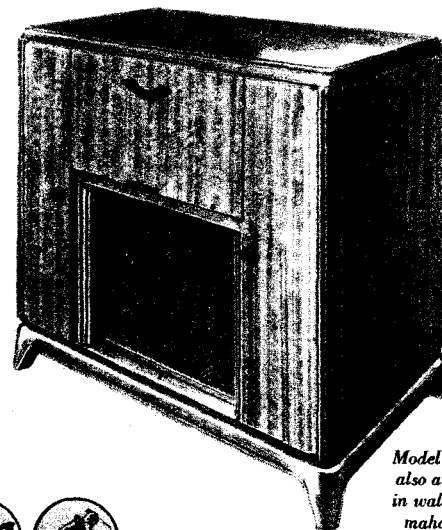
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Deep in bitter autumn woods a tolling trail song and
an urgent horn summon echoes to call home the heart

THE HUNTING HORN

FATHER and Dewey Bingham were going to run the cross fox again. They were going to run him at dawn next morning and all on my account. For in two days I was to leave for school in Chattanooga, and I'd wheedled Father into running the cross a week earlier than they'd planned, so I wouldn't be left out of it all.

Every fall Father and Dewey would run the cross with the dogs for a day, or a night and a day. Only once each year. At all other times the cross ran free of them. But that day was the high light of the year for everyone concerned, except Mom, who detested everything about hunting.

Father and Dewey knew just where the cross denned, what times they'd find him home, and from what direction to start running him for the best chase. And the cross knew them and the dogs just as well. Father said that

fox looked forward to the fall chase as much as any of us.

The cross was no ordinary fox. His like had not been known in our hills before. He was old, well past his prime, and as smart as a treeful of owls. He'd been named for a sort of saddle of dark-colored fur that spread across his rufous shoulders and down one leg—a queer thing indeed.

For five or six years he'd been an institution in the hills, deviling the dogs of the region and making disastrous raids on all the outlying hen yards. Rumor had it that he could not be caught, and it seemed the truth. A chase by hounds seemed only a pleasant recreation for him. Often he'd invite it, yapping insults at dogs and hunters in broad daylight from some high hilltop. He had dozens of ways of baffling pursuers among those many miles of stream-cut hills and woods.

It was late afternoon the day before the chase. Dewey was going to spend the night at our house. His two hounds, Baldy and Nell, came loping into the clearing, five or ten minutes ahead of Dewey. Usually they'd make for our big garbage can, upset it and rummage in it and then race around to all the feed pans and troughs about the place to clean up anything set out for the cats or chickens. But today I'd been waiting for them with some table scraps and pieces of corn bread, for Mom had come to hate those hounds and the trouble they made. She had no use for Dewey Bingham either, and I didn't want to risk the dogs making things harder for him. I headed them off and let them eat the truck I'd brought; then I led them off through the woods to meet Dewey.

Old Blaze would be with Dewey, of course, but Blaze never cut any
(Continued on page 79)

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

Dewey blew two more long horn notes into the night, and far away a deep bugle note told us Blaze had heard and understood



THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ANCIENT ASBURY

DEAR SIR: What is this about "Our Mr. Asbury is now approaching 200"? (Week's Mail, Dec. 7th.) What is it? His age? I have looked among the previous numbers of Collier's Weekly and could not find anything about Mr. Asbury, except that he is one of your collaborators.



Mr. Burowick

I am interested in longevity. I have completed 74 in July last and people say I am looking just fifty or thereabout, and I myself do not feel older than I was 25 years ago, am still working and making a living. My children have not helped me nor ever will, neither do I expect them to. But will I reach to be a 100 or even 200, as you say Mr. Asbury is? Or am I mistaken?

C. BUROWICK, México, D. F.

MESS IS AN UGLY WORD FOR IT

GENTLEMEN: I am happy to see the Army's mess system (Dec. 14th) finally exposed by someone to whom the country will listen.

JACK HEPFER, Winchester, Va.

... The entire conclusions of the Hennessy Board, many of which were sound, were distorted by Mr. Maddox. The lie that the American Army is not the best fed in the world is obvious. The health of most men improved during their service. Interestingly enough, the same week another weekly showed a picture of German scientists eating Army chow at Fort Bliss under the caption, "The best food they ever ate."

J. R. TATE, Arlington, Va.

Many readers missed Mr. Maddox' fundamental point. It is not that any army was fed better than ours—but that our Army can do a far better job.

CHARLES DEBUSK, Sioux City, Iowa

... I can clearly recall troopships where the men fought for the privilege of waiting on officers in order to scavenge their leavings. I remember a ship's doctor coming into the hold to have a look at our chow (liver the color of rubber-plant leaves) and solemnly advising us not to eat it. Please use only initials as I am already a member of such terrorist gangs as AVC.

S. B., New York, N. Y.

... There is only one solution for these and other difficulties. That is to combine the armed forces into one large department, thereby eliminating much expense and experiment.

PERRIN C. COTHRAN II, Ex. SM2c, U.S.N.

... Navy chow halls at Pensacola were disgusting. The cooks, waddlingly fat, spurned the slop they dished out to their buddies, went into the meat cooler, sliced off thick steaks, fared sumptuously three times a day. Our typical dinner menu: boiled rice, gravy, rice pudding, half a head of lettuce, nauseating coffee. I sincerely hope Congress will act upon the suggestions of the civilian committee. EX-NAVY MAN who survived 44 months of Navy chow but received no Purple Heart.

... Every mess hall should have a House Mother.

SYLVIA TELPNER,
Council Bluffs, Iowa

... I am stationed at Memphis, Tenn., so anything I say will be confined to the chow hall at this base. I've dug weevils out of the bread, seen cockroaches crawl over the trays. Men who've really been around say it's the worst they've ever known—much goes into the waste cans.

I don't think it sufficient to reply: "Well, you're in the Navy, son!"

AVIATION CADET, U.S.N.

IN DEFENSE OF COLONEL KILIAN

DEAR SIR: I have read your editorial More About Colonel Kilian (Nov. 2d). Your statement "As for Kilian's plea that he didn't know what his subordinates were doing, a corporation president might as well disclaim responsibility for anything his vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer do in line of business." ... (This) is not the law of the land nor is it just.

A principal is responsible civilly, in certain cases, for the acts of his agents but not criminally responsible. ... Certainly a bank president could not be held criminally responsible for the acts of his vice-presidents where they commit willful, malicious and criminal acts, unknown and unforeseen by him. Furthermore, a public officer is not criminally responsible for a neglect of duty unless it were a willful neglect. ...

Colonel Kilian I know to be one of the most wrongfully abused men in the world.

RAYMOND E. FORD, Lt. Col., Inf. Res.,
Individual Defense Counsel for
Colonel James A. Kilian, Cavalry
U.S. Forces, European Theater

JOLLY OPAQUE OF U.S., OLD BEAN!

DEAR EDITOR: I should like to express my satisfaction in reading the Collier's. I enjoy most of the jokes but some of them I don't quite get, not being an American.

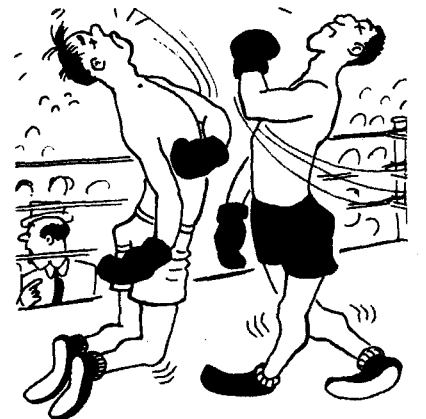
A. BALLAN, Leeds, Yorkshire, England

DOUBLE DISASTER

DEAR EDITOR: Jon Cornin's cartoon on page 42 of your Dec. 7th issue shows two pugilists knocking each other out simultaneously. Curiously, that sort of thing has happened a number of times—notably in the Wolgast-Herrera fight, about 40 years ago. Or do I remember correctly?

PETER H. WINTON, Chicago, Ill.

That fight we'd like to have seen—Wolgast and Herrera were not contemporaries. Wolgast was younger, and the fight you must have reference to was between Wolgast and Joe Rivers. The double knockdown was never considered official because the referee, to protect himself in this ticklish situation, helped to pick up Wolgast and counted out Rivers. There have been a number of double knockouts: 1893—In New Orleans: George Dawson and Ed Greaney; 1899—Sam Fitzpatrick and Patty Meehan; 1909—Sailor Burke and Willie Lewis; 1910—Young Dutch and Young Betts; and in 1941 in Detroit—Sammy Seccret and Pat Carroll. There have been many more double knockdowns.



JON CORNIN

"They're both suckers for a left hook"

Collier's for January 25, 1947

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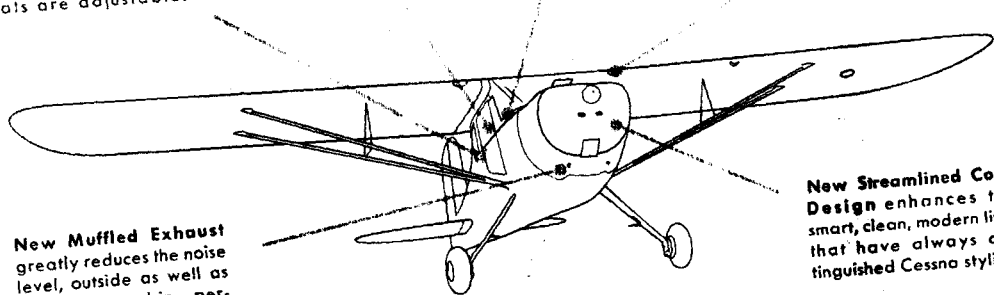
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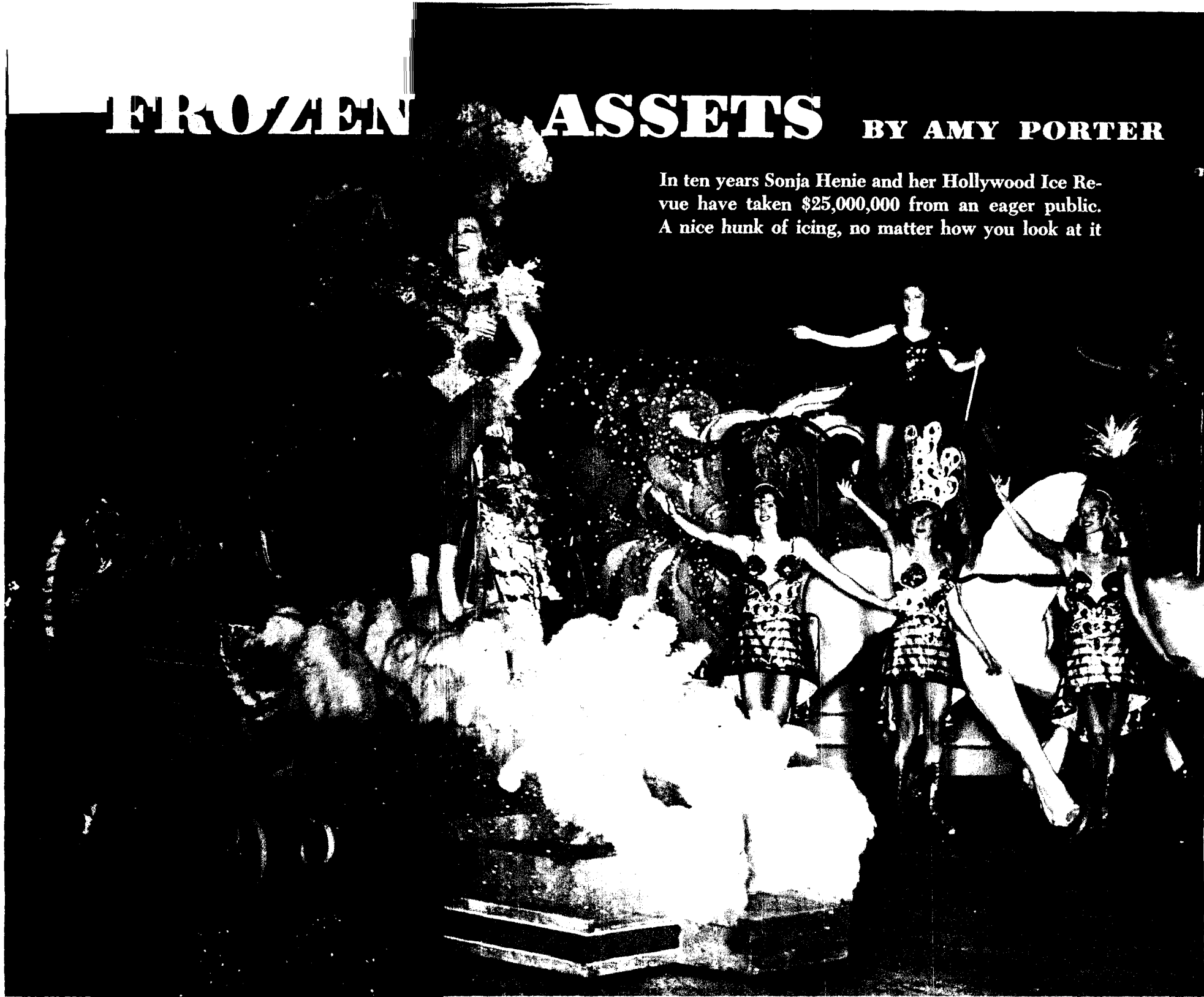


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THE NEW 1947 MODEL CESSNA 120

FROZEN ASSETS BY AMY PORTER

In ten years Sonja Henie and her Hollywood Ice Revue have taken \$25,000,000 from an eager public. A nice hunk of icing, no matter how you look at it



Sonja Henie is still queen of the ice to thousands of faithful fans. She rides atop a feathery float in circus finale of her tenth Ice Revue. Luxury props and costumes brought show's cost to a half million

SONJA HENIE lives on raw meat and raw eggs, takes vitamin shots in her arms and legs, employs a trainer to pummel her twice a day, hurls herself around an ice-skating rink for two or three hours a night, four months a year, and finds it all worth while, financially.

This success formula of hers has worked very well for ten years, and still works. In her 1947 Hollywood Ice Revue, now on tour, she draws more customers than she did in her first (1937) show, when she had just come to this country from Norway, all abloom with three Olympic and ten world championships, a lot of blond curls, and a gamin smile. Not only do her fans remain loyal, but, she judges from those she meets, they are even learning to pronounce her name—Hen (as in chicken) ee.

The Revue, an oversized production involving "100 beautiful girls and boys from Hollywood," skaters all, now plays to audiences of from ten to twenty thousand in four mammoth sports arenas—the Indianapolis Coliseum, The Detroit Olympia Stadium, Madison Square Garden in New York, and the Sonja Henie Ice Palace in Los Angeles. Next year the tour may be extended to several more cities.

Since 1937 some 15,000,000 customers have paid \$25,000,000 to see Miss Henie skate—this aside

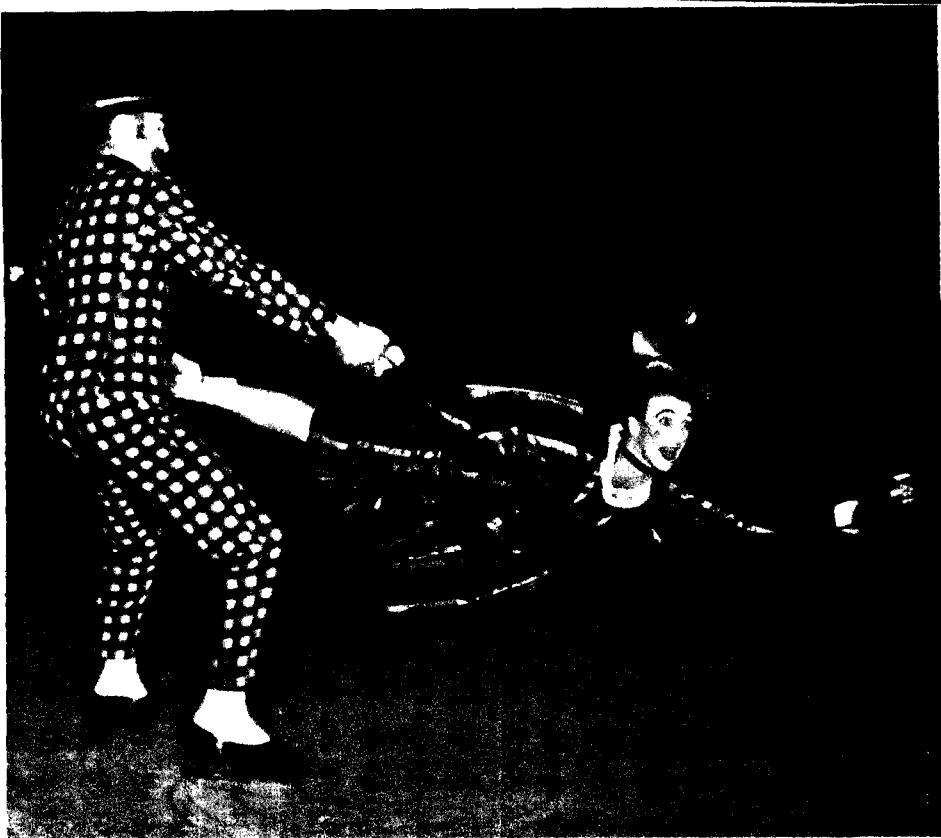
from the movies she has made. Miss Henie owns the show jointly with Arthur Wirtz, Chicago promoter, on a fifty-fifty basis. She also owns the Hollywood rink that bears her name, and part of the ice show that plays perpetually at New York's big Center Theater.

Most of the headliners in her supporting cast have been with her for years, and so has the triumvirate which is responsible for setting up the production—Billy Burke, managing producer, Catherine Littlefield, choreographer, and Jack Pfeiffer, orchestra leader. They all travel across the country together in their own special 16-car train.

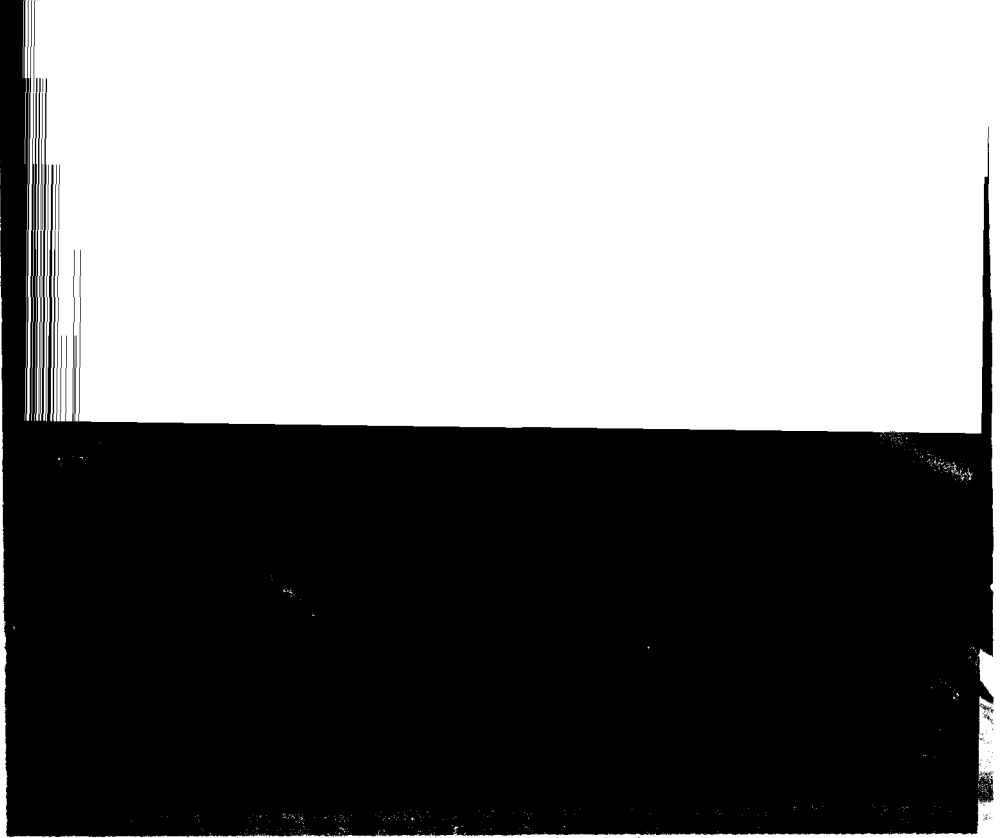
Everything that can go wrong has gone wrong with the show at one time or another. The company cannot imagine a crisis it could not meet. Everybody knows everybody else's skating steps, so that if one or two of the cast are ill, it's no calamity. Broken bones happen now and then, and some pretty bad cuts.

The greatest hazard on the ice is bobby pins—one of those things can throw the best skater. The girls use special extra-strong bobbies to minimize the risk. Sometimes a customer will toss a penny, or a bottle cap, or a chewing-gum wrapper onto the ice, and that's bad too, when you are traveling at sixty miles an hour.

Costly bugle-beads swish as Miss Henie does thing called Primitive Ritual. It draws shrill whistles



Gretle Uksila is a grandmother—but flexible. She and her husband, Robert, are old hands at comedy on ice. In this act, called Gay Nineties, the lady takes a beating



Liz Kennedy rehearses under tutelage of her musical-director husband, Jack Pfeiffer. She is also assistant to choreographer Catherine Littlefield



Freddie Trenkler, the baby in the cow family, is poised for a fall. His stunts on ice are as hard as they look, keep him battered and bruised half the time



Hollywood supplies the boys and girls of the ensemble. Cast is hired and trained on the West Coast, travels cross-country in a private 16-car train

Costumes for this revue cost \$260,000—Sonja's white fox train has enough fur in it to make four coats, and one little besequined pair of tights costs \$2,500. Furthermore, skating is sweaty work, and costumes are forever having to be replaced.

The show plays seven nights a week except when it has to get off the ice to make way for a prize fight or a hockey game. The day following such an interruption, there are always ice problems. It is difficult to get the ice just right, with a hard layer at the bottom, then a thin coating of white paint, for beauty, then a soft-ice surface. If the surface is too soft the paint leaks through and causes skaters to stumble. If it is too hard it chips. Engineers check the outside temperature and set their ice-making gadgets accordingly. Once in very hot weather in Houston they had to mix 30 tons of chipped ice into the brine before the rink would freeze.

You would think, Miss Henie says, that hockey teams would be satisfied to use the same ice the show uses, but no. They make their own ice, a very hard variety. Miss Henie, who retains a slightly Norwegian way of speaking, expresses bewilderment at this procedure: "I say to these hockey fellows, 'How do you stand such hard ice? Do you not chip it and make ruts and catch your toe and throw yourself?' But they say, 'No, you try playing hockey and you

Collier's for January 25, 1947

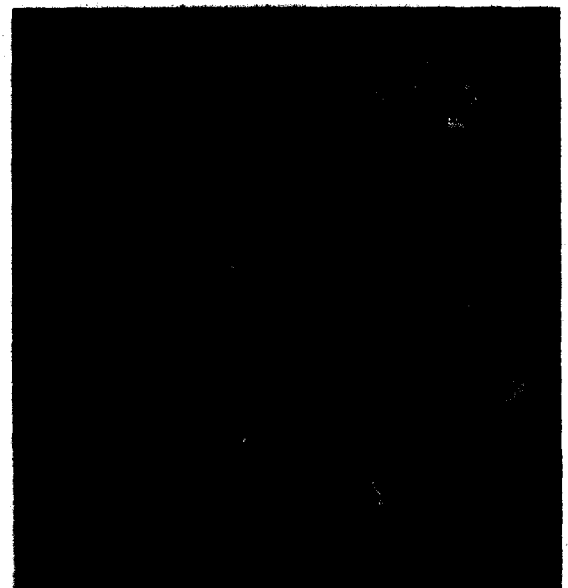
will see.' And I say, 'I bet I make a damn' good hockey player any kind of ice.'"

Miss Henie has known many of her fellow showmen since her childhood. Fritz Dietl, who skates on stilts and Freddie Trenkler, the skating comedian, both met her in Vienna when she was a little girl—a skating queen even then.

Dietl's stilt skating is spectacular. "But," he says, "I do not say I originated it. It was an American who first skated on stilts, a man named Jackson Haines. He died in 1870, age seventy."

Trenkler, the comedian, does the most daring stunts in the show as background for his funny pantomime. He jumps fences and bodies and falls all around. It is unusual for him not to have a badly bruised toe or finger or something. Quite often he breaks a skate in the middle of a performance. When that happens, he shows the audience that his skate is broken, shrugs, and goes into a nimble one-foot routine. Trenkler, explaining how he builds up his act, said, "I never jump over anybody in rehearsals. I could not. I do not think I could make it. Without an audience it would be very dangerous, I think."

When the tour ends, out in Hollywood some time in March, most of the headliners will return to New York for more skating at the Center Theater. ★★★



They swirl on the ice with the greatest of ease in Pink Tea opener. Bobby pins are a great hazard

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Screen Play by Frank Butler and Theodore Strauss • A Paramount Picture

THE HUNTING HORN

Continued from page 73

pers. He never made any noise; never bothered anybody. He'd stalk along close beside Dewey, or a little behind, with an unbreakable dignity like a lion—big dog, getting old, too big for any clicking, part mastiff, part bloodhound. Even Mom never had anything disparaging to say about Old Blaze. He wasn't st, but he was the best trailer, the nimblest fighter and had the coldest nose of all the Cane River country.

I ran with the dogs along the river trail until I sighted Dewey coming. I was just fifteen and I was on fire with an most intolerable excitement over the coming hunt. But I slowed to a walk and was quiet, almost grave, when Dewey came up. For Dewey and Old Blaze were heroic figures to me, the dog no less than the man. Perhaps more. There were tales all up and down the river about Blaze and his achievements.

AS I greeted Dewey, I put a hand on Blaze's great head, where the tan and rind blaze mark ran from the broad nose across his muzzle. It wasn't a pat—you'd never think of patting a dog like Blaze—just a touch of contact; then I fell abreast of Dewey, keeping some distance between us so I wouldn't be walking in front of Blaze. You'd no more have ignored Blaze or turned your back on him than you would another human being.

Dewey was on his good behavior that day. He hadn't more than a drink or two of whisky in him, I could see. When he came into the barnyard, he quieted his hounds to make a good effect, his keen blue eyes peeled nervously for sight of Mom. Three inches over six feet Dewey stood and he was the fear of all the Cane River settlements on his brawly nights, but the Lord had given him the heart of a workhorse and the mind of a child here women were concerned. Especially perky and respectable married women like Mom. He'd go mumbly and tongue-halted before the littlest of them, as if all the dark red pages of his rough and lawless bachelorhood rose up before him. But I guess there were plenty of the other kind of women that he got on with well enough, from the stories that went around. Mom sensed all that in him and disdained him the more. She didn't like him or his carousing, precarious way of life, and she hated to have Father and me spend time with him. She said that any decent man was duty bound to woman and the home.

I had gotten all the feed pans out of the way and put a tight lid over the slop pail, so things went off all right. Mom didn't come out, but Father had seen us coming and strode up from the yam field. We installed Dewey and his gear on the orch cot before Mom knew anything about it. He always slept on the porch on these occasions. He'd never sleep in bedroom of hers, Mom declared, smelling the way he did, without we all walked over her dead body, and none of us wanted to do that, Father said.

It was true Dewey did smell a bit rank most times of the year; of whisky and camp smoke, of dogs and sometimes of sh, of coon and weasel in trapping season, and always of sweetish Brown Mule eating tobacco. But in those years he was, to me, everything a real man ought to be. He could put a cedar box to his mouth and imitate a wild gobbler or an amorous hen until all the wild turkeys or a mile around would be strutting and raving about so close it was murder to hoot them. With only a bandanna tied over his mouth, he could go into a wild pecan tree and scoop out the honey with no more to-do than a black bear. He could miss the blade of a four-pound ax, jump out of one barrel into another, and

jog-trot all day long behind his dogs.

He was "given to drink" though, and people all spoke of him as "that no-count Dewey Bingham." They said he'd never be anything and never have anything. But ever since I was a patch-seated kid I'd had free run of Dewey's cabin down at the bend of the river, a wonderful place where dogs, squirrels and jays came right in and made free with things. I'd learned woods knowledge from him. Once he'd given me a pet coon. All that he did was right with me.

Dewey made only one or two bad breaks at the supper table, like when he brought up some old escapade that Father would rather not have remembered just then. He shook and whinnied over it with sounds like an old stallion makes when he hears some mares, until Mom got up with a sort of sniff and fetched more stew meat. And at the end of the meal no one could head him off from that fearful perennial boner of his in praise of Mom, of whom he stood in strange awe.

"Thanks kindly fer supper, Mis' Calloway. Grandpa's toenail slipped an' tore the sheet again! Like I always say, you got 'em all stopped fer cookin', up an' down river—money, marbles, or chalk!" And that windy whicker again that set Mom, with her neat white kitchen, all on edge.

Darkness came as we sat out on the porch; a big-bellied moon rose yellow above the river cypresses, and Mom went to her room as soon as she could get away. Father and Dewey talked over pipes in the dimness while I crouched on the top step hugging my knees, and Old Blaze lay near, his big head raised, his big feet out before him, watching the night, while the other dogs slept beneath the porch.

THERE was real woods talk, reminiscent of old hunts: of the time Old Blaze ran the last bear in the Cane River country and fought it out with him to a finish while the other dogs yelped and howled around, not daring to go in; of the time Dewey and Father were swimming the river after a renegade raccoon and the coon came up beside them in midstream and tried to drown Dewey by shoving his head under water.

I could have joined in their talk; I was old enough now. I'd been out with them on many a night hunt, shining coons or horn-talking the hounds as they ran some fox through the hills. But a vast pride filled me to repletion, and I was filled with that hawk-lift of the spirit that I knew only with Father and Dewey and Blaze. It would have been sacrilege to break the spell with a single word of mine.

They spoke finally of the cross fox, and I learned what I'd not guessed before, that they were going to run him to a fare-ye-well next day. The long-suffering poultrymen up and down river had all agreed that the cross had wassailed his way through the country "till hell wouldn't have it," and they were crying for his scalp. He'd never yet been run in dead earnest by a true, cold-nosed tracker. Now he was going to be. Tomorrow Dewey was going to put Old Blaze onto him and make him stick.

The talk went on for hours, Dewey and Father passing a flask between them from time to time. The night was timeless and out of this world for me. I thought of Kit Carson and the Indian wars; Simon Girty, the white renegade; that brave boy in the Bears of Blue River. Then Father was talking about my part in tomorrow's hunt: "Each man's got his hands full tomorrow, Dewey. One of us has got to come up along Hat Creek in the morning, to make sure he

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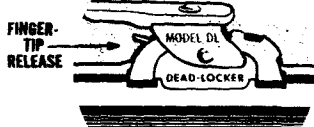


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PRESIDENT

don't double back north. That'll be Roddy's job."

Each man! I was silent and more stolid than ever, holding against the tide of feeling.

And then, just as we rose to turn in, there came a wild, high yapping through the dark. It came from the crest of a hill two hundred yards back of the house. It is impossible to describe the jeering laugh of the cross fox's cry. He knew we were all there, knew what was on, and he sounded his cheeky challenge with a mocking insult that brought the dogs to their feet.

Baldy and Nell rushed out from under the porch, bawling and blustering with big war talk. But Old Blaze just lay where he was, motionless except for a pricking of the ears.

I DIDN'T sleep much that night and I was dressed when I heard Father stirring. We had eaten eggs and bacon and were on our way when the first salmon light tinged the east; the moon, big as a cart wheel, was still in the sky. The ground was frozen hard. Frost fuzzed the grass and weeds along the trail and turned the barbwire of the pasture fence into strands of silver.

Father and Dewey carried their guns, an ax and a lantern, some rope and Dewey's hunting horn. I carried a package of lunch. I hurried along behind, all excited and holding back the questions I wanted to ask, for fear Dewey would laugh and Father be ashamed.

The other dogs ran ahead. Once Baldy put his nose to the ground and slipped into the black shadows of an alder thicket, but Dewey called him back. Said he had scented a coon; he could tell by the way Baldy acted.

Both Father and Dewey were different men away from the house. Something of the majesty and secrecy of the forest descended on them; all hurry was forgotten, for the day they walked through always meant more to them than their destination.

Soon we separated and spread out to the positions agreed upon. I crept up the winding course of Hat Creek, where the black, still water ran through cane and alder, following the queer paths the cows had made through the brush. It was I who got the only glimpse of the cross fox that morning. At first I took it for a bundle of red fall leaves, a hawk's nest perhaps, up in the crotch of a leaning sycamore. Then I caught the faintest flicker of a pricked ear and the drooping plume of the tail. In the same second he saw me, and slipped to the ground.

He knew well when a man was armed and when he wasn't. For another moment he stood looking boldly at me, and I had the extraordinary feeling that the brain behind that glance was equal to my own. The look on the sly, pointed mask was calm and a little amused; the red-gold eyes blinked. Then he turned and was gone.

A few minutes later I heard the two hounds strike something and carry it down along the river. Later Old Blaze's voice came in—loud, ringing, deep-toned like the big church bell down at Rockford—and I knew they'd put up the cross. And I knew there could be but one ending to that chase. Blaze's feet never faltered, and he knew no other scent once it was laid to a certain track. Always at puzzling points in the chase, it was he who would fathom the mystery, laying the scent clear again so the other dogs could forge ahead full speed. And with Baldy and Nell to set a fast pace and Blaze to keep them moving, it looked like a bad day for the cross.

A half-hour later I met Father coming through the brush and told him about seeing the fox. Not long afterward we came up with Dewey. He sat on a log, listening to each shift and turn of the chase. He could interpret the progress of a hunt by the cadence of hound-music as

plainly as a telegrapher can interpret code. Familiar with every foot of the country, he knew every trick the fox could play in all the winding miles of Can River valley.

Dewey had his hunting horn beside him on the log—a wand of magic he had carved with love and patience from a single piece of beechwood. Tipped and banded with metal, its like was not known in all the country for far-carrying tone and sweetness. Dewey had been a whole year on it, working nights and in between, but it was worth it. The thin, far sound of it came to you as strained silver across the moonlit hills.

That day I got to study it close and even hold it once in my hands. I blew a couple of notes, but you'd have thought it was an old trumpet instead of the horn that Dewey used.

Father's eye was on me when I turned, and Dewey stood laughing his almost soundless laugh.

"Horn-talk ain't for youngsters," Father said, as he took the horn from me. "It's for old-timers, like Dewey and me. It takes a long time to learn to make one talk, Son, and a long time more to learn the dogs what it says. Someday, maybe you'll use one, too."

Soon we all moved up toward Half

have to climb up an' around. We'll hear him in about five minutes."

It was so. Presently one voice took up the cry, a deep, cathedral bell: Old Blaze, telling of the found trail. His tolling trail song filled my blood with a lonely, happy unrest.

Presently new dog voices entered the blustering chorus. "They gone an' picked up Jeff Keyser's coon hound an' them two pot-lickers of the Ballards. We don't need 'em, but they can't hurt much." Brittle pride was in Dewey's voice. "May help to flurry the fox a mite."

"He's roundin' back north right now," Father said. "He tried all his tricks on the mountain. Old Blaze's too much for him. He'll swing right down the valley bottom..."

It wasn't a half-hour before we saw the fox break out of the scrub oak, coming back, the dogs less than a thousand yards behind, spread out with heads high, ears and tongues flying, all but Old Blaze who was far behind. The fox was getting winded and a bit flurried. All the vantage he had tried for on the mountain had been lost, Dewey said, and now he had to think fast with no time to figure his tricks. Straight down the valley they swept as Dewey sounded three sharp horn notes to hearten the dogs. I yelled



"After you apply the skin food cream, some of those little pores are going to overeat. Now, they need an alkalizing cream!"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

Dome, the highest rocky point along the river. From there we would always be within sound, and sometimes within sight of the hunt.

Already the chase had covered miles. From far south on the slopes of old Mount Remus the trail song of Baldy and Nell reached us, thin and faint as the plaint of a tree peeper.

"Getting sweet," said Dewey, and Father nodded. The fox was warm and sweating now, his scent stronger.

"He's likely climbing up along Chilly Branch now."

They talked back and forth at intervals, spanning the miles of intervening woods and hills by the sounds. If you knew the country you could close your eyes and actually see fox and dogs winding up some stream bed or plunging down the rocky slopes.

Abruptly the hound babble burst out clear and sharp as they crossed the spine of a ridge. No sound at all from Old Blaze. He wasted no energy in trail cries. Then the eager mouths were suddenly silenced. Baldy and Nell were at fault.

"He's jumped the narrow gorge at the head of the Branch," Dewey said. He blew three clear high notes on his horn, heartening the dogs just as clearly as if he stood among them yelling. "Blaze'll

till I was hoarse and grabbed at Father and Dewey. They were yelling, too.

It was a minute or two before Old Blaze came out of the woods, running heavily and silently. He was laboring, and Father remarked to Dewey that Blaze seemed to be taking a whipping. Dewey flared up. Said Blaze was always slow, but the fox never lived he couldn't trail the heart out of. Always there was that sort of thing between Dewey and Blaze—fierce, fanatical. Everything unique and estimable about Dewey in those few high years stemmed from the dog; I came to see that later.

THE chase had turned down through Wyble Woods. We ate the bacon sandwiches and wedges of corn bread we had brought with us and moved on downstream to another hilltop, and the day wore on. It was a passage out of all time. It was the ancient song of the fall wind rattling the palmettos and swinging the Spanish moss. It was the bitter-sweet melancholy of October and frost fires in the hardwoods. There was manhood and heroism and the strange haunting horn-talk carrying true and far across the hills—subtle as heart-hunger and hope.

Then it was dark again and we built a pine-knot fire in the deep woods. Dewey sent probing, questioning horn notes into

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the night. Something had gone wrong with the schedule of the hunt. All should have been over by now, according to expectation. Instead, a half dozen times in the past hour, the dogs had been at fault; but each time the deep bass of Old Blaze finally told of the riddle solved. The hound-music that at sunset had sounded three miles north now came from far to the west, so far that it was only a faint ululating echo.

"Happen we may have lost him this time," Father said once. "Knows what he's up against. Like to 'a' run clean out of the country."

But Dewey gave a snort of denial, "The cross'd no more quit his range than my dog Blaze would quit a trail. He'll round back again in a big circle an' Blaze'll be abangin' right onto his tail."

Father was perturbed. I could feel it. He was thinking of Blaze, I knew, figuring the endless miles of the chase and the fifteen hours of running since dawn; and Old Blaze, with no chance to eat or rest, no chance to lick his cut feet and tortured limbs, hardly a chance to drink.

AT MIDEVENING the eager babble of new voices told us that other dogs had joined the chase. Shortly afterward we heard the sudden high yelping gone-to-earth cry of the pack. I thought it marked the end and I came in to the fire with shining eyes. But Father and Dewey just sat listening for one voice in the distance.

"You can't hear Blaze's voice in that ruckus," Dewey said. "Them pot-lickers has run some young fox in a hole, but it ain't the cross. Blaze is still onto him. He'll fetch him, too, 'fore mornin'."

"Haden't you best blow him in now, Dewey?" Father said. "It's been a mortal long day an' Blaze ain't what he used to be. We could maybe take it up again tomorrow night."

Dewey's heavy, thatched brows jutted and seemed to bristle. No remark could have been better designed to make him hunt the whole night out. Pride in Blaze's prowess made him blind to the ordeal he was forcing.

"Why, you couldn't hardly blow that dog home now if you tried," he cried. "My dogs was never bred to quit."

He blew two more long horn notes into the night, spurring Blaze on. Then a lot of short, sharp horn-talk to round the other dogs back to the first trail. Far away a deep bugle note from Blaze told us he'd heard and understood.

About ten o'clock Father said I'd have to go home, or Mom would raise a great row. I begged to stay, but it was no use. He went back with me to fetch some grub for him and Dewey. Mom sent me right to bed, but she might as well have held her peace. I didn't sleep anyway. The moon rode high above the cypresses and I lay watching it for hours, listening to the far singsong of the dogs out there under the bright stars. It was a night to end all hunting nights. Dewey and Father must have gone a long way downriver, for the horn-talk grew fainter and fainter until it was as thin as the cry of a beetle across the intervening miles. But inexorable, never ceasing.

I must have slept at last, for the cold dawn was just beginning to break when I sat up sharply. A new, close, different cry had awakened me, a hoarse and rousing "treed" call. Old Blaze.

For a time I lay listening. Only once that call had sounded. There were no other dog voices; even Dewey's horn was silent. Finally I dressed and hurried forth into the frosty chill, wild with excitement.

I'd started toward the river when I saw Dewey emerge from the woods and come silently toward the house, Father just behind him. Dewey was carrying something wrapped in his old coat. Something about him held me in my tracks, kept me from calling out. He was all wet and muddy from the bottoms and his

face was cut by briars. I saw that he was crying. He didn't even see me as he passed, sort of lurching and weaving, looking huge and blurred, with the tears streaming down his weathered, hairy face. Then I saw what he was carrying: Old Blaze.

Father didn't speak, simply put a hand on my shoulder a moment, and we both followed on up to the porch. I didn't know what had happened until hours later when he took me to where the cross fox lay dead by a forest pool with his black lips curled and his eyes open, and showed me where Blaze had died, scarcely ten yards away.

All night long the fox, that old Talleyrand of the woods, had worked his every wile upon the dogs. But Blaze had been too much for him. And death had caught up with both of them—the superbly dogged hunter and the doggedly superb hunted. The spirit of each had been far greater than his waning strength. The heart of each had burst at the end of the grim trail; they had literally died running—a thing no hunter would see again in a hundred years.

Dewey laid his burden down on the cot and stood gazing at it, wild and bloody and mad like a man bemazed. Tears were still running down his tough, seamed face, and now and then he groaned with a short retching sound. I had never seen a man cry before and I looked away most of the time. Even Mom stood unnoticed in the doorway, wordless in the face of that great grief exposed in the searching light of morning.

Father went over and laid a hand on Dewey's arm. "We'd best go in and eat a bite," he said. But Dewey shook him off like a prodded bear. He took out his hunting horn and stood looking at it.

"I blew him to his death with the damned thing," he cried in hoarse, desperate fury. "Oh, yes, I had to keep on blowin'!" He cursed himself then in a cold, concentrated rage horrible to hear, and broke the horn in his great hands and flung the two pieces over the porch rail. "Damn, I'll never run another fox, Cam! Never another, so help me!"

He gathered up the old coat and its precious burden and went stumbling down the steps, heading for home.

Father followed, and I could hear him talking and pleading, trying to help; but Dewey, blind and deaf, growled and shook him off. I just stood on the porch steps till they were long out of sight. Hours later I gathered up the pieces of the broken horn, until the day I could find a craftsman fine enough to mend such a thing of perfection.

Dewey is gone now. He died that same year. Something had gone out of him, they told me, after Blaze went, and he became in truth the backwoods derelict that people said he was. His old bark-covered cabin at the bend of the river has long since fallen down. Father, too, has been hunting other fields for years.

ONCE each year I leave the city to go back to the old place for a bit of rest and shooting. But the woods are different; changed, as I was changed, even the first time I returned. I had thought it was all me at first, but soon I knew. They would never again be as I remembered them that October day. And I knew, too, why neither Father nor Dewey ever tried to run dogs in them again.

In the fall, I shall go again to Cane River. Shoot a few birds perhaps and fish a bit. The woods will be lonely in spite of their bright frost fires and on moonlit nights they'll be horn-haunted. But the old hawk-lift will be in it, too, and there will be times when I am not alone. The stream and the fall wind will sing their ancient songs, and sometimes the sunlight will seem rarer, the breeze softer, as with some ineffable nearness.

THE END

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100 Proof



OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

A NICE CLEAN STORY

Continued from page 17

the laboratory, and increasingly in your house, to work miracles of cleaning, even without any soap at all.

But first, a sketchy answer as to how soap is made.

No soapmaker will tell you exactly what goes into his soaps. We asked one what the ingredients of a fine toilet soap might be. He said top-grade tallow and coconut oil. So we know that's what goes into his famous soap. In what proportions the tallow and oil are blended, and what else is added, are secrets guarded more jealously than any great chef's recipe. But the way soaps are made is pretty standard practice, and a sight to see even in a factory operating far under capacity.

What impresses you is the size of everything involved. You see tank cars of fats and oils roll up on sidings. You see great hoses hitched from tank car to steel pipes that feed into giant storage tanks, covering a large part of the landscape and looking like gas tanks. If the fat in the car is solid, like tallow, steam pipes are hitched up to it, too, to melt the fat so it can be pumped out.

More pipes carry the fats and oils from storage tanks to a refinery that purifies them till they're as edible as your salad oil, though not so flavorful, through bleaching vats to whiten them up for your whitest soaps, and finally into another building called the kettle house.

Caldrons of Terrifying Size

It's in the kettle house that you get your first real eyeful of soapmaking. A kettle house may contain as many as a hundred soap kettles, each a giant caldron some 60 feet high and 20 feet across, holding the makings of, say, 300,000 packages of soap flakes. You climb three flights of stairs to get up to where you can see what's cooking. An empty kettle startles you with its vastness. A full kettle scares you more, boiling away like Vesuvius.

You are watching a process called saponification: fats and oils boiling with water and alkali to create, through chemical changes, soap. The proportions and kinds of ingredients depend on the final soap to be made, and they are the soapmaker's secret. Usually for toilet soaps about 70 to 80 per cent hard fat is combined with 30 to 20 per cent vegetable oils, the animal fats giving solidity, the oils adding solubility and lathering qualities. (If the soap you got during wartime didn't lather well, lay that to a

shortage of the proper oils. Imported vegetable oils weren't available.)

Boiling up a batch of soap takes about a week, and a lot more attention than any soup kettle. The soap boiler above signals the pumpman below. Between them they regulate heat and moisture. Chemists are constantly snatching out samples and running off to the laboratories with them.

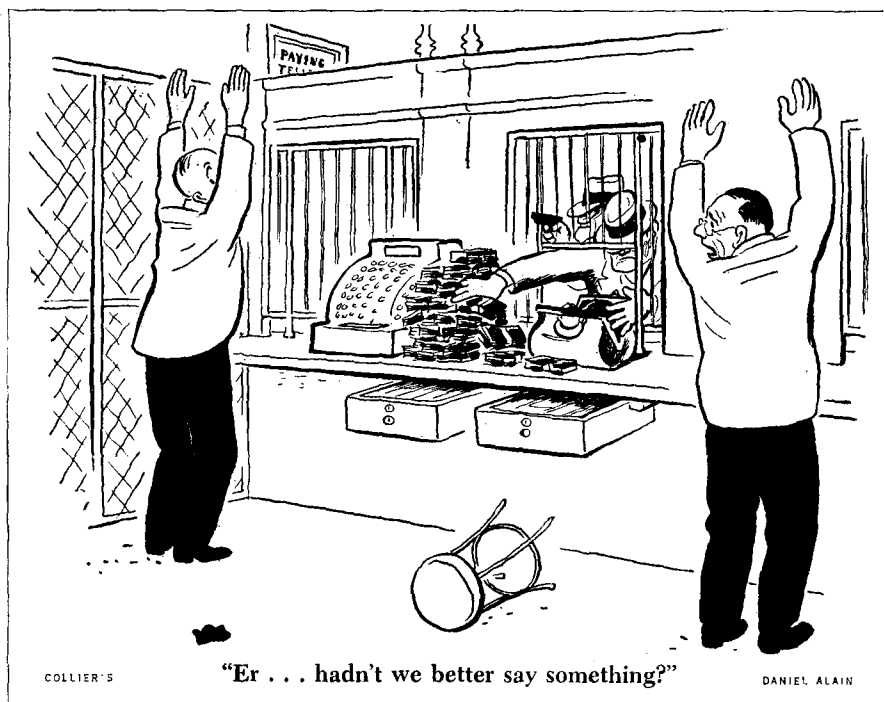
When about 90 per cent saponification is reached, the heat is turned off and the brew is thoroughly salted with common, everyday salt. "We used to shovel the salt in," they told us at one plant. "Now we use a saline solution." The salt grains out or precipitates the soap. Glycerine, impurities and salt solution are drawn off from the bottom of the kettle through more of those ever-present pipe lines. The soapy mass left behind is once or twice more watered, boiled, salted, separated, till it is ready to be turned into cakes, flakes, granules or bars of soap.

Now it flows in a molten river to the soap house, and into giant mixing machines called crutchers, where it is kneaded and thoroughly blended, and probably mixed with other ingredients that are none of our business. They might be water softeners, preservatives, builders that will help the soap do a specialized job.

Floating soap gets an extra churning in the crutcher, like ice cream in a mixer, to disperse air through it until it is light enough to float. Then, like Grandma's soap, it is poured into a mold to harden, only this is a half-ton mold. Several days later its sides will be removed, and that beautiful hunk of soap will pass through machines that slice it, not with knives but with taut piano wires, into slabs, then strips and finally, after a drying-out period in a long, tunnel-like oven, into bars. These are imprinted fore and aft with the insignia of your favorite soap, wrapped, boxed and sent your way.

Soap granules are made like small shot. Pumped out of the crutchers under pressure, and at controlled temperatures, the soap mix is squirted out of pinhead-sized nozzles at the top of a six-story tower. Blasts of warm air turn it into a flurry of snowy beads and dry moisture out of them until they are ready to travel down a floury chute to be weighed and packaged. As they issue from the chute a light spray of perfume hits them.

Soap flakes get a squeeze treatment between two huge rollers, one cold, kept so with brine circulating through it, and the other steam-heated. Between them



COLLIER'S

"Er... hadn't we better say something?"

DANIEL ALAIN

Collier's for January 25, 1947



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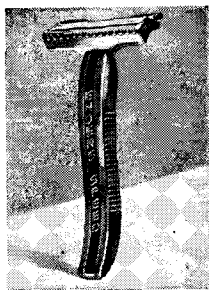


NEW SHAVER GIVES "SIMPLEST SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE!"

Special Offer Introduces New Enders Speed Shaver Now at Local Drug Stores

SAFER...
SMOOTHER
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Mystic, Conn.,
Jan. 7, 1947.
It's here at last! Today the Durham-Enders Corp., announced the simplest of all razors—the new Enders—the world's most modern razor.



It's new in every way—but its big feature is its extreme simplicity. You simply click the blade in *and shave*. Only one piece, no moving parts, no extra "gadgets." And it's light in your hand and swift and keen on your face. You get an extra-smooth shave, an extra-safe shave, an extra-swift shave. Already chosen as "the razor of the airlines."

And here's the offer: don't risk a penny. Get the new Enders at your local drug store—introduction price only 49¢ with 5 double-thick deluxe speed blades. Your money back if Enders Shaving isn't the swiftest and easiest in your life! (Order direct if your druggist doesn't have it yet.)

Durham-Enders Razor Corp., Dept. 102, Mystic, Conn.

the soap stuff is rolled to paper thinness and put through room-sized ovens till it reaches the proper dryness to crumble into soap flakes.

If the toilet soap you buy is called French milled, that doesn't necessarily mean it's imported. It's just that the French thought up the first milling process over a hundred years ago, and we're still giving them credit though we've improved considerably on that early process.

Milled soap starts out as a soap flake or powder. After it leaves the drier, it goes into a machine called an amalgamator, where it's mixed with perfume, perhaps coloring matter and other niceties. And now to the real milling, which is a crunching and blending and flattening of this mix into a hard film of soap, through three sets of heavy stone or steel rolls. Surviving this, the soap now drops into a plodder which further whams, grinds, kneads, chops and compresses it, till it finally emerges, a long shining strip of soap that is cut into bars, stamped to final shape with name, wrapped and sent on its way.

To Make a Lady Smell Pretty

The smells in a soap factory vary from the strong, animal smell of fats to the pretty smells of the toilet soap department, with plenty of sneezes from soap powder along the way. You'd expect the perfume department to smell nice too, but it doesn't, even though it may be stocked with a million dollars' worth of essential oils. Take a whiff of violet leaves absolute, for example. Smells exactly like sliced cucumber—hardly worth the \$670 a pound they quote you. And jasmine absolute? It has a heavy, dull odor. A little over \$1,200 a pound they paid for that. But sniff a cake of jasmine-scented soap. M-m-m. That's one of the things you pay for when you plunk out a dollar for a cake of fancy soap.

Ideas about purity of soap sometimes vary with the notions of the times: Glycerine soaps had their day, touting transparency. White soaps still appeal.

Possibly the soap with the greatest sustained reputation for purity, though it is generally a drab off white, is Castile soap, so named from its birthplace where it was first made during the thirteenth century. It was originally made from pure olive oil and soda and established perhaps the first high standard among hard soaps. Women still consider it a standard, desirable for delicate jobs like washing hair and sudsing the baby. But today Castile soap can be made out of almost any fat or oil. If it is made of olive oil, it is called olive-oil Castile. But it may be a coconut, hard-water Castile. Or a mixture of fats and oils.

It's true you could do the family wash with toilet soap, as in fact many women did during the great emergency. You could do it with the most delicate soap flakes, too. But these mild soaps are not meant for such a heavy job. It takes more soap, and you are hampered and slowed in the job, as you no doubt know. Washing soaps are stronger than these bland soaps. They contain builders, in the form of alkaline salts, that do part of the job soap would otherwise have to tackle alone. They do it by neutralizing the acids of perspiration and body oils in the clothes, leaving the soap free to do the cleaning. The alkali, however, harshens animal fibers like silk and wool, not to mention your skin; that's why milder soaps are advised for them.

The point soapers would like to make is that there is a best soap for every purpose. While women yearn for an all-purpose soap that can be swished in a hurry over anything in water of any temperature, soapers know that different dirt conditions require different attacks for best, most economical results. "I could make up for you," one chemist told us, "a cleanser that would do a bet-

ter job of cleaning the Statue of Liberty than anything on the market today." He could, too. He's done it, and the lady was cleaner after that bath than she's been for many a Saturday night.

A specialized soap with a particularly demanding job is shaving soap. It must give a good lather that will do a thorough beard-softening job and stay moist throughout the operation. (Glycerine is one aid to moisture holding.) It must be nonirritating to a man's tortured skin, even soothing if possible. Since coconut oil, one of the best lathering ingredients for a soap, is also, after the saponifying process, one of the most likely to be irritating to the skin, its percentage in the blend of fats and oils must be carefully measured. The old-fashioned but still popular shaving mug or stick type of shaving soap is very like a toilet soap in its make-up. Shaving creams that lather are soft soaps, made so with more potash and less soda for alkali. The newer brushless shaving creams are completely different animals, resembling vanishing cream more than they do soap. They contain little if any irritating fatty acids. There are enough varieties of shaving soaps and creams that a man should be able to find one that suits his skin.

When a soapmaker talks with you about soap, you find yourself wading in a welter of chemical terms. When he talks about synthetic detergents, you sink right out of sight. Synthetic detergents are cleansers, like soap, most of them made of either an oil or a petroleum base, in a manner not at all resembling the making of soap, and they are a part of this tale because they are going to give soap a race for your money.

"It's the biggest revolution in the cleansing business," say some chemists, "since soap was discovered two thousand years ago."

Soap Will Have Competitors

Predictions vary, from "Soap is doomed," to "Synthetics are doomed when soap gets back in supply." The truth, as usual, is somewhere in between. "There are a million chemical possibilities," one excited chemist told us. "Maybe a thousand will get to the laboratory stage. No one knows how many will survive in the market." Meantime, the synthetic detergent production in this country has grown from nothing in 1928 to possibly 125,000,000 pounds in 1945, with equipment, not demand, the limiting factor.

One of the big reasons for the success of synthetic detergents especially in hard-water areas, or more than half the country, is that soap has a nasty way of hitching onto elements like calcium in the water, forming insoluble curds that are responsible for bathtub ring, tattle-tale gray, and other shameful conditions. Softening of the water is one solution, either separately or with a softener incorporated in the soap. Synthetic detergents are another, since they do not form these curds.

Anything from laundry powder to bubble baths can be a synthetic detergent. In fact most good bubble baths, one chemist told us, are synthetic detergents. Some women think synthetic detergents are more drying to the skin than soap. He says this isn't so. They just don't have the "slip" of soap, and therefore you think your skin is drier.

In spite of all this, however, soapers don't seem too worried about the future of soap. They are busily taking out all sorts of patents on soap, even to ways to sink your initials into a cake of soap and new ways to hitch a piece of soap handily on a cord around your neck. And they are investing in equipment for an entirely new way of making soap, in hours instead of days. But long before that, we'll be getting plenty of soapsuds in our eye.

THE END



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Collier's for January 25, 1947



William H. Wincapaw and son operate the Maine Air Transport, hauling passengers and cargo between Newfoundland and Boston

EVERY Christmas from 1929 through 1940, newspapers carried a sweet little story of how Cap'n Bill Wincapaw flew up the scalloped coast of New England through bitter winter weather and dropped gifts to the isolated lighthouses and Coast Guard stations. It was an event as regular as Christmas itself. But when Christmas arrived in 1941, folks on the mainland were too occupied with the new war to notice there was no annual story about the New England flying Santa Claus.

Nor did they know that Santa Wincapaw had closed up his flying business shortly before Pearl Harbor and gone to South America to haul mining machinery, food and supplies far up into the Andes. Just prior to this last Christmas, the word spread from Boston to the Canadian border that Santa Claus Wincapaw would be along any day now and this was sure-fire evidence to those lonely people up the rugged coast that the peace of yore was here once more.

While the hardy lightkeepers know that 61-year-old Cap'n Bill is back, this story may convey to his legion of friends throughout the nation the fact that he is also back from the dead. Word that he had been killed in a crash in the Andes went as far as Sydney, Australia, where I heard it early last year. Bill told me the other day it wasn't so.

But he did admit he had disappeared for a while after being caught in a tropical storm at night in South America, and his big single-engined Bellanca Airbus was blown off course and ran out of gas. Bill spotted a tiny field near Turbo, Colombia, on the Caribbean side of that country. Though his landing lights failed, he got his wheels on the ground—only to run off the edge of the clearing in the darkness and flip over on his back.

There being no Bellanca repair station at Turbo, Bill spent the next several weeks repairing the plane. This long absence from the metropolitan centers of Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, where he is well known, caused the word to spread that he had flown up into the treacherous mountains and never returned, like many before him.

Cap'n Bill unobtrusively returned to the United States after two years of flying the Andes and joined the Navy, fighting the war as a civilian at Quonset Naval Air Station, Rhode Island. In the other war he had served the Army as instructor of advanced acrobatics at Mineola,

New York. His war service completed last year, he went back to his native Maine and reopened the flying service business he established at Rockland, in 1927. His company, Maine Air Transport, early last month inaugurated a freight and passenger service to Boston with Douglas DC-3s. On the program for expansion is a lobster express service that will gladden the connoisseurs of these Newfoundland products.

He already has the planes, two Convair Catalinas, to fly up to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland and haul the lobsters to Rockland where he will transfer them to DC-3s and whiz them down to Boston in an hour. There, through a deal he has made with the rapidly expanding American Airlines Contract Air Cargo Division, the lobsters will go to all parts of the nation. (Cap'n Bill, proud of the dignified name Maine Air Transport, is very much worried that it will degenerate into Lobster Air Line.) Added to this, he runs a tiny airline to Vinalhaven, Northhaven and Stonington Islands, 15 to 25 miles off Rockland, and he also gives flight training.

When Cap'n Bill resumed his flight to the lighthouses and Coast Guard stations this past Christmas—the twelfth annual visit—he had 118 spots on his map to buzz and heave Christmas bundles through the open door of the DC-3. They were located all the way from Boston Outer Harbor to the Canadian border.

On the inaugural Christmas lighthouse flight 17 years ago, Cap'n Bill flew his amphibian plane and his 12-year-old son Billie dispensed the packages. This last Christmas, and for the first time, Cap'n Bill tossed out the packages and Billie flew the plane. It was to be expected that Billie would follow his

noted father's career. The Cap'n taught him to fly and took him to South America as a father and son firm; they often flew together as pilot and copilot. He is now vice-president of Maine Air Transport.

Billie rushed back to the States from South America in 1942 and ferried bombers from Canada to Europe. He finished the war as a lieutenant commander in the Navy and has logged more than 7,000 hours. His dad recorded his first flying hour as a pilot under the tutelage of Glenn H. Curtiss in 1916, and until he quit logging every flight 10 years ago, he had 16,000 hours in the book.

GEORGE MASON

WING TALK

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

What's the secret of real shaving comfort?

THE SHAVE IS
BETTER
WHEN
THE LATHER STAYS
WETTER

Yes, the **WETTER** the lather the **BETTER** the shave. A quick-drying lather dries out on your face—causes sting and burn. What you want is a rich, creamy **EXTRA MOIST** lather...the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream...a lather that **STAYS MOIST**, keeps your beard soft and gives you **CLEANER, SMOOTHER** shaves even with cold water or a used blade.

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TREASURE OF THE



Found—the rum of superlative body and bouquet! To assure top quality and *uniformity*... it's distilled under scrupulous control every drop of the way (at "low proof," too, for lip-smacking flavor!).

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COLLIER'S

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Managing Editor

COURTS FOR LABOR FIGHTS

WE FEEL strongly attracted to the current proposals that separate federal courts be set up to handle labor disputes. These courts' job definitely would not be to forbid strikes or compel strike settlements. They would function as mediators, umpires, arbitrators.

Employment contracts would be filed with the labor courts. When either party to such a contract became dissatisfied with the way it was working out, the trouble would go to the court for a regular trial. Decisions in most cases would be advisory only; but they would come from genuine and impartial courts, with dignity and judicial weight, rather than from informal and possibly biased labor-relations boards.

Concerning strikes in key industries—coal, railroads, power plants, city transit systems, etc.—it has been suggested that the labor courts have power to compel arbitration, with strikes barred until the arbitration procedure is completed. This is a bitterly debated proposal; but fully as bitter is the injury which such strikes deal out to an innocent and defenseless general public.

Let's have some serious and widespread discussion of this whole labor-court idea—an idea, incidentally, which has worked well in Sweden for 40 years or so. It may be the way out of our more grievous industrial conflicts; and some practicable way out of them is the thing this country needs worst at this time.

WHAT THE SNAKE PIT'S NEED

MARY JANE WARD'S powerful novel, *The Snake Pit*, about life in a state mental institution, started a chain reaction of criticism of these places which is still going on. What is the truth of the matter? Are they the hellholes depicted in some sensational magazine and newspaper articles; or is the case not nearly so bad as all that?

So far as we can learn, here are the salient "snake pit" facts:

In U.S. mental institutions at this time are a total of about 600,000 persons, ranging from mildly and temporarily to hopelessly insane. Pay rates being as low as they are, an occasional brutal or crooked attendant worms his way in and stays a while.

The general aim, however, is "to be kind and to cure"—or so we are assured by a long, vigorous and unusually well-written editorial in the *Psychiatric Quarterly*, official publication of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene.

What chiefly ails the mental institutions, it seems, is a lack of money. Many of us, taxpayers and legislators alike, still bracket jails, poorhouses and asylums together, as places on which it is foolish to spend any considerable public funds.

Then, too, we lack enough trained and experienced psychiatrists to staff these institutions ade-

quately, and we have only a handful of nurses specially trained in psychiatry.

The insanity problem is one of our big ones; yet in the entire country we spend only about \$150,000,000 a year on state mental hospitals, whereas \$3,000,000,000 a year would be about right.

So if you happen to be worried regarding conditions in your state's asylums, the first question to ask is how much the state spends on them annually, and what that sum breaks down to in terms of dollars per patient.

If we were to take to spending a good deal more money on these institutions than we now do, most of their shortcomings should disappear in fairly short order.

TOO OLD TO LEARN?

WE'RE still intrigued by an article which our colleague, *The American Magazine*, printed a few issues back, under the title *If I Were 21*. Its author was Dr. Willis R. Whitney, with the help of Hubert Kelley. Dr. Whitney established the General Electric research laboratory and is now seventy-seven years, to use a coined phrase, young.

In this article, Dr. Whitney took some husky swings at an old belief which still afflicts many people. We mean the belief that a person can learn

things only in his teens; that along about age 20 some subtle freezing process occurs somewhere inside his head.

With the normal person, it simply is not so. Of course, a man of 40 can't learn how to knock out Joe Louis. His muscles won't take it. But his brain needn't become muscle-bound, and won't unless he lets it do so. Remark Dr. Whitney in the above-mentioned article:

I was in my early seventies when I studied medicine not for a degree, but to enable me better to experiment with a "fever machine" which we invented in our laboratories . . . Two years ago I took up hydrogen-electric welding and became a pretty good welder . . . Even at our best, we use just a tiny bit of our brains.

Your correspondent happens to know an exuberant young gentleman of 71 who studies the Russian language, one of the world's toughest, as a relaxation from his arduous and complex law practice. Most of us are acquainted, indeed, with one or more of these people who seem just never to have heard that you can't learn anything after age 20 or thereabout, and who therefore aren't hobbled or handicapped by any lack of faith in their ability to learn new skills, mental or manual, at any time of life.

It's just one of those superstitions, in short, to toss overboard and forget—and the mere act of giving this one the heave-ho will in all likelihood give you a tremendous jolt of confidence and hope.

Collier's for January 25, 1947





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